THE

WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

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BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY

HENRY WEBER, Esq.

VOLUME THE NINTH,

CONTAINING

THE COXCOMB.
THE CAPTAIN.
WOMEN PLEASED.
THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

EDINBURGH:

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1812.

THE COXCOMB.

BY

BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

THE COXCOMB.

According to the manuscript notes of Oldys, in his copy of Langbaine, preserved in the British Museum, this comedy was acted by Philip Rosseter, and the Children of the Queen's Revels, in 1613, for which they received 10*l*. This, together with the testimony of the prologue, sufficiently proves that it was the production of Beaumont and Fletcher conjointly. From the prologue, it appears to have been received unfavourably at the first representation. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, it was revived at the Theatre Royal, and a prologue spoken on the occasion by Joe Haines. The Biographia Dramatica states that the "play has at times been revived with success;" but latterly it appears to have been altogether neglected. As well as the subsequent plays in this volume, it was first printed in the folio of 1647.

There is a great fund both of excellent wit and humour, and of the higher species of poetry in this comedy, combined, as may be expected, with considerable faults in the execution. The character who gives name to the play is a fool, mean, perhaps, beyond the bounds of probability; and the ludicrous light in which he is presented to us can hardly compensate for the consequences of his weakness. In fact, we must look for very little morality in this portion of the plot, which seems to have been designed for entertainment merely. On the other hand, the under-plot (if it can be called so, for it is of nearly the same importance as the former) affords a fine lesson against the indiscretions of youth, and produces scenes of high interest and of exquisite beauty; particularly the fourth of the second act, the third of the third, and the second of the last. The distraction of Ricardo, and the innocence of Viola, are painted with all the delicacy of colouring which renders Philaster so delightful a drama. On the hypotheses hazarded in the Introduction, I should be inclined to attribute these scenes

to Fletcher; and those which exhibit humour and wit, to his coadjutor and friend, Beaumont. The characters of the old country lady, Mercury's mother; of Alexander, her busy pragmatical servant; and, above all, of the stately and shallow Justice, are admirable specimens of Beaumont's talents in this walk of comedy. The latter, though he may be called a copy of Shakspeare's Justice Shallow, is irresistibly ludicrous. The drunken squabble, act I. scenes V. and VI., in powerful, broad, and characteristic humour, exceeds any thing we remember of a similar description, in any author, ancient or modern. On the whole, this comedy is calculated to afford great amusement; and, if judiciously modified, would be highly worthy of a revival.

PROLOGUE,

AT A REVIVAL.

THIS comedy, long forgot, by some thought dead,
By us preserved, once more doth raise her head,
And to your noble censures does present
Her outward form, and inward ornament.
Nor let this smell of arrogance, since 'tis known,
The makers, that confess'd it for their own,
Were this way skilful, and without the crime
Of flatteries, I may say did please the time.
The work itself too, when it first came forth,
In the opinion of men of worth,
Was well received and favour'd, though some rude
And harsh among the ignorant multitude,
(That relish gross food better than a dish
That's cook'd with care, and served in to the wish
Of curious palates) wanting wit and strength
Truly to judge, condemn'd it for the length;[2]

[2] ——— *condemn'd it for the length;*
That fault's reform'd.] In the Stationers' preface to the edition of 1647, we have these words: "When these *comedies* and *tragedies* were presented on the stage, the *actors* omitted some *scenes* and passages (with the *authors* consent) as occasion led 'em; and when private friends desired a copy, they then (and justly too) transcribed what they *acted*. But now you have both all that was *acted*, and all *that was not*; even the perfect full originals, without the least mutilation: So that, were the *authors* living, (and sure they can never die) they themselves would challenge neither *more* nor *less* than what is here published." But what a glaring contradiction to this whole passage are the words of the prologue, cited at the head of this note? Was it not condemned for its length by the ignorant multitude? And, upon reviving of it, is it not as plain as words can make it, that it was mutilated then? What other sense can we put upon this passage, *That fault's reform'd?*—Who the curtailer, or curtailers were, is not possible now to be known; I could have wished that he, or they, who undertook the charge of *reforming the length of* this piece, had had sufficient *wit and strength* to have gone through that business neatly. But it seems as if his or their judgment was as little in the shortning as the rabble's was in condemning it for its length. Had we but the original manuscript, I do not doubt but we should see a strange difference betwixt that and the play as it now stands. The first note on this performance is a specimen, to let the reader see

That fault's reform'd; and now 'tis to be tried
Before such judges, 'twill not be denied
A free and noble hearing; nor fear I
But 'twill deserve to have free liberty,
And give you cause (and with content) to say,
Their care was good that did revive this play.

what strange work has been made by the reviver, or revivers, of this piece, and how little he or they thought on (supposing they knew it) that rule of Horace—

——"*Versate diu, quid ferre recusent,*
Quid valeant humeri."—— *Sympson.*

The Stationers' preface is no "glaring contradiction to the prologue," but rather confirms the assertion, that the "actors (with the authors' consent) omitted scenes and passages, as occasion led them, and afterwards transcribed what they *acted*: But the booksellers gave all that was *acted*, and all *that was not*." Who the curtailers were, therefore, is easily known; certainly THE ACTORS, *with the* AUTHORS' CONSENT. —Ed. 1778.

Neither Sympson nor the editors of 1778 are right. The actors did not curtail, or, to use the technical term, cut down, the comedy with the authors' consent, the revival, for which the above prologue was composed, having evidently taken place after the demise of the authors. Sympson's accusation against the booksellers, impeaching the veracity of their professions in the preface, is by no means made out. The prologue was addressed to the audience at the revival of the play, when it was cut down for representation, not to the reader of the folio, printed in 1647; and there is no reason to doubt that the passages rejected in the action were restored when it was printed. It must be observed, however, that the metre is unusually irregular in this play, and the number of hemistichs far greater than in the generality of our poets' dramas. The modern editors have too often, in arranging the verses, counted them upon their fingers; but the ear is a much better judge of old dramatic versification, for which reason I have preferred regulating the lines without attention to the number of their component syllables, where it was impossible to bring out regularity. In Sympson's edition it is impossible to read those scenes which are printed as prose in the old folios with any satisfaction. The text of the last edition is far better; but the lines, contrary to the universal practice of our poets, still end, in too many instances, with *of*, *and*, *the*, and other insignificant particles.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Antonio, *the coxcomb gentleman.*
Mercury, *fellow-traveller with Antonio.*
Ricardo, *a young gentleman in love with Viola.*
Uberto, }
Pedro, } *three merry gentlemen, friends to Ricardo.*
Silvio, }
Valerio, *a country gentleman.*
Curio, *kinsman to Antonio.*
Justice, *a shallow one.*
Andrugio, *father to Viola.*
Alexander, *servant to Mercury's mother.*
Mark, *the Justice's clerk.*
Rowland, *servant to Andrugio.*
Tinker.
Constable.
Watch.
Drawer.
Musicians.

Maria, *wife to Antonio.*
Viola, *daughter to Andrugio.*
A Country-woman, *mother to Mercury.*
Nan, }
Madge, } *milk-maids.*
Dorothy, *the Tinker's trull.*

SCENE—London, and the Country.[a]

The principal Actors were—

Nathan Field,	Joseph Taylor.
Giles Gary,	Emanuell Read.
Rich. Allen,	Hugh Atawell,
Robert Benfield,	Will. Barcksted.

Fol. 1679.

[a] *England,* France.] As the scene never changes from *England* through the whole play, and, as I remember, the word *France* does not occur above once in this piece, I have made no scruple to expel and explode what never possibly could have stood in the authors' manuscript.—*Sympson.*

THE COXCOMB.[1]

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. Before the House of Antonio.

Enter RICARDO *and* VIOLA.

Ric. Let us make use of this stolen privacy,
And not lose time in protestation, mistress!
For 'twere in me a kind of breach of faith,
To say again I love you.
Viola. Sweet, speak softly;
For though the venture of your love to me
Meets with a willing and a full return,
Should it arrive unto my father's knowledge,
This were our last discourse.
Ric. How shall he know it?

[1] The title of this play should not be understood in the sense the word coxcomb now bears, but simply in that of *fool;* the term being derived from the cock's comb, which generally surmounted the caps of domestic fools, and which was one of their principal insignia.

Viola. His watching cares are such, for my advancement,
That every where his eye is fix'd upon me:
This night, that does afford us some small freedom,
At the request and much entreaty of
The mistress of the house, was hardly given me:
For I am never suffer'd to stir out,
But he hath spies upon me: Yet, I know not,
You have so won upon me, that could I think
You would love faithfully, (though to entertain
Another thought of you would be my death)
I should adventure on his utmost anger.

Ric. Why, do you think I can be false?

Viola. No, faith!
You have an honest face; but, if you should——

Ric. Let all the stored vengeance of Heaven's justice-

Viola. No more! I do believe you. The dance ended,
Which this free woman's guests have vow'd to have
Ere they depart, I will make home, and store me
With all the jewels, chains, and gold are trusted
Unto my custody; and at the next corner
To my father's house, before one, at the furthest,
Be ready to receive me!

Ric. I desire
No bond beyond your promise. Let's go in!
To talk thus much before the door may breed
Suspicion.

Enter Mercury *and* Antonio.

Viola. Here are company too.

Ric. Away!
Those powers that prosper true and honest loves
Will bless our undertakings.

Viola. 'Tis my wish, sir.
[*Exeunt* Ricardo *and* Viola.

Merc. Nay, sir, excuse me! I have drawn you to
Too much expense already in my travel,
And you have been too forward in your love,
To make my wants your own; allow me manners!
Which you must grant I want, should I increase
The bond in which your courtesies have tied me,
By still consuming of you: Give me leave
To take mine own ways now, and I shall often,
With willingness, come to visit you, and then thank you.

Ant. By this hand, I could be angry! What do you think me?
Must we, that have so long time been as one,
Seen cities, countries, kingdoms, and their wonders,
Been bed-fellows, and in our various journey
Mix'd all our observations, part (as if
We were two carriers at two several ways,
And as the fore-horse guides, cry God be with you)
Without or compliment, or ceremony?
In travellers that know Transalpine garbs,
Though our designs are ne'er so serious, friend,
It were a capital crime; it must not be;
Nay, what is more, you shall not. You, ere long,
Shall see my house, and find what I call mine
Is wholly at your service.

Merc. 'Tis this tires me!—
Sir. I were easily woo'd, if nothing else
But my will lay i' the choice; but 'tis not so:
My friends and kindred, that have part of me,
And such on whom my chiefest hopes depend,
Justly expect the tender of my love
After my travel; then mine own honesty
Tells me 'tis poor, having indifferent means
To keep me in my quality and rank,

At my return, to tire another's bounty,
And let mine own grow lusty: Pardon me!

Ant. I will not, cannot; to conclude, I dare not:
Can any thing conferred upon my friend
Be burthensome to me? For this excuse,
Had I no reason else, you should not leave me;
By a traveller's faith, you should not! I have said!
And then, you know my humour, there's no contending.

Merc. Is there no way to 'scape this inundation? [*Apart.*
I shall be drown'd with folly, if I go;
And, after nine days, men may take me up
With my gall broken.

Ant. Are you yet resolved?

Merc. 'Would you would spare me!

Ant. By this light, I cannot,
By all that may be sworn by!

Merc. Patience help me, [*Apart*
And Heaven grant his folly be not catching!
If it be, the town's undone: I now would give
A reasonable sum of gold to any sheriff
That would but lay an execution on me,
And free me from his company. While he was abroad,
His want of wit and language kept him dumb;
But Balaam's ass will speak now, without spurring.

Ant. Speak, have I won you?

Merc. You're not to be resisted.

Enter Servant and Musicians.

Serv. Be ready, I entreat you! The dance done,
Besides a liberal reward, I have

A bottle of sherry in my power shall beget
New crotchets in your heads.

Musician. Tush, fear not us!
We'll do our parts.

Serv. Go in.

Ant. I know this fellow.—
Belong you to the house?

Serv. I serve the mistress.

Ant. Pretty and short! Pray you, sir, then inform her
Two gentlemen are covetous to be honour'd
With her fair presence.

Serv. She shall know so much.
This is a merry night with us, and forbids not
Welcome to any that looks like a man:
I'll guide you the way.

Ant. Nay, follow! I have a trick in't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the same.

Enter UBERTO, SILVIO, RICARDO, MARIA, PEDRO, PORTIA, VIOLA, *with others; Musicians.*

Uberto. Come, where is this masque?[a] Fairest, for our chear,

[a] *Quod dedit principium adveniens?* may as well be applied to the curtailer of this comedy as the booby captain of whom it was first spoke. That a masque was in the original, is plain from the question, *Where's this masque?* but it had been better never to have told us that, except it had been exhibited. Again, if *they were to have music*, some *delightful strain*, who was to play? *Maria* it seems, for she says, she *won't plead the excuse of want of*

Our thanks and service; may you long survive
To joy in many of these nights!
Maria. I thank you!
Uberto. We must have music too; or else you give us
But half a welcome.
Maria. Pray you, sir, excuse me!
Silvio. By no means, lady.
Uberto. We'll crown your liberal feast
With some delightful strain, fitting your love
And this good company.
Maria. Since you enforce it,

skill, but 'tis too plain she does no such thing. Further, we have, a little lower, a dance, but 'tis a dance without music, and yet 'tis quite clear the performers were actually in the house.—*Sympson.*

We do not believe any thing *written* by the authors is omitted: The masque was, we apprehend, only an antic dance. It is not clear that Maria more than *prepares* to play, when she is interrupted by the Servant announcing Mercury and Antonio. The dance must have been without music, or the dialogue between the Servant, Mercury, and Antonio, which passes during the dance, could not be heard.—Ed. 1778.

Sympson is equally unfortunate in his censure of this passage [as in his remarks on the prologue.] A *masque* means not only a species of dramatic performance, but a festive entertainment,—a ball, at which it was usual for the company to wear masks. This was the masque here intended, and accordingly we find that the ball takes place; and we cannot suppose that it was without music, as in this very scene a servant enters with musicians. But before the ball began, Uberto wishes that Maria would entertain them with some delightful strain, which she is about to do when the servant announces the two gentlemen. The editors conclude that the dance must have been without music; for that otherwise the dialogue between the Servant, Antonio, and Mercury, could not be heard; but we know that music does not prevent conversation between persons not engaged in the dance.—*Mason.*

The reader has been left to the consideration of the remarks of all the commentators. Those of Mason are in general very judicious, and must convince the reader of the futility of Sympson's attack on the editors of the folio. With regard to Maria's song, I should be inclined to suppose, however, that it was actually sung before the entrance of the servant, and, according to the usual practice of the first folio, omitted in that copy.

I will not plead the excuse of want of skill,
Or be or nice or curious: Every year
I celebrate my marriage-night, and will
Till I see my absent husband.
Uberto. 'Tis fit freedom.
Silvio. Ricardo, thou art dull.

Enter Servant.

Ric. I shall be lighter
When I have had a heat.
Maria. Now, sir, the news?
Serv. Mistress,
There are two gentlemen——
Maria. Where?
Serv. Complimenting
Who should first enter.
Maria. What are they?
Serv. Heaven knows!
But for their strangeness—have you never seen
A cat wash her face?
Uberto. Yes.
Serv. Just such a stir they keep:
If you make but haste, you may see 'em yet
Before they enter. [*A dance.*
Maria. Let 'em be what they will,
We'll give them fair entertain, and gentle wel-
come.

Enter ANTONIO *and* MERCURY, *at the door.*

Ant. It shall be so.
Merc. Then let it be your pleasure.
Ant. Let's stand aside, and you shall see us have
Fine sport anon.
Merc. A fair society;
Do you know these gentlewomen?

Ant. Yes.
Merc. What are they?
Ant. The second is a neighbour's daughter; her name's Viola.
There is my kinsman's wife; Portia her name,
And a friend too.
Merc. Let her.
What's she that leads the dance?
1 *Serv.* A gentlewoman.
Merc. I see that.
1 *Serv.* Indeed?
Merc. What?
1 *Serv.* A gentlewoman.
Merc. Udsfoot! Good sir, what's she that leads the dance?
2 *Serv.* My mistress.
Merc. What else?
2 *Serv.* My mistress, sir.
Merc. Your mistress? A pox on you,
What a fry of fools are here! I see 'tis treason
To understand in this house: If Nature were not
Better to them than they can be to themselves,
They would ſcant hit their mouths. My mistress?
Is there any one with so much wit in's head,
That can tell me at the first sight what gentlewoman
That is that leads the dance?
Ant. 'Tis my wife.
Merc. Hum!
Ant. How dost thou like her?
Merc. Well;
A pretty gentlewoman!
Ant. Pr'ythee be quiet.
Merc. I would I could!
Let never any hereafter that's a man,
That has affections in him and free passions,
Receive the least tie from such a fool as this is,

That holds so sweet a wife!
'Tis lamentable to consider truly
What right he robs himself of, and what wrong
He doth the youth of such a gentlewoman,
That knows her beauty is no longer hers
Than men will please to make it so, and use it,
Neither of which lies freely in a husband.
Oh, what have I done, what have I done? Coxcomb!
If I had never seen, or never tasted,
The goodness of this kix,[3] I had been a made man;
But now to make him cuckold[4] is a sin
Against all forgiveness, worse than any murder:
I have a wolf by th' ears, and am bitten both ways!

Ant. How now, friend? what are you thinking of?

Merc. Nothing concerning you: I must be gone.

Ant. Pardon me, I will have no going, sir.

Merc. Then, good sir, give me leave to go to bed:
I am very weary and ill-temper'd.

Ant. You shall presently; the dance is done.—

1 *Serv.* Mistress, these are the gentlemen.

Maria. My husband? Welcome home, dear sir!

Merc. She's fair still;
Oh, that I were a knave, or durst be one,

The goodness of this kix.] Cotgrave explains *canon de suls*, "a *kex* or eldersticke; also a pot-gunne, made thereof." The word is used more than once by old writers, for a shallow dried-up fellow. For instance, in The Miseries of Inforced Marriage, by Wilkins:

"*Ilford.* Dost thou know me, Butler?
Butler. For *kex, dried kex*, that in summer has been so liberal to fodder other men's cattle, and scarce have enough to keep your own in winter."

[4] A *cuckold.*] Silently corrected in 1750.

For thy sake, Coxcomb! He that invented honesty
Undid me.

Ant. I thought you had not known me
You are merry; 'tis well thought. And how is't with
These worthy gentlemen?

Uberto and Silvio. We are glad to see
You here again.

Ant. Oh, gentlemen, what ha' you lost?
But get you into travels; there you may learn—
I cannot say what hidden virtues.

Merc. Hidden from you, I am sure. [*Aside.*
My blood boils like a furnace! She's a fair one.

Ant. Pray entertain this gentlemen with all the courtesy
Fitting my most especial friend.

Maria. What this poor house may yield, to make you welcome,
Dear sir, command, without more compliment.

Merc. I thank you!—She is wise, and speaks well too: [*Aside.*
Oh, what a blessing is gone by me, never
To be recover'd! Well, 'twas an old shame
The devil laid up for me, and now he has hit me home.
If there be any ways to be dishonest,
And save myself yet—No, it must not be!
Why should I be a fool too?—Yet those eyes
Would tempt another Adam! How they call to me,
And tell me—'Sfoot, they shall not tell me any thing!
Sir, will you walk in?

Ant. How is't, signior?

Merc. Crazy a little.

Maria. What ail you, sir? What's in my power, pray

Make use of, sir.

Merc. 'Tis that must do me good! [*Aside.*
She does not mock me, sure!—An't please you,
nothing;
My disease is only weariness.

Uberto. Come, gentlemen!
We will not keep you from your beds too long.

Ric. I ha' some business, and 'tis late, and you
Far from your lodging.

Silvio. Well.

[*Exeunt all but* ANTONIO, MARIA, *and* MERCURY.

Ant. Come, my dear Mercury!
I'll bring you to your chamber; and then I am
For you, Maria: Thou art a new wife to me now,
And thou shalt find it ere I sleep.

Merc. And I [*Aside.*
An old ass to myself! mine own rod whips me!—
Good sir, no more of this; 'tis tedious!
You are the best guide in your own house; go, sir.

[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* MARIA.

This fool and his fair wife have made me frantic;
From two such physics for the soul, deliver me!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter RICARDO, UBERTO, PEDRO, *and* SILVIO.

Uberto. Well, you must have this wench, then?

Ric. I hope so;

I am much o' the bow-hand else.[5]

Pedro. 'Would I were hang'd,
'Tis a good loving little fool, that dares venture
Herself upon a coast she never knew yet!
But these women! when they are once thirteen,
God speed the plough!

Silvio. 'Faith, they will venture further for their lading
Than a merchant,
And through as many storms, but they'll be fraughted;
They are made like carracks,[6] only strength and stowage.

Ric. Come, come, you talk, you talk!

Silvio. We do so. But,
Tell me, Ricardo, wo't thou marry her?

Ric. Marry her? why, what should I do with her?

Pedro. Pox, I thought we should have had all shares in her,
Like lawful prize.

Ric. No, by my faith, sir; you shall pardon me.
I launch'd her at my own charge, without partners,
And so I'll keep her.

Uberto. What's the hour?

Ric. Twelve.

Uberto. What shall we do the while? 'Tis yet scarce eleven.

Silvio. There is no standing here; is not this the place?

Ric. Yes.

[5] *I am much o' th' bow-hand.*] That is, on the left hand, in which the bow was held. This confirms a note on a passage where the same expression is used, vol. VII. p. 25.

[6] *Carracks.*] These were slow-sailing heavy ships, in which the bullion was brought from America to Spain. See vol. V. p. 364.

Pedro. And to go back
Unto her father's house may breed suspicion:
Let's slip into a tavern for an hour;
'Tis very cold.
Uberto. Content; there's one hard by.
A quart of burnt sack[7] will recover us:
I am as cold as Christmas. This stealing flesh
I' th' frosty weather may be sweet i' th' eating,
But sure the woodmen have no great catch on't.
Shall's go?
Ric. Thou art the strangest lover of a tavern!
What shall we do there now? Lose the hour and ourselves too?
Uberto. Lose a pudding!
What dost thou talk o' th' hour? will one quart muzzle us?
Have we not ears to hear, and tongues to ask
The drawers, but we must stand here like bawds
To watch the minutes?
Silvio. Pr'ythee content thyself!
We shall scout here, as though we went a-haying,
And have some mangy 'prentice, that cannot sleep
For scratching, overhear us. Come, will you go, sirs?
When your love-fury is a little frozen,
You'll come to us.
Ric. Will you drink but one quart then?
Pedro. No more, i'faith.
Silvio. Content!

[7] Burnt *sack.*] We should now say *mulled* sack. It seems to have been a favourite beverage among the topers of those days. Ben Jonson, having sent to Doctor Corbet, who was sitting in another room in the same tavern, a quart of *raw* wine, with the expression—"I sacrifice my service to him," the doctor returned the following answer—"Friend, I thank him for his love; but, pr'ythee, tell him from me, that he is mistaken, for sacrifices are always *burnt.*"—*Gilchrist's Life of Bishop Corbet.*

Ric. Why then, have with you!
But let's be very watchful.
Uberto. As watchful as the bellman. Come; I'll lead,
Because I hate good manners; they are too tedious. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Street.

Enter Viola *from a house, with a key and a little casket.*

Viola. The night is terrible, and I enclosed
With that my virtue and myself hate most,
Darkness; yet must I fear, that which I wish,
Some company; and every step I take
Sounds louder in my fearful ears to-night,
Than ever did the shrill and sacred bell
That rang me to my prayers. The house will rise
When I unlock the door! Were it by day,
I am bold enough, but then a thousand eyes
Warn me from going. Might not God have made
A time for envious prying folk to sleep,
Whilst lovers met, and yet the sun have shone?
Yet I was bold enough to steal this key
Out of my father's chamber; and dare yet
Venture upon mine enemy, the night,
Arm'd only with my love, to meet my friend
Alas, how valiant, and how frayed at once

Love makes a virgin! I will throw this key
Back through a window: I have wealth enough
In jewels with me, if I hold his love
I steal 'em for. Farewell, my place of birth!
I never make account to look on thee again;
And if there be, as I have heard men say,
These household gods, I do beseech them look
To this my charge; bless it from thieves and fire,
And keep, till happily my love I win,
Me from thy door, and hold my father in! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Room in a Tavern.

Enter RICARDO, PEDRO, UBERTO, SILVIO, *and Drawer with a candle.*

Ric. No more, for God sake! How is the night, boy?
Drawer. 'Faith, sir, 'tis very late.
Uberto. 'Faith, sir, you lie! is this your Jack i' th' clock-house?[8]

[8] *Is this your* Jack i' th' clock-house?
Will you strike, sir?] In Shakspeare's King Richard III. the King says to Buckingham,—

——— "like a *Jack*, thou keep'st the *stroke*
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation."

On which passage are the following notes:
An image, like those at St Dunstan's church in Fleet-street, and at the market-houses in several towns in this kingdom, was usually called a *Jack of the clock-house*. See Cowley's Discourse

Will you strike, sir? Gi'e's some more sack, you varlet.

Ric. Nay, if you love me, good Uberto, go!
I am monstrous hot with wine.

Uberto. Quench it again with love!
Gentlemen, I will drink one health more, and then,
If my legs say me not shamefully nay,
I will go with you. Give me a singular quart!

Drawer. Of what wine, sir?

Uberto. Of sack, you that speak confusion at the bar!
Of sack I say; and every one his quart.
What a devil, let's be merry!

Drawer. You shall, sir. [*Exit.*

Pedro. We will, sir; and a dried tongue.[9]

Silvio. And an olive, boy, and a whole bunch of fiddlers!—
My head swims plaguily; 'uds precious, I shall be claw'd.

Enter Drawer with four quarts of wine.

Ric. Pray go! I can drink no more; think on your promise;
'Tis midnight, gentlemen.

Uberto. Oh, that it were dumb midnight now!
Not a word more, every man on's knees,

on the Government of Oliver Cromwell. Richard resembles Buckingham to one of those automatons, and bids him not suspend the stroke on the clock-bell, but strike, that the hour may be past, and himself be at liberty to pursue his meditations.
Hawkins.

So in the Fleire, a comedy, 1610:—"Their tongues are, like *a Jack o' th' clock*, still in labour."—*Steevens.*—Ed. 1778.

[9] *A dried tongue.*] This seems to have been a favourite stimulu to drink, and is mentioned more than once in these plays.

And betake himself to his saint: Here's to your wench, signior![1]
All this, and then away.

Ric. I cannot drink it.

Pedro. 'Tis a toy, a toy; away wi't!

Uberto. Now dare I
Speak any thing to any body living!
Come, where's the fault? Off with it.

Ric. I have broke
My wind. Call you this sack? I wonder who made it;
He was a sure workman, for 'tis plaguy strong work.
Is it gone round?

Uberto. 'Tis at the last. Out of my way, good boy!
Is the moon up yet?

Drawer. Yes, sir.

Uberto. Where is she, boy?

Drawer. There, sir.

Uberto. We shall have rain and thunder, boy.

Drawer. When, sir?

Uberto. I cannot tell; but sure we shall, boy.

Drawer. The gentleman is wine-wise.

Uberto. Drawer!

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[1] —— *every man on's knees,*
And betake himself to his saint: *Here's to your* wench, *signior.*] The extravagance of topers in carousing to the health of their mistresses and friends, is often alluded to in old plays. One instance apposite to the text occurs in Dekkar and Webster's Westward Hoe,—"My master and Sir Goslin are guzzling; they are dabbling together fathom deep. The knight has drank so much healths to the gentlemen yonder, *on his knees*, that he hath almost lost the use of his legs." Again, in Marmion's Antiquary,

"Drank to your health, whole nights in Hippocras,
Upon my knee, with more religion
Than e'er I said my prayers, Heaven forgive me!"

Drawer. Here, sir.

Uberto. Can you procure?

Drawer. What, sir?

Uberto. A whore, or two, or three, as need shall serve, boy?

Silvio. Ay, a good whore were worth money, boy.

Drawer. I protest, sir, we are altogether unprovided.

Ric. The more's the pity, boy; can you not 'vise us where, my child?

Drawer. Neither, in troth, sir.[2]

Pedro. Why, where were you brought up, boy?
No inkling[3] of a whore? no aim, my boy?

Uberto. It cannot sink in my head now that thou shouldst marry;
Why shouldst thou marry, tell me?

Ric. I marry? I'll be hang'd first.
Some more wine, boy!

Silvio. Is she not a whore translated?
An she be, let's repair to her!

Ric. I cannot tell; she may be an offender:
But, Signior Silvio, I shall scratch your head;
Indeed I shall.

Silvio. Judge me, I do
But jest with thee: What an she were inverted,
With her heels upward like a traitor's coat,
What care I?

Uberto. Ay, hang her! shall we fall out for her?

Ric. I am a little angry. But these wenches!
Did you not talk of wenches?

Silvio. Boy, lend me your candle!

Drawer. Why, sir?

[2] Drawer. *Neither in troth, sir.*] This little speech is only in the first folio.—Ed. 1778.

[3] *Juggling.*] Corrected in 1679.

Silvio. To set fire to your rotten ceiling:
You'll keep no whores, rogue, no good members!

Drawer. Whores, sir?

Silvio. Ay, whores, sir; do you think we come to lie
With your hogsheads?

Ric. I must beat the watch;
I have long'd for it any time this three weeks.

Silvio. We'll beat the town too, an thou wilt; we are proof, boy!
Shall we kill any body?

Ric. No; but we'll hurt 'em dangerously.

Uberto. Silvio, now must I kill one; I cannot avoid it.—
Boy, easily afore there with your candle!
Where's your mistress?

Drawer. A-bed, sir.

Silvio. With whom?

Drawer. With my master.

Uberto. You lie, boy! she's better brought up than to lie
With her husband; has he not cast his head yet?
Next year he will be a velvet-headed cuckold.[4]

Drawer. You are a merry gentleman. There, sir; take hold! [*Exeunt.*

[4] A velvet-headed *cuckold.*] I suppose this has a twofold allusion; to the down upon the horns of deer, and to the velvet caps formerly worn by aldermen and other magistrates.

SCENE VI.

A Street.

Enter VIOLA.

Viola. This is the place! I have out-told the
clock
For haste; he is not here. Ricardo!—No!
Now, every power that loves and is beloved,
Keep me from shame to-night! for all you know
Each thought of mine is innocent and pure,
As flesh and blood can hold. I cannot back;
I threw the key within, and, ere I raise
My father up to see his daughter's shame,
I'll set me down, and tell the Northern wind
That it is gentler than the curling West,
If it will blow me dead! But he will come.—
I' faith, 'tis cold.—If he deceive me thus,
A woman will not easily trust a man.
Hark! what's that?

Silvio. [*Within.*] *Thou'rt over long at thy pot,
Tom, Tom:*
Thou'rt over long at the pot, Tom. [Singing.

Viola. Bless me! Who's that?
Pedro. [*Within.*] Whoo!
Uberto. [*Within.*] There, boys!
Viola. Darkness, be thou my cover! I must fly.
To thee I haste for help.—They have a light:

Enter RICARDO, PEDRO, UBERTO, SILVIO, *and Drawer with a torch.*

Wind, if thou lovest a virgin, blow it out!
And I will never shut a window more,
To keep thee from me.

Ric. Boy!

Drawer. Sir?

Ric. Why, boy!

Drawer. What say you, sir?

Ric. Why, boy, art thou drunk, boy?

Drawer. What would you, sir?

Ric. Why, very good; where are we?

Uberto. Ay, that's the point.

Drawer. Why, sir, you will be at your lodging presently.

Ric. I'll go to no lodging, boy.

Drawer. Whither will you go then, sir?

Ric. I'll go no farther.

Drawer. For God's sake, sir, do not stay here all night.

Ric. No more I will not:
Boy, lay me down, and roll me to a whore.

Uberto. And me.

Pedro. There spoke an——

Silvio. [*Singing.*] *Then set your foot to my foot, and up tails all!*

Viola. That is Ricardo: What a noise they make!
It is ill done of 'em.—Here, sirs! Ricardo!

Ric. What's that, boy?

Drawer. 'Tis a wench, sir: Pray, gentlemen, come away!

Viola. Oh, my dear love! how dost thou?

Ric. 'Faith, sweetheart,
Even as thou seest.

Pedro. Where's thy wench?

Uberto. Where's this bed-worm?

Viola Speak softly, for the love of Heaven!

Drawer. Mistress, get you gone, and do not entice the gentlemen,
Now you see they're drunk, or I'll call the watch,
And lay you fast enough.

Viola. Alas, what are you?
Or what do you mean?—Sweet love, where's the place?

Ric. Marry, sweet love, e'en here: Lie down; I'll feese you. [*Seizes her*.

Viola. Good God! What mean you?

Pedro. I will have the wench.

Uberto. If you can get her.

Silvio No, I'll lie with
The wench to-night, and she shall be yours to-morrow.

Pedro. Let go the wench!

Silvio. Let you go the wench!

Viola. Oh, gentlemen, as you had mothers——

Uberto. They had no mothers; they are the sons of bitches.

Ric. Let that be maintain'd!

Silvio. Marry then——

Viola. Oh, bless me, Heaven!

Uberto. How many is there on's?

Ric. About five.

Uberto. Why then, let's fight three to three.

Silvio. Content. [*Draw and fall down*.

Drawer. The watch! the watch! the watch! Where are you? [*Exit*.

Ric. Where are these cowards?

Pedro. There's the whore.

Viola. I never saw a drunken man before;
But these I think are so.

Silvio. Oh!

Pedro. I miss'd you narrowly there.

Viola. My state is such, I know not how to think
A prayer fit for me; only I could move,
That never maiden more might be in love! [*Exit.*

Enter Drawer, Constable, and Watch.

Watch. Where are they, boy?

Drawer. Make no such haste, sir; they are no runners.

Uberto. I am hurt, but that's all one;
I shall light upon some of ye. Pedro,
Thou art a tall gentleman; let me kiss thee!

Watch. My friend——

Uberto. Your friend? you lie!

Ric. Stand further off!
The watch? you are full of fleas.

Const. Gentlemen,
Either be quiet, or we must make ye quiet.

Ric. Nay, good Master Constable, be not so rigorous!

Uberto. Master Constable, lend me thy hand of justice!

Const. That I will, sir.

Uberto. Fy, Master Constable! what golls[5] you have! Is Justice
So blind you cannot see to wash your hands?

[5] *Golls.*] Golls was a cant expression for hands.—*Mason.* So in Philaster:

" Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets
Kiss their *gummed golls*, and cry, we are your servants?"

And, in the Woman Hater:

" Thy hands, are they wash'd?
Lady. Alas, how cold they are, poor *golls*, why dost thou not get thee a muff?"

I cry you mercy, sir; your gloves are on.

Drawer. Now you are up, sir, will you go to bed?

Pedro. I'll truckle here, boy; give me another pillow.

Drawer. Will you stand up, and let me lay it on then?

Pedro. Yes.

Drawer. There; hold him, two of ye. Now they are up,
Be going, Master Constable.

Ric. *And this way, and that way, Tom.* [Singing.
Uberto. *And here away, and there away, Tom.*
Silvio. *This is the right way, the other's the wrong.*
Pedro. *Th' other's the wrong.*
Omnes. *Thou'rt over long at the pot, Tom, Tom.*

Ric. Lead valiantly, sweet constable! whoop! ha, boys!

Const. This wine hunts in their heads.

Ric. Give me the bill, for I will be the serjeant.

Const. Look to him, sirs!

Ric. Keep your ranks, you rascals, keep your ranks! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Antonio's *House, with a Gallery.*

Enter MERCURY.

Merc. I cannot sleep for thinking of this ass's wife!
I'll be gone presently; there's no staying here,
With this devil about me.—Ho! This is the house of sleep.
Ho! again there!—'Sfoot, the darkness, and this love together
Will make me lunatic. Ho!

Enter a Servingman above, unready.[7]

Serv. Who calls there?

Merc. Pray take the pains to rise and light a candle.

Serv. Presently.

Merc. Was ever man but I in such a stocks?
Well, this shall be a warning to me, and
A fair one too, how I betray myself
To such a dunce, by way of benefit.

Enter Servingman.

Serv. Did you call?

[7] *Unready.*] Unready means undressed.—*Mason.*

Merc. Yes: Pray do me the kindness, sir, to let me out,
And not inquire why, for I must needs be gone.
Serv. Not to-night, I hope, sir.
Merc. Good sir, to-night;
I would not have troubled you else; pray let it be so!
Serv. Alas, sir, my master will be offended.
Merc. That I have business? no, I warrant you.
Serv. Good sir, take your rest.
Merc. Pray, my good friend,
Let me appoint my own rest.
Serv. Yes, sir.
Merc. Then shew me the way out; I'll consider you.
Serv. Good Lord, sir——
Merc. If I had not
An excellent-temper'd patience, now should I break
This fellow's head, and make him understand
'Twere necessary; the only plague
Of this house is th' unhandsome love of servants,
That never do their duty in the right place,
But when they muster before dinner,
And sweep the table with a wooden dagger,[8]
And then they are troublesome too, to all men's shoulders.—
The woodcock's flesh'd again;[9] now I shall have
A new stir.

[8] *And sweep the table with a* wooden dagger.] The editors of 1750 and 1778 despair of explaining this allusion, which is by no means an uncommon one, referring to the ancient custom of scraping away the fragments with a wooden dagger, or piece of lath, after meals.

[9] *The* woodcock's *fleshed again.*] Mercury gives this denomination to Antonio, because the woodcock was believed, among the vulgar, to have no brains.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Why, how now, friend? what do you up so late?
Are you well? do you want any thing? Pray speak.
Merc. Only the cause I rise for.
Ant. What knaves are these!
What do you want?—Why, sirrah!
Merc. Nothing i' th' world,
But the keys to let me out of doors; I must be gone:
Be not against it, for you cannot stay me.
Ant. Be gone at this time? that were a merry jest.
Merc. If there be any mirth in't, make you use on't,
But I must go.
Ant. Why, for love's sake?
Merc. 'Twill benefit
Your understanding nothing to know the cause.
Pray go to bed; I'll trouble your man only.
Ant. Nay, sir, you have raised more that has reason
To curse you, an you knew all: my wife's up,
And coming down too.
Merc. Alas, it will be
A trouble: Pray go up to her, and let me
Disturb no more; it is unmannerly.

Enter MARIA, *as out of bed.*

Ant. She's here already.—
Sweetheart, how say you by this gentleman?
He would away at midnight.
Maria. That I am sure he will not.
Merc. Indeed I must.
Maria. Good sir,

Let not your homely entertainment press you
To leave your bed at midnight! If you want
What my house, or our town, may afford you,
Make it your own fault if you call not for it.
Pray go to bed again! let me compel you:
I am sure you have no power to deny a woman.
The air is piercing;
And, to a body beaten with long travel,
'Twill prove an ill physician.

Merc. If she speak longer I shall be a knave, [*Aside.*
As rank as e'er sweat for it.—Sir, if you will send
Your wife up presently, I'll either stay
With you (d'ye mark me?) or deliver you
So just a cause, that you yourself shall thrust
Me out of doors, both suddenly and willingly.

Ant. I would fain hear that, 'faith!—Pray thee go up, sweetheart!
I have half persuaded him; besides, he hath
Some private business with me.

Maria. Good night, sir!
And what content you would have, I wish with you. [*Exit.*

Merc. Could any man that had a back ask more?
Oh, me! oh, me!

Ant. Now deal directly with me:
Why should you go?

Merc. If you be wise, do not inquire the cause;
'Twill trouble you.

Ant. Why? pr'ythee why?

Merc. 'Faith,
I would not have you know it; let me go!
'Twill be far better for you. [*Knocking.*

Ant. Who is that,
That knocks there? is't not at the street-door?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Ant. Who's there? cannot you speak?
Viola [*Within.*] A poor
Distressed maid; for God's sake, let me in!
Merc. Let her in, and me out together; 'tis but one labour:
'Tis pity she should stand i' th' street. It seems
She knows you.
Ant. There she shall stand, for me: You are ignorant;
This is a common custom of the rogues
That lie about the loose parts of the city.
Merc. As how?
Ant. To knock at doors in dead time of night,
And use some feigned voice to raise compassion;
And when the doors are open, in they rush,
And cut the throats of all, and take the booty:
We cannot be too careful.
Viola. [*Within.*] As ever you had pity, let me in!
I am undone else.
Ant. Who are you?
Viola. My name is Viola, a gentlewoman
That ill chance hath distress'd; you know my father.
Merc. Alas of God! we'll let her in; 'tis one
Of the gentlewomen were here in the evening;
I know her by her name: Poor soul! she's cold,
I warrant her; let her have my warm bed,
And I will take her fortune: Come, pray come!
Ant. It is not Viola, that's certain;
She went home to her father's, I am sure.
Viola. Will not you be so good to let me in?
Ant. I'll be so good to have you whipt away,
If you stay a little longer—She is gone,
I warrant her. Now let me know your cause,
For I will hear it, and not repent the knowing.
Merc. Since you are so importunate, I'll tell you:

I love your wife extremely.
Ant. Very well.
Merc. And so well that I dare not stay.
Ant. Why?
Merc. For wronging you:[1] I know I am flesh and blood,
And you have done me friendships infinite, and often,
That must require me honest, and a true man;
And I will be so, or I'll break my heart.
Ant. Why, you may stay for all this, methinks.
Merc. No; though I would be good, I am no saint,
Nor is it safe to try me: I deal plainly.
Ant. Come, I dare try you; do the best you can.
Merc. You shall not:
When I am right again, I'll come and see you;
Till when, I'll use all countries, and all means,
But I will lose this folly; 'tis a devil!
Ant. Is there no way to stay you?
Merc. No; unless
You will have me such a villain to you, as all men
Shall spit at me.
Ant. Does she know you love her?
Merc. No; I hope not: That were recompence
Fit for a rogue to render her.
Ant. If ever any had a faithful friend, [*Aside.*
I am that man, and I may glory in it!
This is he, that *ipse*, he, that passes
All Christendom for goodness.
He shall not overgo me in his friendship;
'Twere recreant and base, and I'll be hang'd first;
I am resolved.—Go thy ways; a wife

[1] For *wronging you.*] That is, least I should wrong you.—*Mason.*

Shall never part us: I have considered,
And I find her nothing to such a friend as thou art.
I'll speak a bold word: take your time and woo her,
(You have overcome me clearly)
And do what's fitting with her—you conceive me.
I am glad at heart you love her, by this light!
Ne'er stare upon me, for I will not fly from't!
If you had spoken sooner, sure you had been served:
Sir, you're not every man. Now to your task!
I give you free leave; and the sin is mine,
If there be any in it.

Merc. He will be hang'd [*Aside.*
Before he makes this good: He cannot be
So innocent a Coxcomb; he can tell ten, sure![2]—
If I had never known you, as I have done,
I might be one, as others, perhaps sooner;
But now it is impossible, there's too much good
Between us.

Ant. Well, thou art e'en the best man—
I can say no more, I am so overjoy'd!
You must stay this night, and in the morning go
As early as you please; I have a toy for you.

Merc. I thought this pill would make you sick.

Ant. But where you mean to be I must have notice,
And it must be hard by, too: Do you mark me?

Merc. Why, what's the matter?

Ant. There is a thing in hand.

Merc. Why, what thing?

[2] —— *He cannot be*
So innocent *a* coxcomb; *he can* tell ten, sure!] The usual trial of idiocy was by requiring the person to count his fingers. Another allusion to the practice occurs in The Two Noble Kinsmen. *Innocent*, in the last line, means silly, crazy; and an idiot was usually termed an *innocent*.

Ant. A sound one, if it take right, and you be not
Peevish. We two will be (you would little think it)
As famous for our friendship——

Merc. How?

Ant. If God[3] please,
As ever Damon was, and Pythias;
Or Pylades, and Orestes; or any two
That ever were: Do you conceive me yet?

Merc. No, by my troth, sir!—He will not help me up, sure? [*Aside.*

Ant. You shall anon; and, for our names, I think
They shall live after us, and be remember'd
While there is a story, or I lose my aim.

Merc. What a vengeance ails he? How do you?

Ant. Yes, 'faith,
We two will be such friends as the world shall ring of.

Merc. And why is all this?

Ant. You shall enjoy my wife.

Merc. Away, away!

Ant. The wonder must begin.
So I have cast it, ('twill be scurvy else)
You shall not stir a foot in't: Pray be quiet
Till I have made it perfect.

Merc. What shall a man do with this wretched fellow? [*Aside.*
There is no mercy to be used towards him;
He is not capable of any pity;
He will, in spite of course, be a cuckold;
And who can help it?—Must it begin so, needs, sir?
Think again.

[3] *God.*] In this, and several other places, the second folio and the modern editions choose to read—*Heaven.*

Ant. Yes, marry must it;
And I myself will woo this woman for you:
Do you perceive it now? ha?
Merc. Yes; now I have a little sight i' th' matter.—
Oh, that thy head should be so monstrous, [*Aside.*
That all thy servants' hats may hang upon't!—
But, do you mean to do this?
Ant. Yes, certain; I will woo her, and for you.
Strive not against it; 'tis the overthrow
Of the best plot that ever was then.
Merc. Nay,
I will assure you, sir, I'll do no harm;—
You have too much about you of your own.
[*Aside.*
Ant. Have you thought of a place yet?
Merc. A place?
Ant. Ay, a place where you will bide:
Pr'ythee, no more of this modesty; 'tis foolish!
An we were not determined to be
Absolute friends indeed, 'twere tolerable.
Merc. I have thought, and you shall hear from me.
Ant. Why, this will gain me everlasting glory!
I have the better of him, that's my comfort!
Good night! [*Exit.*
Merc. Good night!—
Well, go thy ways! thou are the tidiest wittol[4]
This day I think above ground;
And yet thy end, for all this, must be motley.
[*Exit.*

[4] *Thou art* the tidiest wittol] A *wittol* means one who is conscious of being a cuckold. *Tidy* is not used in a very definite sense in old writings, meaning sometimes *timely*; at others, *neat*, and frequently *fat*. In the text it seems to be used ironically with the second of these meanings. *Motley*, at the end of this speech, is well known to mean party-coloured, and alludes to the usual dress of fools.

SCENE II.

A Field on the Outskirts of the City.

Enter Tinker[5] *and* Dorothy.

Tinker. 'Tis bitter cold. A plague upon these rogues,
How wary they are grown! not a door open now,
But double-barred; not a window,
But up with a case of wood, like a spice-box;
And their locks unpickable! the very smiths
That were half venturers, drink penitent single ale.
This is the iron age the ballad sings of.
Well, I shall meet with some of your loose linen yet;
Good fellows must not starve; here's he shall shew
You God A'mighty's dog-bolts,[6] if this hold.

Dor. 'Faith, thou art but too merciful, that's thy fault;
Thou art as sweet a thief, that sin excepted,

[5] *Enter Tinker, with a cord.*] So the folios. The use of the cord, in binding Viola afterwards, is obvious, and probably the words were a stage direction for the actor who personated the tinker, to provide himself with a cord previous to his appearance on the stage.

[6] *Dog-bolts.*] A term of derision, which occurs again in The Honest Man's Fortune:

"Oh ye *dog-bolts*,
That fear no hell but Dunkirk, I shall see you
Serve in a lowsy lime-boat."

As ever suffer'd; that is a proud word,
And I'll maintain it.

Tinker. Come, pr'ythee let's shog off,[7]
And bowze an hour or two;[8] there's ale will make
A cat speak at the Harrow: We shall get nothing now,
Without we batter; 'tis grown too near morning;
The rogues sleep sober and are watchful.

Dor. We want a boy extremely for this function,
Kept under for a year, with milk and knot-grass.
In my time I have seen a boy do wonders:
Robin the red tinker had a boy,
('Rest his soul, he suffer'd this time four years
For two spoons, and a pewter candlestick)
That sweet man had a boy, as I am cursten'd[9] whore,
Would have run through a cat-hole; he would have boulted
Such a piece of linen in an evening—

[7] *Shog off.*] This cant word is used by Nym, in Shakspeare's Henry V., act II. scene I.:—

"Will you *shog off?* I would have your solus."

Again, in Marston's What You Will, act V. scene I.:—

——— "why then, capricious mirth,
Skip like moriscoes in our frolic blood,
Flagg'd veins, sweet, plump with fresh-infused joys,
Laughter, pucker our cheeks, make shoulders *shog*
With chucking lightness," &c.

Again, in Jack Drum's Entertainment:—

"List to the music that corrupts the gods,
Subverts even destiny, and thus it *shogs.*" *Reed.*

[8] Browze *an hour or two.*] The text is from Mr Theobald's margin. I conjectured we should read *rouse*, i. e. *carouse;* but it is a matter of no great moment.—*Sympson.*

Theobald's reading is certainly the true one, being a common cant word for *drinking.*

[9] *As I am a* cursten'd *whore.*] *Cursten'd* is a vulgar corruption of *christened*, and occurs again in this play.

Tinker. Well, we will have a boy. Pr'ythee let's go!
I am vengeance cold, I tell thee.
Dor. I'll be hang'd
Before I stir without some purchase! By these ten bones,[1]
I will turn she-ape, and untile a house,
But I will have it! It may be I have
A humour to be hang'd, I cannot tell.
Tinker. Peace, you flea'd whore! thou hast a mouth like a blood-hound.—

Enter VIOLA.

Here comes a night-shade.[2]
Dor. A gentlewoman-whore;
By this darkness, I'll case her to the skin.
Tinker. Peace, I say!
Viola. What fear have I endured this dismal night!
And what disgrace, if I were seen and known!
In which this darkness only is my friend,
That only has undone me. A thousand curses
Light on my easy, foolish, childish love,
That durst so lightly lay a confidence
Upon a man, so many being false!
My weariness, and weeping, makes me sleepy;
I must lie down.

[1] —— *I'll be hang'd*
Before I stir without some purchase! *By these* ten bones.] *Purchase* was a common term for stolen goods. In Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, Edgeworth the cut-purse says to the tapster,—"All the purses and *purchase* I give you to-day, bring hither to Urs'la's presently. Here we will meet at night in her lodge and share." The adjuration by the *ten bones*, i. e. fingers, has occurred before, vol. V. p. 290.

[2] *Here comes a* night-shade.] A cant word for a prostitute.

Tinker. What's this? a prayer, or
A homily, or a ballad of good counsel?
She has a gown, I am sure.
Dor. Knock out her brains!
And then she'll never bite.
Tinker. Yes, I will knock her,
But not yet.—You! woman!
Viola. For God's sake, what are you?
Tinker. One of the grooms of your wardrobe. Come, uncase,
Uncase!—By'r lady, a good kersey!
[*Pulls off her mantle.*
Viola. Pray do not hurt me, sir.
Dor. Let's have no pity;[3]
For if you do, here's that shall cut your whistle.
Viola. Alas, what would you have? I am as miserable
As you can make me any way.
Dor. That shall be tried.
Viola. Here, take my gown, if that will do you pleasure.
Tinker. Yes, marry will't.—Look in the pockets, Doll;
There may be birds.
Dor. They are flown, a pox go with them!
I'll have this hat, and this ruff too; I like it:
Now will I flourish like a lady, brave,
I'faith, boy.
Viola. You are so gentle people, to my seeming,
That by my truth I could live with you!
Tinker. Could you so?
A pretty young round wench, well blooded; I
Am for her.[4]

[3] *Let's have no pity.*] i. e. No crying out for pity.—*Sympson.*

[4] *Am for her,* thieves.] *Thieves* has stolen into the text here

Dor. But by this, I am not; cool
Your codpiece, rogue! or I will clap a spell upon't,
Shall take your edge off with a very vengeance.
Tinker. Peace, horse-flesh, peace!—I'll cast off my Amazon;
She has walk'd too long, and is indeed notorious,
She'll fight and scold, and drink like one of the worthies.
Dor. Uds precious,
You young contagious whore, must you be 'ticing?
And, is your flesh so rank, sir, that two may live upon't?
I am glad to hear your curtal's[5] grown so lusty;
He was dry-founder'd t'other day; weehee,
My pamper'd jade of Asia![6]

very unaccountably. If the speech is, or is not curtailed, as I cannot promise, yet there is no reason for *thieves* standing here, as there is nothing to which it can probably refer. There are but two ways I know of, that we can rid the text of it; the first is by expunging it, as I have done; and the second, by supposing that it is a corruption of *this*, and situate in a wrong place, and that the passage once run thus:

A pretty young round wench well blooded, this,
I'm for her——— *Sympson.*

[5] *Cortall.*] In Ben Jonson's Masque called Chloridia, a postillion says, "Look to my *curtal*;" (according to which we have reformed the orthography) and Mr Whalley says, "A *curtal* is a *small horse*; properly one who hath his tail *docked* or *curtailed*."—Ed. 1778.

The phrase, as Mr Douce ingeniously observes, "is not from *cur* and *tail*, as stated in some dictionaries, but from the French *tailler courte*."

[6] *My pamper'd jade of Asia.*] This is plainly meant as a burlesque on this line in Marlow's Tamerlane:

"Holla, you *pamper'd jades of Asia*;"

which is also ridiculed in the second part of Henry IV. act II. sc. IV.—*Reed.*

This line is also ridiculed in the Sun's Darling, by Ford and

Viola. Good woman, do not hurt me! I am sorry
That I have given any cause of anger.

Dor. Either bind her quickly, and come away, or by
This steel I'll tell, though I truss for company!
Now could I eat her broil'd, or any way,
Without vinegar: I must have her nose!
[*Draws a knife.*

Viola. By any thing you love best, good sir! good woman!

Tinker. Why her nose, Dorothy?

Dor. If I have it not,
And presently, and warm, I lose that I go withal.

Tinker. 'Would the devil had that thou goest withal,
And thee together! for sure he got thy whelps,
If thou hast any; he's thy dear dad[7]. Whore,
Put up your cut-purse! an I take my switch up,
'Twill be a black time with you else; sheathe your bung, whore![8]

Dor. Will you bind her?
We shall stand here prating, and be hang'd both.

Dekkar, and in other old plays. It is perhaps worth while to quote the sequel.

> "Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia!
> What, can ye draw but twenty miles a-day,
> And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
> And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine?"

[7] *She's thy dear dad*, ——] Common sense, as Mr Seward saw too, calls out for a change of *She's* into *He's*.—*Sympson.*

Mason, with great plausibility, wishes to read—

He's *their* dear dad.

[8] *Put up your* cut-purse! ———
——— *sheathe your* bung, *whore!*] In the cant language of the time, a *bung* was a purse or a pocket, and to *nip a bung* signified to cut a purse. The Tinker evidently applies both this word and cut purse to the knife of his female copartner.

Tinker. Come, I must bind you: Not a word; no crying! [*They bind her to a tree.*

Viola. Do what you will, indeed I will not cry.

Tinker. Hurt her not: If thou dost, by ale and beer,
I'll clout thy old bald brain-pan with a piece
Of brass, you bitch incarnate.

[*Exeunt Tinker and* DOROTHY.

Val. Oh, God, to what am I reserved! that knew not,
Through all my childish hours and actions,
More sin than poor imagination,
And too much loving of a faithless man,
For which I am paid; and so, that not the day
That now is rising to protect the harmless,
And give the innocent a sanctuary
From thieves and spoilers, can deliver me
From shame, at least suspicion!

Enter VALERIO.

Val. [*Entering.*] Sirrah, lead down
The horses easily! I'll walk a-foot
Till I be down the hill. 'Tis very early;
I shall reach home betimes. How now? who's there?

Viola. Night, that was ever friend to lovers, yet
Has raised some weary soul, that hates his bed,
To come and see me blush, and then laugh at me.

Val. He had a rude heart that did this.

Viola. Gentle sir,
If you have that which honest men call pity,
And be as far from evil as you shew,
Help a poor maid, that this night by bad fortune
Has been thus used by robbers.

Val. A pox upon his heart that would not help thee!

This thief was half a lawyer, by his bands.—
How long have you been tied here?
Viola. Alas, this hour,[1]
And with cold and fear am almost perished.
Val. Where were the watch the while? Good sober gentlemen!
They were, like careful members of the city,
Drawing in diligent ale, and singing catches,
While Master Constable contrived the toasts.
These fellows should be more severely punish'd
Than wand'ring gipsies, that every statute whips;
For if they had every one two eyes a-piece more,
Three pots would put them out.
Viola. I cannot tell;
I found no Christian to give me succour.
Val. When they take a thief, I'll take Ostend again:[2] The whoresons
Drink opium in their ale, and then they sleep
Like tops; as for their bills, they only serve
To reach down bacon to make rashers on.
Now let me know whom I have done this courtesy to,
That I may thank my early rising for it.
Viola. Sir, all I am, you see.
Val. You have a name I am sure, and a kindred,
A father, friend, or something that must own you.
—She's a handsome young wench: What rogues were these, to rob her! [*Aside.*
Viola. Sir, you see all I dare reveal; and, as
You are a gentleman, press me no further!
For there begins a grief, whose bitterness
Will break a stronger heart than I have in me;

[1] *Alas, this hour.*] This is a very strange inadvertency, as there is no change of scene between Viola's being bound and the entrance of Valerio.

[2] *Ostend.*] See The Woman's Prize, vol. V. p. 281.

And 'twill but make you heavy with the hearing:
For your own goodness sake, desire it not!

Val. If you would not have me inquire that,
How do you live then?

Viola. How I have lived, is still
One question which must not be resolved:
How I desire to live, is in your liking;
So worthy an opinion I have of you.

Val. Is in my liking? How, I pray thee? tell me!
I'faith, I'll do you any good lies in my power.—
She has an eye would raise a bed-rid man!— [*Aside.*
Come, leave your fear, and tell me; that's a good wench!

Viola. Sir, I would serve——

Val. Who wouldst thou serve! Do not weep,
And tell me.

Viola. 'Faith, sir, even some good woman;
And such a wife, if you be married,
I do imagine yours.

Val. Alas! thou art young and tender;
Let me see thy hand! This was ne'er made to wash,
Or wind up water, beat clothes, or rub a floor.—
By this light, for one use, that shall be nameless, [*Aside.*
'Tis the best wanton hand that e'er I look'd on!

Viola. Dare you accept me, sir? my heart is honest:
Among your virtuous charitable deeds,
This will not be the least.

Val. Thou canst in a chamber?

Viola. In a chamber, sir?

Val. I mean, wait there upon a gentlewoman.—
How quick she is! I like that mainly too; [*Aside.*
I'll have her, though I keep her with main strength,
Like a besieged town; for I know I shall have
The enemy afore me within a week.

Viola. Sir, I can sow too, and make pretty laces,
Dress a head handsome, teach young gentlewomen;
For in all these I have a little knowledge.

Val. 'Tis well;—no doubt I shall increase that knowledge. [*Aside.*
I like her better still; how she provokes me!—
Pretty young maid, you shall serve a good gentlewoman,
Though I say it, that will not be unwilling
You should please me, nor I forgetful if you do.

Viola I am the happier.

Val. My man shall make some shift to carry you
Behind him: Can you ride well?

Viola. But I'll hold fast,
For catching of a fall.

Val. That's the next way
To pull another on you.—I'll work her as I go: [*Aside.*
I know she's wax! Now, now, at this time could I
Beget a worthy on this wench.

Viola, Sir, for this gentleness, may Heaven requite you tenfold!

Val. 'Tis a good wench! however others use thee,
Be sure I'll be a loving master to thee. Come!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before Antonio's *House.*

Enter ANTONIO, *like an Irish Footman, with a letter.*

Ant. I hope I am wild enough for being known!
I have writ a letter here, and in it have abused myself
Most bitterly, yet, all my fear is, not enough,
For that must do it, that must lay it on:
I'll win her out o' th' flint; 'twill be more famous
Now for my language!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Now, sir; who would you speak with?
Ant. Where be thy mastres, man? I would spake with her:
I have a letter.
Serv. Cannot I deliver it?
Ant. No, by my trot and fait, canst thou not, man.
Serv. Well, sir, I'll call her to you; pray shake your ears
Without a little. [*Exit.*
Ant. Cran a cree, do it quickly!
This rebel tongue[3] sticks in my teeth worse

[3] *This* rebel *tongue.*] See act III. scene I. of this play.

Than a tough hen: Sure it was ne'er known at Babel;
For they sold no apples, and this was made for certain
At the first planting of orchards, 'tis so crabbed.

Enter MARIA *and Servant.*

Maria. What's he would speak with me?
Serv. A Kilkenny ring;[4]
There he stands, madam.
Maria. What would you have with me, friend?
Ant. He has a letter for other women; wilt thou read it?
Maria. From whence?
Ant. De crosse Cicest, from my master!
Maria. Who is your master?
Ant. I pray do you look.
Maria. Do you know this fellow?
Serv. No,
Madam, not I, more than an Irish footman.
Stand further, friend; I do not like your rope-runners.
What stallion rogues are these, to wear such dowsets![5]
The very cotton may commit adultery.
Maria. I cannot find whose hand this should be; I'll read:

[4] *A Kilkenny* ring.] I suspect we should read—*rung*, which is a Scottish word, meaning a coarse heavy staff, which might not unaptly be applied to a wild Irishman of those days. See Dr Jamieson's Dictionary, *in voce*.

[5] *To wear such* dowsets.] Sympson, and the editors of 1778, read *trowsers;* but the context of the line shows the impropriety of the variation. The servant quibbles between *doucets*, the genitals of a deer, and *drossers*, or trowsers, the close femoral habiliments of the Irish in those days.

"To the beauteous wife of Don Antonio."
Sure this is some blind scribe! Well! now what follows? [*Reads.*

Ant. Pray God it take! I have given her that [*Aside.*
Will stir her conscience; how it works with her!
Hope, if it be thy will, let the flesh have it!

Maria. This is the most abhorred, intolerable knavery,
That e'er slave entertain'd! Sure there is more
Than thine own head in
This villainy; it goes like practised mischief.
Disabled in his body? Oh, good God!
As I live, he lies fearfully, and basely.
Ha! I should know that jewel; 'tis my husband!—
Come hither, sirrah; are you an Irishman?

Ant. Sweet woman, a-cree, I am an Irishman.

Mar. Now I know't perfectly: Is this your trick, sir? [*Aside.*
I'll trick you for it!—How long have you served
This gentleman?

Ant. Please thee, a little day,
O, my MacDermond put me to my mastree.—
'Tis done, I know. [*Aside.*

Maria. By my faith, he speaks as well [*Aside.*
As if he had been lousy for the language
A year or two. Well, sir, you had better
Have kept in your own shape, as I will use you.
What have I done that should deserve this trial?
I never made him cuckold, to my knowledge.—
Sirrah, come hither!

Ant. Now will she send some jewel, or some letter;
I know her mind as well! I shall be famous.

Maria. Take this Irish bawd here——

Ant. How!

Maria. And kick him till his breeches

And breech be of one colour, a bright blue both!
Ant. I may be well swinged thus, for I dare not
Reveal myself: I hope she does not mean it.
[*Servant kicks him.*
Oh, hone! oh, hone! oh, St Patrick! oh, a-cree!
Oh, sweet woman!
Maria. Now turn him,
And kick him o' t'other side! that's well.
Ant. Oh, good waiting-man! I beseech thee,
Good waiting-man!—A pox fire your legs!
Maria. You rogue,
You enemy to all, but little breeches,
How darest thou come to me with such a letter?
Ant. Pr'ythee pity the poor Irishman!—All this makes for me: [*Aside.*
If I win her yet, I am still more glorious.
Maria. Now could I weep at what I have done; [*Apart.*
But I'll harden my heart again.—Go, shut him up
Till my husband comes home. Yet thus much ere you go,
Sirrah Thatch'd-Head![6] wouldst not thou be whipt, and think it justice?
Well, *aquavitæ* barrel, I will bounce you.[7]
Ant. I pray do; I beseech you, be not angry!
Maria. Oh, you hobby-headed rascal,[8] I'll have you flead,

[6] *Sirrah* Thatch'd-Head!] This alludes to the *glibbe*, or high platted hair of the Irish wood-kerne, hanging over their eyes. See the fac similes of the wood cuts of Derrick's Image of Ireland, in Mr Scott's edition of Somers's Tracts, vol. I.

[7] *Well,* aquavitæ barrel, *I will bounce you.*] This line shows that the propensity of the Irish to the use of spirits was not of modern date.—*Mason.*

Derrick, Morrison, and Lithgow, join in describing the drunkenness of the native Irish as excessive.

[8] *You* hobby-headed *rascal.*] i. e. shag-headed, as an Irish hobby or small pony. See the preceding note but one.

And trossers[9] made of thy skin to tumble in.
Go, away with him! let him see no sun,
Till my husband come home.—Sir, I
Shall meet with you for your knavery,
I fear it not. [*Aside.*

Ant. Wilt thou not let me go?—
I do not like this. [*Aside.*

Maria. Away with him!

Serv. Come, I'll lead you in by your jack-a-lent[1] hair.
Go quietly, or I'll make your crupper crack!

Maria. And, do you hear me, sirrah? when you have done,
Make my coach ready.

Serv. Yes, forsooth. [*Exit with* ANTONIO.

Maria. Lock him up safe enough.—
I'll to this gentleman, and know the reason
Of all this business, for I do suspect it;
If he have laid this plot, I'll ring him such a peal
Shall make his ears deaf for a month at least. [*Exit.*

[9] *Trossers*] *Trossers* appear to have been *loose breeches:* The word is still preserved, but now written *trowsers.*—*Steevens.*

They were *e contra* very tight pantaloons, and are often contrasted with the enormous pump-hose of the English. They appear to have been generally chequered with several colours, like the tartan of the Highlanders.

[1] *Jack-a-lent.*] Puppets made to throw cudgels at in Shrovetide. So in Kirke's Seven Champions of Christendom:

"*Clown.* What are those giants? Pr'ythee tell me.
Shepherd. No *jack-a-lents*, no pigmies, no dwarfs."

See vol. V. p. 368.

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter RICARDO.

Ric. Am I not mad? Can this weak-temper'd
head,
That will be mad with drink, endure the wrong
That I have done a virgin, and my love?
Be mad, for so thou ought'st, or I will beat
The walls and trees down with thee, and will let
Either thy memory out, or madness in!
But sure I never loved fair Viola,
I never loved my father, nor my mother,
Or any thing but drink! Had I had love,
Nay, had I known so much charity
As would have saved an infant from the fire,
I had been naked, raving in the street,
With half a face, gashing myself with knives,
Two hours ere this time.

Enter PEDRO, SILVIO, *and* UBERTO.

Pedro. Good-morrow, sir!
Ric. Good-morrow, gentlemen!
Shall we go drink again? I have my wits.
Pedro. So have I, but they are unsettled ones:
'Would I had some porridge!
Ric. The tavern-boy was here this morning
with me,
And told me that there was a gentlewoman,

Which he took for a whore, that hung on me,
For whom we quarrell'd, and I know not what.
Pedro. I'faith, nor I.
Uberto. I have a glimmering
Of some such thing.
Ric. Was it you, Silvio,
That made me drink so much? 'twas you or Pedro.
Pedro. I know not who.
Silvio. We were all apt enough.
Ric. But I will lay the fault on none but me,
That I would be so entreated!—Come, Silvio,
Shall we go drink again? Come, gentlemen,
Why do you stay? Let's never leave off now,
Whilst we have wine and throats! I'll practise it,
Till I have made it my best quality;
For what is best for me to do but that?
For God's sake, come and drink! When I am named,
Men shall make answer, "Which Ricardo mean you?
The excellent drinker?" I will have it so.
Will you go drink?
Silvio. We drunk too much too lately.
Ric. Why, there is then the less behind to drink:
Let's end it all! dispatch that, we'll send abroad,
And purchase all the wine the world can yield,
And then drink it off; then take the fruits o' th' earth,
Distil the juice from them, and drink that off;
We'll catch the rain before it fall to ground,
And drink off that, that never more may grow;[a]
We'll set our mouths to springs, and drink them off;

[a] *That never more may grow.*] i. e. *That nothing more may ever grow.* The expression is strong, but not very clear.—*Seward.*
That is, no more fruits of the earth may be produced. Seward mistakes the construction of this passage.—*Mason.*

And all this while we'll never think of those
That love us best, more than we did last night.
We will not give unto the poor a drop
Of all this drink; but, when we see them weep,
We'll run to them, and drink their tears off too:
We'll never leave whilst there is heat or moisture
In this large globe; but suck it cold and dry,
Till we have made it elemental earth,
Merely by drinking.

Pedro. Is it flattery
To tell you, you are mad?

Ric. If it be false,
There's no such way to bind me to a man;
He that will have me lay my goods and lands,
My life down for him, need no more but say,
"Ricardo, thou art mad!" and then all these
Are at his service; then he pleases me,
And makes me think that I had virtue in me,
That I had love and tenderness of heart;
That, though I have committed such a fault
As never creature did, yet running mad,
As honest men should do for such a crime,
I have express'd some worth, though it be late:
But I, alas, have none of these in me,
But keep my wits still like a frozen man,
That had no fire within him.

Silvio. Nay, good Ricardo,
Leave this wild talk, and send a letter to her!
I will deliver it.

Ric. 'Tis to no purpose;
Perhaps she's lost last night; or, [if] she [is]
Got home again, she's now so strictly look'd to
The wind can scarce come to her: Or, admit
She were herself,[3] if she would hear from me,

[3] —— *Or admit*
She were herself.] That is, admit that she were mistress of herself.—*Mason.*

From me unworthy, that have used her thus,
She were so foolish that she were no more
To be beloved.

Enter Andrugio, *and Servant with a night-gown.*

Serv. Sir, we have found this night-gown she took with her.
Andr. Where?
Ric. Where? where? speak quickly!
Serv. Searching in the suburbs,[4]

[4] *Suburbs.*] The *suburbs* were particularly the abode of knaves and whores in the days of our authors, and frequent allusions to this occur in these and other old plays. For instance, in Love's Sacrifice by Ford:—"Your only course I can advise you, is to pass to Naples and set up a house of carnality; there are very fair and frequent *suburbs*." In London they seem to have been originally confined to Southwark, where the Bishop of Winchester licensed the stews; but they soon travelled to the other side of the town, and spread themselves into the then outskirts of the city, in every direction, probably in consequence of some prohibitory mandate of the bishop's, as appears from an ancient satire, entitled, Cock-Lorel's Bote, printed by Wynkyn de Worde (Beloe's Anecdotes of Literature, vol. I. p. 393)—

"Sir, this pardon is newe founde
By syde London Brydge, in a holy grounde
Lyte called the Stewes Banke.
Ye know well that there was
Some relygyous women in that place,
To whom men offered many a franke;
And bycause they were so kynd and lyberall,
A merveylous adventure there is befall,
Yf ye lyst to here how:
There came such a wynde fro Wynchester,
That blewe these women over the ryver,
In wherye, as I wyll you tell.
Some at Saynt Kateryn's stroke a grounde,
And many in Holborne were founde,
Some at Saynt Gyles, I trowe;

We found a Tinker and his whore that had
It in a tap-house, whom we apprehended,
And they confess'd they stole it from her.

Ric. And murder'd her? [*Grasps his sword.*

Silvio. What ail you, man?

Ric. Why, all this doth not make
Me mad.

Silvio. It does; you would not offer this else.
Good Pedro, look to his sword!

[PEDRO *takes his sword.*

Serv They do deny
The killing of her, but swore they left her
Tied to a tree, in the fields next those suburbs
That are without our lady's gate, near day,
And by the road, so that some passenger
Must needs untie her quickly.

Andr. The will of Heaven be done! Sir, I will only
Intreat you this,—that as you were the greatest
Occasion of her loss, that you'll be pleased
To urge your friends, and be yourself earnest in
The search of her: If she be found, she is yours,
If she please. I myself only [will] see these people
Better examined, and after, follow
Some way in search. God keep you, gentlemen!
[*Exit.*

Silvio. Alas, good man!

Ric. What think ye now of me? I think this lump
Is nothing but a piece of phlegm congeal'd,
Without a soul; for where there's so much spirit
As would but warm a flea, those faults of mine
Would make it glow and flame in this dull heart,

Also in Ave-Maria aly, and at Westmenster,
And some in Shordyche drew theder
With great lamentacyon,
And by cause they have lost that place,
They wyll to gede at Colman hedge in space."

And run like molten gold through every sin,
Till it could burst these walls, and fly away.—
Shall I entreat you all to take your horses,
And search this innocent?

Pedro. With all our hearts.

Ric. Do not divide yourselves, till you come there
Where they say she was tied: I'll follow too,
But never to return till she be found.
Give me my sword, good Pedro! I will do
No harm, believe me, with it; I am now
Far better temper'd: If I were not so,
I have enow besides. God keep you all,
And send us good success! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Mercury's *Lodging.*

Enter MERCURY *and Servant.*

Merc. Who is it? can you tell?

Serv. By my troth, sir,
I know not; but it is a gentlewoman.

Merc. A gentlewoman?[5] I'll lay my life, yon puppy

[5] Merc. *A gentleman.*] There is neither sense nor humour in this answer, and our authors must undoubtedly have wrote it *gentlewoman.*—*Sympson.*

Has sent his wife to me: If he have, fling up the bed.

Serv. Here she is, sir.

Enter MARIA.

Maria. I am glad I found you, sir. There, take your letter, [*Gives him a letter.*
And keep it till you have another friend to wrong!
'Tis too malicious false to make me sin;
You have provoked me to be that I love not,
A talker, and you shall hear me.
Why should you dare to imagine me
So light a housewife, that, from four hours' knowledge,
You might presume to offer to my credit
This rude and ruffian trial? I am sure
I never courted you, nor gave you tokens,
That might concern assurance:[6] You are a fool!

Merc. I cannot blame you, now I see this letter.
Though you be angry, yet with me you must not,
Unless you'll make me guilty of a wrong
My worst affections hate.

Maria. Did not you send it?

Merc. No, upon my faith;
Which is more, I understand it not: the hand
Is as far from my knowledge as the malice.

Maria. This is strange!

[6] Concern *assurance.*] Though the sense of this place be not hard to find out, yet I am afraid the expression is not very justifiable; as the word *tokens* occurs in the line above, I once thought we should read *consign, or contain assurance.*—*Sympson.*

The text is not very clear, but I have little doubt of its not having been corrupted. Words were used with a great latitude of meaning, and phrases as licentious to the full occur in many of these dramas.

Merc. It is so,
And had been stranger, and indeed more hateful,
Had I, that have received such courtesies,
And owe so many thanks, done this base office.
Maria. Your name is at it.
Merc. Yes, but not my nature;
And I shall hate my name worse than the manner,[7]
For this base broking. You are wise and virtuous,
Remove this fault from me;
For, on the love I bear to truth and goodness,
This letter dare not name me for the author.
Maria. Now I perceive my husband's knavery! [*Apart.*
If my man can but find where he has been,
I will go with this gentleman, whatsoever
Comes on't; and, as I mean to carry it,
Both he and all the world shall think it fit,
And thank me for it.
Merc. I must confess I loved you at first;
Howe'er this made me leave your house unmannerly,
That might provoke me to do something ill,
Both to your honour and my faith, and not to write
This letter, which I hold so truly wicked,
That I will not think on't.
Maria. I do believe you, and since I see you are free,
My words were not meant to you: But this is not
The half of my affliction.
Merc. 'Tis pity
You should know more vexation; may I inquire?

[7] *Than the* manner.] Seward and Sympson wish to read *matter* instead of *manner;* but it is of little consequence which we read, as the *matter* would mean the substance, and the *manner* the style of the letter.

Maria. 'Faith, sir, I fear I have lost my husband.

Merc. Your husband? it cannot be.—I pity her; [*Aside.*
How she is vex'd!

Enter Servant.

Maria. How now? what news? Nay, speak,
For we must know.

Serv. 'Faith, I have found at length,
By chance, where he has been.

Maria. Where?

Serv. In a blind out-house in the suburbs:
Pray God all be well with him!

Maria. Why?

Serv. There are his clothes; but what's become of him,
I cannot yet inquire.[8]

Maria. [*Aside.*] I am glad of this.—
Sure they have murder'd him! What shall I do?

Merc. Be not so grieved, before you know the truth!
You have time enough to weep. This is the sudden'st mischief—
Did you not bring an officer to search there,
Where you say you found his clothes?

Serv. Yes; and we search'd it, and charged the fellow with him;
But he, like a rogue, [a] stubborn rogue, made answer,
He knew not where he was; he had been there,

[8] *I cannot yet* inquire.] *Inquire* means here *find out.*—*Sympson.*

But where he was now he could not tell:
I tell you true, I fear him.

Maria. Are all my hopes and longings to enjoy him,
After this three years' travel, come to this?

Serv. It is the rankest house in all the city,
The most cursed roguy bawdy-house! Hell fire it!

Merc. This is the worst I heard yet. Will you go home?
I'll bear you company, and give you
The best help I may: This being here will wrong you.

Maria. As you are a gentleman, and as you loved
Your dead friend, let me not go home!
That will but heap one sorrow on another.

Merc. Why, propose any thing, and I'll perform't:
I am at my wit's end too.

Serv. So am I. Oh, my dear master!

Merc. Peace, you great fool!

Maria. Then, good sir, carry me to some retired place,
Far from the sight of this unhappy city;
Whither you will indeed, so it be far enough!

Merc. If I might counsel you, I think 'twere better
To go home, and try what may be done yet;
He may be at home afore you; who can tell?

Maria. Oh, no; I know he's dead, I know he's murder'd!
Tell me not of going home! you murder me too.

Merc. Well, since it pleases you to have it so,
I will no more persuade you to go home;
I'll be your guide in the country, as your grief
Doth command me. I have a mother, dwelling from

This place some twenty miles: The house, though homely,
Yet able to shew something like a welcome;
Thither I'll see you safe with all your sorrows.

Maria. With all the speed that may be thought upon!
I have a coach here ready; good sir, quickly!—
I'll fit you, my fine husband! [*Aside.*

Merc. It shall be so: [*Aside.*
If this fellow be dead, I see no band
Of any other man to tie me from my will;
And I will follow her with such careful service,
That she shall either be my love, or wife.—
Will you walk in?

Maria. I thank you, sir; but one word with my man,
And I am ready.—Keep the Irish fellow
Safe, as you love your life, for he, I fear,
Has a deep hand in this; then search again,
And get out warrants for that naughty man
That keeps the bad house, that he may answer it!
If you find the body, give it due burial.
Farewell! You shall hear from me. Keep all safe!

Serv. Oh, my sweet master! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in Antonio's *House.*

ANTONIO, *knocking within.*

Ant. Man-a-cree,
The devil take thee, wilt thou kill me here?
I pr'ythee now let me go seek my master;
I shall be very cheel else.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Do you hear, man-a-cree?
I'll cree your coxcomb, an you keep not still;
Down, you rogue!
Ant. Good sweet-faced sarving-man,
Let me out, I beseech de, and by my trot
I will give dy worship two shillings in good argot,[9]
To buy dy worship pippins.
Serv. This rogue thinks
All the worth of man consists in pippins: By this light,
I'll beat rebellion out of you for ever![1]
Ant. Wilt thou not hear me, man?
Is fet! I'll give thee all I have about me.

[9] *Argot.*] Probably a purposed corruption of *argent*, silver.

[1] *I'll beat* rebellion *out of you for ever.*] A second slur this upon the rebellious Irish.—*Sympson.*

Serv. I thank you, sir; so I may have picking work.[2]

Ant. Here is five shillings, man.

Serv. Here is a cudgel,
A very good one!

Enter two Servants.

2 *Serv.* How now? what's the matter?
Where is the Irishman?

1 *Serv.* There, a wyth take him![3]
He makes more noise alone there, than ten lawyers
Can do with double [fees,] and a scurvy case.[4]

2 *Serv.* Let him out! I must talk with him.

[2] *May have* picking *work.*] Meaning he was *lousy*.—*Sympson.*

[3] *A* wyth *take him!*] This expression seems to be equivalent to that now used by the vulgar, *a halter take him.* *A wyth* appears to have been a *band* or *halter.* "I heard a tale of a butcher, who, driving two calves over a common that were coupled together by the necks with an *oaken wyth.*—In the way where they should pass, there lay a poor lean mare, with a galled back, to whom they coming (as chance fell out) one of one side, and the other of the other, smelling on her, (as their manner is) the midst of the *wyth* that was betwixt their necks rubbed her, and grated her on the sore back, that she started and rose up, and hung them both on her back as a beam; which being but a rough plaister to her raw ulcer, she ran away with them (as she were frantic) into the fens, where the butcher could not follow them, and drowned both herself and them in a quagmire. Now the owner of the mare is in law with the butcher for the loss of his mare, and the butcher interchangeably indicts him for his calves."—*Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Devil, by Tho. Nashe,* 1593, p. 15.

This whimsical story so much resembles the case of Bullum and Boatum, told by the late lecturer on heads, that he might almost be suspected to have borrowed the idea from Nash.—*Reed.*

A *wyth*, a word still usual in Suffolk, is a thong of green osier, or other young twigs, made for the purpose of fastening hurdles together.

[4] *With* double, *and a scurvy* case.] Mr Seward proposed reading *doubtful*, or *double and scurvy*, i. e. *doubly scurvy.* I only

Antonio *is let out.*

Ant. Wilt thou give me
Some drink, oh, hone? I am very dry, man.
2 Serv. You shall have that shall quench your thirst, my friend.
Ant. Wat dost thou mean, man?
2 Serv. Even a good tough halter.
Ant. A halter? oh, hone!
2 Serv. Sirrah,
You are a mischievous rogue, that's the truth.
Ant. No, fet I am not.
1 Serv. Shall I knock out his brains? I have kill'd dogs
Have been worth three of him for all uses.
2 Serv. Sirrah, the truth on't is,
You must with me to a justice. Oh, Roger, Roger!
1 Serv. Why, what's the matter, William?
2 Serv. Heavy news, Roger,
Heavy news; God comfort us!
1 Serv. What is't, man?
Ant. What's the matter now?—
I am even weary of this way: 'Would I were out on't! [*Aside.*
2 Serv. My master sure
Is murder'd, Roger, and this cursed rogue,
I fear, has had a hand in't.
Ant. No, fet, not!
1 Serv. Stand away!
I'll kick it out of him: Come, sirrah, mount;

suppose a word has been dropt here by chance, and that the whole ran once—

——— *double* fees, *and a scurvy* cause.

i. e. doubly paid to plead a scurvy cause.—*Sympson.*

I'll make you dance, you rascal! kill my master?
If thy breech were cannon-proof,
Having this good cause on my side, I would encounter it;
Hold fair, Shamrock!

Ant. Why, how now, sirs?

[*Throws off his disguise.*

You will not murder me, indeed?

2 Serv. Bless us, Roger!

Ant. Nay, I am no spirit.

2 Serv. How do you, sir?
This is my very master.

Ant. Why, well enough yet;
But you have a heavy foot of your own. Where's my wife?

1 Serv. Alas, poor sorrowful gentlewoman,
She thinks you are dead, and has given o'er house keeping.

Ant. Whither is she gone, then?

1 Serv. Into the country with the gentleman, your friend, sir,
To see if she can wear her sorrows out there;
She weeps and takes on too——

Ant. This falls out pat; [*Aside.*
I shall be everlasting for a name!—
Do you hear? upon your lives and faiths to me,
Not one word I am living!
But let the same report pass along,
That I am murder'd still.—I am made for ever!

[*Aside.*

1 Serv. Why, sir?

Ant. I have a cause, sir; that's enough for you.
Well, if I be not famous, I am wrong'd much:

[*Aside.*

For any thing I know, I will not trouble him
This week at least; no, let them take their way
One of another!

1 *Serv.* Sir, will you be still an Irishman?

Ant. Yes, a while.

5 *Serv.* But your worship will be beaten no more?

Ant. No, I thank you, William.

1 *Serv.* In truth, sir, if it must be so,
I'll do it better than a stranger.

Ant. Go; you are knaves both!
But I forgive you.—I am almost mad [*Aside.*
With the apprehension[5] of what I shall be.—
Not a word, I charge you! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Country. An open Field.

Enter VALERIO *and* VIOLA.

Val. Come, pretty soul, we now are near our home,
And whilst our horses are walk'd down the hill,
Let thou and I walk here over this close!
The footway is more pleasant. 'Tis a time,
My pretty one, not to be wept away,
For every living thing is full of love;
Art not thou so too, ha?

Viola. Nay, there are living things
Empty of love, or I had not been here;

[5] *Apprehension.*] Apprehension does not here mean fear, but imagination.—*Mason.*

But, for myself, alas, I have too much.
Val. It cannot be,
That so much beauty, so much youth and grace,
Should have too much of love.
Viola. Pray what is love?
For I am full of that I do not know.
Val. Why, love, fair maid, is an extreme desire
That's not to be examined, but fulfill'd;
To ask the reason why thou art in love,
Or what might be the noblest end in love,
Would overthrow that kindly-rising warmth
That many times slides gently o'er the heart;
'Twould make thee grave and staid, thy thoughts would be
Like a thrice-married widow, full of ends,
And void of all compassion; and to fright thee
From such inquiry, whereas thou art now
Living in ignorance, mild, fresh, and sweet,
And but sixteen, the knowing what love is
Would make thee six-and-forty.
Viola. 'Would it would make me nothing!—I have heard
Scholars affirm, the world's upheld by love,
But I believe women maintain all this;
For there's no love in men.
Val. Yes, in some men.
Viola. I know them not.
Val. Why, there is love in me.
Viola. There's charity I am sure towards me.
Val. And love,
Which I will now express: My pretty maid,
I dare not bring thee home; my wife is foul,
And therefore envious; she is very old,
And therefore jealous; thou art fair and young,
A subject fit for her unlucky vices
To work upon; she never will endure thee.
Viola. She may endure,

If she be aught but devil, all the friendship
That I will hold with you. Can she endure
I should be thankful to you? may I pray
For you and her? will she be brought to think
That all the honest industry I have
Deserves brown bread? If this may be endured,
She'll pick a quarrel with a sleeping child,
Ere she fall out with me.

Val. But, trust me, she does hate all handsomeness.

Viola. How fell you in love with such a creature?

Val. I never loved her.

Viola. And yet married her?

Val. She was a rich one.

Viola. And you swore, I warrant you,
She was a fair one then too?

Val. Or, believe me,
I think I had not had her.

Viola. Are you men
All such? 'Would you would wall us in a place,
Where all we women that are innocent
Might live together!

Val. Do not weep at this:
Although I dare not, for some weighty reason,
Displease my wife, yet I'll forget not thee.

Viola. What will you do with me?

Val. Thou shalt be placed
At my man's house, and have such food and raiment
As can be bought with money: These white hands
Shall never learn to work, but they shall play,
As thou sayst they were wont, teaching the strings
To move in order, or what else thou wilt.

Viola. I thank you, sir; but pray you clothe me poorly,
And let my labour get me means to live!

Val. But, fair one, you I know do so much hate
A foul ingratitude, you will not look
I should do this for nothing.
Viola. I will work
As much out as I can, and take as little; and
That you shall have as duly paid to you[6]
As ever servant did.
Val. But give me now
A trial of it, [that] I may believe!
We are alone; shew me how thou wilt kiss
And hug me hard, when I have stolen away
From my too-clamorous wife that watches me,
To spend a blessed hour or two with thee!
Viola. Is this the love you mean? You would have that
Is not in me to give; you would have lust.
Val. Not to dissemble, or to mince the word,
'Tis lust I wish indeed.
Viola. And, by my troth,
I have it not! For Heaven's sake, use me kindly,
Though I be good, and shew perhaps a monster,
As this world goes!
Val. I do but speak to thee;
Thy answers are thy own; I compel none:
But if thou refuse this motion,
Thou art not then for me. Alas, good soul!
What profit can thy work bring me?
Viola. But I fear: I pray go! for lust, they say, will grow
Outrageous, being denied. I give you thanks
For all your courtesies, and there's a jewel
That's worth the taking, that I did preserve
Safe from the robbers. Pray you leave me here
Just as you found me, a poor innocent,

[6] That *you shall have as duly paid to you.*] i. e. the proceeds of her labour.

And Heaven will bless you for it!
Val. Pretty maid,
I am no robber, nor no ravisher.
I pray thee keep thy jewel. I have done
No wrong to thee. Though thou be'st virtuous,
And in extremity, I do not know
That I am bound to keep thee.
Viola. No, sir;
For God's sake, if you know an honest man
In all these countries, give me some directions
To find him out!
Val. More honest than myself,
Good sooth, I do not know: I would have lain
With thee, with thy consent; and who would not
In all these parts, is past my memory.
I am sorry for thee. Farewell, gentle maid;
God keep thee safe! [*Exit.*
Viola. I thank you, sir; and you!
Woman, they say, was only made of man:
Methinks 'tis strange they should be so unlike!
It may be, all the best was cut away
To make the woman, and the naught was left
Behind with him.—I'll sit me down and weep!
All things have cast me from 'em but the earth.
The evening comes, and every little flower
Droops now, as well as I.

Enter NAN *and* MADGE, *with milk-pails*

Nan. Good Madge,
Let's rest a little; by my troth,
I am weary. This new pail is a plaguy heavy one;
'Would Tom were hang'd for chusing it!
'Tis the untoward'st fool in a country.
Madge. With all my heart, and I thank you
too, Nan.

Viola. What true contented happiness dwells here,
More than in cities! 'Would to God my father
Had lived like one of these, and bred me up
To milk, and do as they do! Methinks 'tis
A life that I would choose, if I were now
To tell my time again, above a prince's —
Maids, for charity, give a poor wench one draught of milk,
That weariness and hunger have nigh famish'd!

Nan. If I had but one cow's milk in all the world,
You should have some on't: There; drink more! the cheese
Shall pay for it. Alas, poor heart, she's dry.

Madge. Do you dwell hereabouts?

Viola. No; 'would I did!

Nan. Madge, if she do not look like my cousin Sue
O' th' Moor-lane, as one thing can look like another!

Madge. Nay; Sue has a hazle eye, I know Sue well:
And, by your leave, not so trim a body neither;
This is a feat-bodied thing[7] I tell you.

Nan. She laces close,
By the mass, I warrant you; and so does Sue too.

Viola. I thank you for your gentleness, fair maids.

Nan. Drink again, pray thee!

Viola. I am satisfied; and Heaven reward thee for't!
Yet thus far I'll compel you, to accept
These trifles, toys only that express my thanks,

[7] *This is a feat-bodied* thing.] Minsheu explains *feat*, fine, neat, brave.

For greater worth I am sure they have not in them.
Indeed you shall; I found them as I came.
Nan. Madge! look you here, Madge!
Madge. Nay, I have as fine a one as you; mine is
All gold, and painted, and a precious stone in't:
I warrant it cost a crown, wench.
Nan. But mine
Is the most sumptuous one that e'er I saw.
Viola. One favour you must do me more,
For you are well acquainted here.
Nan. Indeed we'll do you any kindness, sister.
Viola. Only to send me to some honest place,
Where I may find a service.
Nan. Uds me, our Dorothy went away but last week,
And I know my mistress wants a maid, and why
May she not be placed there? This is a likely wench,
I tell you truly, and a good wench, I warrant her.
Madge. And 'tis a hard case, if we that have served
Four years a-piece, cannot bring in one servant;
We will prefer her.—Hark you, sister! Pray what's your name?
Viola. Melvia.
Nan. A feat name, i'faith! And can you milk a cow?
And make a merry-bush? That's nothing.
Viola. I shall learn quickly.
Nan. And dress a house with flowers? and serve a pig?
(This you must do, for we deal in the dairy)
And make a bed or two?
Viola. I hope I shall.
Nan. But be sure to keep the men out; they will mar
All that you make else, I know that by myself;

For I have been so touz'd among 'em in my days!
Come, you shall e'en home with us,
And be our fellow; our house is so honest,
And we serve a very good woman, and a gentlewoman!
And we live as merrily, and dance o' good days
After even-song. Our wake shall be on Sunday:
Do you know what a wake is? We have mighty cheer then,
And such a coil, 'twould bless ye!
You must not be so bashful, you'll spoil all.

Madge. Let's home, for God's sake!
My mistress thinks by this time we are lost.
Come, we'll have a care of you, I warrant you:
But you must tell my mistress where you were born,
And every thing that belongs to you, and the strangest things
You can devise, for she loves those extremely;
Tis no matter whether they be true or no,
She's not so scrupulous. You must be our sister,
And love us best, and tell us every thing;
And, when cold weather comes, we'll lie together:
Will you do this?

Viola. Yes.

Nan. Then home again, o' God's name! Can you go apace?

Viola. I warrant you [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Country.

Enter PEDRO *and* SILVIO,[8] *severally.*

Pedro. How now? any good news yet?
Silvio. 'Faith, not any yet.
Pedro. This comes o' tippling: 'Would 'twere treason, an't please God,
To drink more than three draughts at a meal.
Silvio. When did you see Ricardo?
Pedro. I cross'd him twice to-day.
Silvio. You have heard of
A young wench that was seen last night?
Pedro. Yes.
Silvio. Has Ricardo heard of this?
Pedro. Yes; and I think he's ridden after.
Farewell! I'll have another round.
Silvio. If you hear any thing,
Pray spare no horse-flesh; I will do the like.
Pedro. Do. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *Enter* Pedro *and* Uberto *severally.*] The dissonance between the persons in the stage direction, and those in the text, is too glaring to be overlooked.—*Sympson.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of Valerio.

Enter RICARDO *and* VALERIO.

Ric. Sir, I did think 'twas you, by all descriptions.

Val. 'Tis so:
I took her up indeed, the manner how
You have heard already, and what she had about her,
(As jewels, gold, and other trifling things)
And what my end was, which because she slighted,
I left her there i' th' fields.

Ric. Left in the fields? Could any but a rogue,
That had despised humanity and goodness,
God, law, and credit, and had set himself
To lose his noblest part, and be a beast,
Have left so innocent unmatch'd a virtue
To the rude mercy of a wilderness?

Val. Sir, if you come to rail, pray quit my house!
I do not use t' have such language given
Within my doors to me. For your wench,
You may go seek her with more patience;
She's tame enough, I warrant you.

Ric. Pray forgive me,
(I do confess my much forgetfulness)
And weigh my words no farther, I beseech you,

Than a mere madness! for such a grief has seized
me,
So strong and deadly, as a punishment,
And a just one, too,
That 'tis a greater wonder I am living,
Than any thing I utter. Yet, let me tell you
Thus much; it was a fault for leaving her
So in the fields.

Val. Sir, I will think so now;
And, credit me, you have so wrought me with
Your grief, that I do both forgive and pity you:
And if you'll please to take a bed this night here,
To-morrow I will bring you where I left her.

Ric. I thank you, no! Shall I be so unworthy
To think upon a bed, or ease, or comfort,
And have my heart stray from me, God knows
where,
Cold and forsaken, destitute of friends,
And all good comforts else, unless some tree,
Whose speechless charity must better ours,
With which the bitter east winds made their sport
And sung through hourly, hath invited her
To keep off half a day?[9] Shall she be thus,

[9] *To keep off half a day?*] 'Tis pity this fine passage should be clogged with the least obscurity. But what is *half a day* here?—The twelve hours of the night? Or may *day* here signify the *open air*, as the miners use it in Derbyshire. When the ore is brought from under ground, they say, *It's brought to day.* If this last may be allowed, the sentiment is extremely just. *To keep off only half the inclemency of the air.—Sympson.*

The expression, we think, means *to keep off the weather during half a day*: "The twelve hours of the night" is a ridiculous preciseness.—Ed. 1778.

Sympson's refinement renders the passage very ludicrous; and the explanation of the last editors is simple as it is convincing. Mason cavils at the old text on another score, as it conveys to him "no idea whatsoever." He would therefore read—To *sleep* off half a day. I have no hesitation in pronouncing this variation so decidedly vulgar, that I should prefer the text, though it did not convey the plain sense which it certainly does bear.

And I draw in soft slumbers? God forbid!
No, night and bitter coldness, I provoke thee,
And all the dews that hang upon thy locks,
Showers, hails, snows, frosts, and two-edged winds that prime[1]
The maiden blossoms; I provoke you all,
And dare expose this body to your sharpness,
Till I be made a land-mark!

Val. Will you then stay and eat with me?

Ric. You are angry with me, I know you're angry;
You would not bid me eat else. My poor mistress,
For aught I know, thou art famish'd; for what else
Can the fields yield thee, and the stubborn season,
That yet holds in the fruit?—Good gentle sir,
Think not ill manners in me for denying
Your offer'd meat! for sure I cannot eat
While I do think she wants. Well, I'm a rascal,
A villain, slave, that only was begotten
To murder women, and of them the best.

Val. This is a strange affliction! If you will

that prime
The maiden blossoms.] Here we have another difficulty to encounter, which, I am afraid, is not capable of being explained into sense, and therefore must be cured another way. To *prime blossoms*, i. e. to *nip*, or *make them wither*, is, I fancy, an expression for which there can be found no authority, and so the less likely to have any claim for a place here. There are two ways of making this passage sense; the first is by reading thus,—*that* prune, &c., which Mr Seward concurred with me in; the other, and which I like better, is this:—

——— *that* pine
The maiden blossoms. *Sympson.*

Perhaps *prime the maiden blossoms* might have been intended to signify to *cut them off in their* PRIME.—Ed. 1778.

I am strongly inclined to adopt Seward's amendment, never having met with the word *prime* in any sense similar to that which is evidently required in the text.

Accept no greater courtesy, yet drink, sir.
Ric. Now I am sure you hate me: An you knew
What kind of man I am—as indeed 'tis fit
That every man should know me, to avoid me.
If you have peace within you, sir, or goodness,
Name that abhorred word *drink* no more unto me!
You had safer strike me.
I pray you do not, if you love me, do not!
Val. Sir, I mean no ill by't.
Ric. It may be so;
Nor let me see none, sir, if you love Heaven!
You know not what offence it is unto me;
Nor, good now, do not ask me why: And I warn
You once again, let no man else speak of it!
I fear your servants will be prating to me.
Val. Why, sir, what ail you?
Ric. I hate drink, there's the end on't;
And that man that drinks with meat is damn'd,[2]
Without an age of prayers and repentance;
And there's a hazard too: Good sir, no more!
If you will do me a free courtesy,
That I shall know for one, go take your horse,
And bring me to the place where you left her.
Val. Since you are so importunate, I will:
But I will wish, sir, you had stay'd to-night;
Upon my credit, you shall see no drink.
Ric. Be gone! the hearing of it makes me giddy:
Sir, will you be entreated to forbear it?
I shall be mad else.

[2] *And that man that drinks* with meat *is damn'd.*] As the line is deficient by a syllable, why may we not preserve the sentiment, and restore the measure, by reading thus:

And that man that drinks without *meat is damn'd.* *Sympson.*

If we adopt Sympson's amendment the metre is equally defective, and it is a stronger expression to say, that he who drinks even with his meat is damned.—*Mason.*

Val. I pray no more of that! I am quiet;
I'll but walk in, and away straight.
Ric. Now I thank you!
But what you do, do in a twinkling, sir!
Val. As soon as may be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the House of Mercury's *Mother.*

Enter Mother, VIOLA, NAN, *and* MADGE.

Mother. Is this the wench? You have brought me some catch, I warrant.
How daringly[3] she looks upon the matter!
Madge. Yes, forsooth, this is the maiden.
Mother. Come hither! Would you serve?
Viola. If it shall please you to accept my service;
I hope I shall do something that shall like you,
Though it be but truth, and often praying for you.
Mother. You are very curious of your hand methinks,
You preserve it so with gloves: Let me see it!—
Ay, marry, here's a hand of marchpane,[4] wenches!
This pretty palm never knew sorrow yet:
How soft it is, I warrant you, and supple!
O' my word, this is fitter for a pocket,

[3] *How injuringly.*] Corrected in 1679.

[4] *Marchpane.*] For the nature of this confection the reader is referred to vol. II. pp. 116, 456.

To filch withal, than to work: I fear me, little one,
You are no better than you should be; go to!
Viola. My conscience yet is but one witness to me,
And that, Heaven knows, is of mine innocence:
'Tis true, I must confess with shame enough,
The time that I have led yet never taught me
What 'twas to break a sleep, or to be weary.
Mother. You can say well;
If you be mine, wench, you must do well too,
For words are but slow workers: Yet, so much hope
I have of you, that I will take you, so
You will be diligent, and do your duty.
How now?

Enter ALEXANDER.

Alex. There is a messenger come from your son,
That brings you word he is returned from travel,
And will be here this night.
Mother. Now joy upon thee for it! thou art ever
A bringer of good tidings; there, drink that!
[*Gives him money.*
In troth thou hast much contented me. My son?
Lord, how thou hast pleased me! shall I see my son
Yet ere I die? Take care my house be handsome,
And the new stools set out, and boughs and rushes,[5]
And flowers for the window, and the Turkey carpet,
And the great parcel salt,[6] Nan, with the cruets!

[5] *Rushes.*] The custom of strewing fresh rushes upon the floor on the arrival of a stranger, or on any festive occasion, is alluded to more than once in these plays.—See vol. IV. p. 410. As the custom is mentioned in the Proemio to Boccaccio's Decameron, it is probable that at one time it was universal throughout Europe.

[6] —— *the great* parcel *salt.*] By the epithet of *parcel,* we must evidently understand *parcel-gilt,* which is an expression of which no less than six instances are collected in the notes of the different

And pr'ythee, Alexander, go to the cook,
And bid him spare for nothing, my son's come home!
Who's come with him?

Alex. I hear of none yet, but a gentlewoman.

Mother. A gentlewoman? what gentlewoman?

Alex. I know not; but such a one there is, he says.

Mother. Pray God he have not cast away himself
Upon some snout-fair piece! I do not like it.

Alex. No, sure my master has more discretion.

Mother. Well, be it how it will, he shall be welcome.
Sirs,[7] to your tasks, and shew this little novice
How to bestir herself! I'll sort out things.
[*Exit.*

Madge. We will, forsooth: I can tell you, my mistress is
A stirring woman.

Nan. Lord, how she'll talk sometimes!
'Tis the maddest cricket——

commentators on the expression, "*parcel-gilt* goblet," in Shakspeare's Henry IV. part I. The expression, which signifies that only part of the piece of plate was gilt, was probably so common, that, by an ellipsis of the last term, *parcel* was used singly in the same sense. The great size of the salt-cellars in use at the time of our poets may be collected from the ensuing passage: "Oh my great bell-salt!—Did you not see a fellow about door with a *great silver salt under his arm?*"—*Middleton's Your Five Gallants.* Warton observes, that "towards the head of the table was placed a large and lofty piece of plate, the top of which, in a broad cavity, held the salt for the whole company. One of these salt-cellars is still preserved, and in use, at Winchester College."—*Hist. Engl. Poetry*, vol. IV. p. 22.

[7] *Sirs.*] This appellation, it seems, as well as *sirrah*, was anciently addressed to women as well as men. The latter occurs on the very next page, where one of the maids calls the other *sirrah.*

Viola. Methinks she talks well,
And shews a great deal of good housewifery.
Pray let me deck the chambers, shall I?
Nan. Yes,
You shall; but do not scorn to be advised, sister,
For there belongs more to that than you're aware on:
Why would you venture so fondly upon the strowings?
There's mighty matters in them, I'll assure you,
And in the spreading of a bough-pot; you may miss,
If you were ten years elder, if you take not
A special care before you.
Viola. I will learn willingly, if that be all.
Nan. Sirrah, where is't they say my young master hath been?
Madge. 'Faith, I know not; beyond the sea,
Where they are born without noses.[8]
Nan. Jesse, bless us! without noses?
How do they do for handkerchiefs?
Madge. So Richard says:
And, sirrah, their feet stand in their foreheads.
Nan. That's fine, by my troth!
These men have pestilent running heads then.
Do they speak as we do?
Madge. No, they never speak.
Nan. Are they cursen'd?[9]

[8] *Where they are born without noses.*] This, and the ensuing descriptions of men wonderfully made, are in ridicule of the strange relations of Sir Walter Raleigh, and other contemporary travellers. Shakspeare, too, alludes to similar monsters in a more serious manner, where Othello is said to have told Desdemona—

—— "Of the cannibals that each other eat,
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

[9] *Are they* cursen'd.] This is still the vulgar manner of pronouncing *christened*. See above, p. 43.

Madge. No, they call them infidels;
I know not what they are.
Nan. Sirrah, we shall have
Fine courting now my young master is come home.
Were you never courted, sister?
Viola. Alas, I know it not.
Madge. What is that courting, sirrah?
Nan. I can tell,
For I was once courted in the matted chamber:
You know the party, Madge; 'faith, he courted finely!
Madge. Pray thee what is't?
Nan. 'Faith, nothing, but he was somewhat figent[1] with me;
'Faith, 'tis fine sport, this courting.
Alex. [*Within.*] Where be the maids there?
Madge. We shall be hang'd anon! Away, good wenches!
And have a care you dight things handsomely;
I will look over you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another in the same.

Enter MERCURY *and* MARIA.

Merc. If your sorrow
Will give you so far leave, pray think yourself

[1] *Figent.*] i. e. Troublesome, meddling, figgety. See vol V. p. 186.

Most welcome to this place, for so upon
My life you are; and for your own fair sake,
Take truce awhile with these immoderate mournings!

Maria. I thank you, sir; I shall do what I may.
Pray lead me to a chamber.

Enter Mother and ALEXANDER.

Merc. Presently.—
Before your blessing, mother, I entreat you
To know this gentlewoman, and bid her welcome,
The virtuous wife of him that was myself
In all my travels! [*Kneels.*

Mother. Indeed she is most welcome; so are you, son.
Now, all my blessing on thee, thou hast made me
Younger by twenty years than I was yesterday!
Will you walk in? What ails this gentlewoman?
Alas, I fear she is not well: Good gentlewoman!

Merc. You fear right.

Mother. She has fasted over long;
You shall have supper presently o' th' board.

Merc. She will not eat, I can assure you, mother.
For God's sake, let your maid conduct her up
Into some fair becoming chamber, fit for
A woman of her being, and as soon as may be!
I know she's very ill, and would have rest.

Mother. There is one ready for her, the blue chamber.

Merc. 'Tis well: I'll lead you to your chamber-door,
And there I'll leave you to your own quiet, mistress.

Maria. I thank you, sir! Good rest to every

You'll see me once again to-night, I hope.

Merc. When you shall please, I'll wait upon you, lady.

Mother. Where are these maids? Attend upon the gentlewoman,
And see she want no good thing in the house!
Good night with all my heart, forsooth!—Good Lord, [*Exit* MARIA.
How you are grown! Is he not, Alexander?

Alex. Yes, truly; he's shot up finely, God be thanked!

Merc. An ill weed, mother, will do so.

Alex. You say true, sir; an ill weed grows apace.

Merc. Alexander the sharp, you take me very quickly.

Mother. Nay, I can tell you, Alexander will do it.
Do you read Madcap still?

Merc. Sometimes, forsooth.[2]

Mother. But 'faith, son, what countries have you travell'd?

Merc. Why, many, mother, as they lay before me;
France, Spain, Italy, and Germany,
And other provinces, that I am sure
You are not better'd by, when you hear of them.

Mother. And can you these tongues perfectly?

Merc. Of some
A little, mother.

Mother. Pray, spout some French, son.

Merc. You understand it not; and to your ears

[2] Alex. *Sometimes, forsooth.*] It is evident that this reply belongs to Mercury, not to Alexander, who knew nothing of Mercury's conduct during his travels; and it is to Mercury that the question is addressed.—*Mason.*

The preceding line alludes to an old satirical pamphlet, entitled Pasquil's Madcap.

'Twill go like an unshod cart upon the stones,
Only a rough unhandsome sound.

Mother. 'Faith, I would fain hear some French.

Alex. Good sir, speak some French to my mistress.

Merc. At your entreaty, Alexander, I will
Who shall I speak to?

Alex. If your worship
Will do me the favour, sir, to me.

Merc. *Monsieur poltron,*
Cocu, couillon, baisez mon cû!

Alex. *Oui, monsieur.*[3]

Mother. Ha, ha, ha! this is fine, indeed!
God's blessing on thy heart, son! By my troth,
Thou art grown a proper gentleman! *Cullen* and *pullen,*
Good God, what sawcy[4] words they use beyond the seas!
Ha, ha, ha!

Alex. Did not you swear right?

Merc. Yes, good Alexander,
If you had done so too. But, good mother,
I am very hungry, and have rid far to-day,
And am fasting.

Mother. You shall have your supper presently, my sweet son.

Merc. As soon as you please; which, once ended,
I'll go and visit yon sick gentlewoman.

Mother. Come then! [*Exeunt.*

[3] *Monseir, Poultron, Coukew, Cullione, Besay, Man cui.* Alex. *Ave, Mounseir.*] From this specimen, it would seem that the editors of the folios did not understand French any better than Mercury's mother.

[4] —— aucey *words*] So the first folio, from which the text is taken. The second folio, *aukward.* In the next verse, the latter and the modern copies read—"Did not I answer right?"

SCENE V.

A Hall in the same.

Enter ANTONIO, *like a post, with a letter.*

Ant. I have ridden like a fury, to make up this work;
And I will do it bravely ere I leave it.
This is the house, I am sure.

Enter ALEXANDER.

Alex. Who would you speak with, sir?
Ant. Marry, sir, I would speak with
A gentlewoman came this night late here from the city:
I have some letters of importance to her.
I am a post, sir, and would be dispatch'd
In haste.
Alex. Sir, cannot I deliver 'em?
For, the truth is, she's ill, and in her chamber.
Ant. Pray pardon me; I must needs speak with her,
My business is so weighty.
Alex. I'll tell her so,
And bring you present word.
Ant. Pray do so, and I'll attend her.
[*Exit* ALEXANDER.
Pray God, the grief of my imagined death
Spoil not what I intend! I hope it will not.

Re-enter ALEXANDER.

Alex. Though she be very ill, and desires no trouble,
Yet, if your business be so urgent, you may
Come up and speak with her.

Ant. I thank you, sir; I follow you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Bed Chamber in the same.

Enter MARIA.

Maria. What should this fellow be, i' th' name o' Heaven,
That comes with such post business? Sure my husband hath
Reveal'd himself, and in this haste sent after me.

Enter ANTONIO.

Are you the post, my friend?

Ant. Yes, forsooth, mistress.

Maria. What good news hast thou brought me, gentle post?
For I have woe and grief too much already.

Ant. I would you had less, mistress, I could wish it.—

Beshrew my heart, she moves me cruelly! [*Aside.*

Maria. Have I found you once more, juggler?
[*Aside.*
Well, jewel, thou hast only virtue in thee,
Of all I read of yet: What ears has this ass
To betray him with!—Well, what's your business then?

Ant. I have brought a letter from your servant, mistress,
In haste.

Maria. Pray give it me; I hope the best still.

Ant. This is the upshot, and I know I have hit it! [*Aside.*
Well, if the spirits of the dead do walk,
I shall hear more of this an hundred years hence.

Maria. [*Reading.*] "By any means, you must have special care;
For now this city is possess'd[5] for certain,
My master is made away;
Which, for aught I know, is a truth indeed.
Good mistress, leave your grief, and see your danger,
And let that wise and noble gentleman
With whom you are, be your right hand in all things!"

Ant. Now do I know I have the better on't!
[*Aside.*
By the languishing of her eye at this near instant,
It is still simming[6] in her blood, in coining
Somewhat to turn Mercury, I know it.

Maria. He is my husband, and 'tis reasonable
[*Aside.*

[5] *Possess'd.*] i. e. Informed, acquainted. In Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, Bobadil says to Master Matthew,—"*Possess* no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging."

[6] *Simming.*] We would now say—*simmering.*

He should command in all things: Since he will be
An ass against the hair,[7] at his own peril
Be it!—In the morn you shall have a packet,
Till when, I must entreat you, stay; you shall not lose by it.

Ant. I do not doubt it, mistress:
I'll leave you to your rest, and wait your pleasure.

Maria. Do; and seek out the gentleman o' th' house;
Bid him come to me presently.

Ant. Who? Master Mercury?

Maria. Do you know him, post?

Ant. Only by sight, forsooth: Now I remember
Your servant willed me to let you know
He is the only man you and your fortunes
Are now to rest upon.

Maria. Pr'ythee, no more; I know all this already.

Ant. I'll take my leave now.—I am made for ever!

Maria. Good night!— [*Exit* Antonio.
I am provided for you, my fine youth. [*Exit.*

[7] *An ass against the hair.*] In the first part of Henry IV. Worcester says—

> "The quality and *hair* of our attempt
> Brooks no division;"

and Dr Johnson remarks, that "the *hair* seems to be the *complexion*, the *character*. The metaphor appears harsh to us, but, perhaps, was familiar in our author's time. We still say, something is *against the hair*, as *against the grain*, that is, against the natural tendency;" and Mr Steevens adds, "In an old comedy, called The Family of Love, I met with an expression which very well supports Dr Johnson's first explanation: "They say I am of the right *hair*, and indeed they may stand to it."—Ed. 1778.

SCENE VII.

A Room in the same.

Enter Mother, beating VIOLA, *and* ALEXANDER *with a broken glass.*

Mother. I'll make thee have more care.
Viola. Good mistress, pardon me!
Mother. Thou'lt ne'er be good, I warrant thee!
Can your fine fingers hold no faster?
Viola. Indeed,
It was against my will.
Mother. Alexander,
Let's see the glass! As I'm true kirsome[7] woman,
It is one of the crystal glasses my cousin sent me!
And the baggage hath broke it where it cannot be mended.
Alexander, can Humphry mend this, think you?
Alex. No, truly, this will ne'er be mended.
Viola. Truly,
I meant but to wash it for the gentlewoman
That's sick above, and, shaking out the water,
Knock'd it against the pail side.
Mother. Did you so?
Be sure I'll stop it! 'twill make a good gap in
Your quarter's wages, I can tell you.
Viola. I pray forgive me,
And let me have no wages this first quarter.

[7] *Kirsome.*] An intended corruption of *Christian.*

Mother. Go, whimling, and fetch two or three grating loaves
Out of the kitchen, to make gingerbread of.
'Tis such an untoward thing! [*Exit* VIOLA.

Alex. She's somewhat simple,
Indeed; she knew not what a kimnel[8] was;
She wants good nurture mightily.

Mother. My son tells me, Alexander,
That this young widow means to sojourn here;
She offers largely for her board, I may
Offer her good cheer. Pr'ythee make a step
I' th' morning down to the parsonage for some pigeons!— [*Noise within.*
What, are you mad there? what noise is that?
Are you at bowls within? Why do you whine?

Enter VIOLA, *weeping.*

Viola. I have done another fault; I beseech you,
Sweet mistress, forgive me!

Mother. What's the matter?

Viola. As I was reaching for the bread that lay
Upon the shelf, I have thrown down the minced meat,
That should have made the pies to-morrow.

Mother. Get thee
Out of my house, thou filthy destroying harlot thou!
I'll not keep thee an hour longer.

Viola. Good mistress, beat me rather for my fault,
As much as it deserves! I do not know
Whither to go.

Mother. No, I warrant thee; out of my doors!

[8] *Kimnel.*] Or *kemlin*, is a powdering-tub.—*Sympson.*

Viola. Indeed I'll mend.—I pray speak you for me!
Alex. If thou hadst hurl'd down any thing but the pie meat,
I would have spoke for thee; but I cannot find in my heart now.
Mother. Art thou here yet? I think I must have
An officer to thrust thee out of my doors, must I?
Viola. Why, you may stop this in my wages too;
For God's sake, do! I'll find myself this year,
And let me stay.
Mother. Thou't spoil ten times as much.
I'll cudgel thee out of my doors.
Viola. I am assured you are more merciful,
Than thus to beat me and discharge me too.
Mother. Dost thou dispute with me?—Alexander, carry
The prating hilding forth.
Viola. Good mistress, hear me! I have here a jewel [*Kneels.*
My mother left me, and 'tis something worth:
Receive it; and when all my faults together
Come to the worth of that, then turn me forth;
Till then, I pray you keep me.
Mother. What jiggumbob have we here?
Pray God, you have not pilfer'd this somewhere.
Thou art such a puling thing! Wipe your eyes,
And rise; go your ways.—Alexander,
Bid the cook mince some more meat.—Come,
And get you to bed quickly, that you may
Up betime i' th' morning a milking,
Or you and I shall fall out worse yet.
[*Exeunt Mother and* ALEXANDER.
Viola. She has hurt my arm: I am afraid she is
A very angry woman; but bless him, Heaven,
That did me the most wrong! I am afraid

Antonio's wife should see me; she will know me.

Mother. [*Within.*] Melvia!

Viola. I am coming; she's not angry again, I hope! [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

A Bed-room in the same.

Enter Mercury.

Merc. Now what am I the better for enjoying
This woman that I loved so? All I find,
That I before imagined to be happy,
Now I have done it, turns to nothing else
But a poor, pitied, and a base repentance.
Udsfoot, I am monstrous angry with myself!
Why should a man, that has discourse and reason,[9]
And knows how near he loses all in these things,
Covet to have his wishes satisfied?
Which, when they are, are nothing but the shame.
I do begin to loath this woman strangely,
And I think justly too, that durst adventure
Flinging away her modesty, to take
A stranger to her bed, (her husband's body

[9] *Discourse and reason.*] So in Massinger's Unnatural Combat.

"It adds to my calamity that I have
Discourse and reason."

The reader is referred, for a very ingenious comment on these words, to Mr Gifford's Massinger, vol. I. p. 149.

Being scarce cold i' th' earth) for her content.
It was no more to take my senses with,
Than if I had an idle dream in sleep:
Yet I have made her promises, which grieves me,
And I must keep 'em too.—I think she hunts me!
The devil cannot keep these women off,
When they are flesh'd once.[1]

Enter MARIA, *in night attire.*

Maria. To bed, for God's sake, sir!
Why do you stay here? Some are up i' th' house;
I heard the wife.[2] Good dear sweetheart, to bed.
Merc. Why, I am going! Why do you follow me?
You would not have it known, I hope. Pray get you
Back to your chamber! the door's hard by. For me,
Let me alone; I warrant you!—This it is [*Aside.*
To thresh well; I have got a customer!—
Will you go to bed?
Maria. Will you?
Merc. Yes, I am going.
Maria. Then remember your promise you made to marry me.
Merc. I will; but it was your fault that it came
To this pinch now, that it must need remembrance:
For, out of honesty, I offer'd you
To marry you first; why did you slack that offer?
Maria. Alas, I told you th' inconvenience of it,

[1] Fletched *once.*] Corrected in 1750.

[2] *I heard the* wife.] Who is this wife? She must mean the mother, but calls her no where else by that name.—*Mason.*

The mistress of a house was formerly called, in England, (and is still in Scotland) the *goodwife* of the house.

And what wrong it would appear to the world
If I had married you in such post haste
After his death: Beside, the foolish people
Would have been bold to have thought we had lain
Together in his time, and like enough
Imagined we two had murder'd him.

Merc. I love her tongue yet! If I were a saint,
A gilded saint, and such a thing as this
Should prate thus wittily and feelingly
Unto my holiness, I cannot tell,
But I fear shrewdly I should do something
That would quite scratch me out o' th' calendar;
And if I stay longer talking with her, though I am mad
At what I have done already, yet I shall
Forget myself again: I feel the devil
Ready to hold my stirrup.—Pray, to bed!
Good night!

Maria. This kiss! good night, sweet love,
And peace go with thee!—[*Exit* MERCURY.] Thou hast proved thyself
The honestest man that ever was enticed
To that sweet sin, as people please to call it,
Of lying with another's wife; and I,
I think, the honestest woman, without blushing,
That e'er lay with another man. I sent my husband
Into a cellar, post, fearing, and justly,
He should have known him; which I did not purpose
Till I had had my end.
Well, now this plot is perfect, let him brag on't.
[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The House of the Justice.

Enter Justice *and* Curio, *with a paper.*

Just. By'r lady, sir, you have rid hard, that you have.
Curio. They that have business must do so, I take it.
Just. You say true. When set you out, my friend?
Curio. About ten o'clock; and I have rid all night.
Just. By the mass, you are tough indeed. I have seen the day
I would have rid too with the proudest of them,
And fling dirt in their faces, and I have done't with
This foolish body,[3] sir, many a time:
But what can last always? 'Tis done, 'tis done now, sir!
Age, care, and office, bring us to our foot-cloths,[4]
The more the pity!
Curio. I believe that, sir;
But will it please you to read the business?
Just. My friend, I can read, and I can tell you when.

[3] *This foolish* boy.] As *boy* has nothing to which it can be referred, I conjectured we should read *body;* and Mr Theobald, I found, had wrote the same in his margin.—*Sympson.*

[4] *Foot-cloths.*] i. e. Palfreys, so called from the cloathing or caparison in which they were anciently attired.

Curio. 'Would I could too, sir! for my haste requires it.

Just. Whence comes it, do you say?

Curio. Sir, from the city.

Just. Oh, from the city; 'tis a reverend place—

Curio. An his justice be as short as his memory, [*Aside.*
A dudgeon-dagger[5] will serve him to mow down sin withall:
What clod-pole commissioner is this!

Just. And, by my faith, govern'd by worthy members,
Discreet and upright.

Curio. Sir, they are beholding to you;
You have given some of them a commendation
They were not worthy of this twenty years.

Just. Go to, go to! you have a merry meaning:
I have found you, sir; i'faith, you are a wag;
Away, fy!—Now I'll read your letter.

Curio. Pray do, sir.—What a misery it is
To have an urgent business wait the justice
Of such an old tuff-taffata, that knows not,
Nor can be brought to understand more sense
Than how to restore suppressed alehouses,
And have his man compound small trespasses
For ten groats!

Just. Sir, it seems here
Your business is of deeper circumstance
Than I conceived it for.—What do you mean, sir?

Curio. 'Tis for mine own ease, I'll assure your worship.[6]

5 *Dudgeon-dagger.*] Cotgrave explains *dague a roëlles*, a Scottish dagger, or *dudgeon haft dagger.*—*Reed.*

6 *What do you mean, sir?—*
'Tis for mine own ease, I'll assure your worship.] The Justice reproaches him for keeping his hat off, which Curio says he does for his own ease.—*Mason.*

Just. It shall not be, i'faith, friend.—Here I have it.
That one Antonio, a gentleman—
I take it so; yes, it is so—a gentleman,
Is lately thought to have been made away;
And, by my faith, upon a parlous ground too,
If you consider. Well, there's knavery in't;
I see that without spectacles.

Curio. Sure this fellow deals in revelation, he's so hidden: [*Aside.*
Go thy ways! thou wilt stick a bench, spit[7] as formally,
And shew thy agot and hatch'd chain as well
As the best of them.

Just. And now I have consider'd, I believe it.

Curio. What, sir?

Just. That he was murder'd.

Curio. Did you know him?

Just. No.

Curio. Nor how it is supposed?

Just. No; nor I care not twopence, those are toys;
And yet I verily believe he was murder'd,
As sure as I believe thou art a man.
I never fail'd in these things yet. 'Ware a man
That's beaten to these matters; experience
Is a certain concealed thing that fails not.
Pray let me ask you one thing; why do you come to me?

Curio. Because the letter is address'd to you,
Being the nearest justice.

Just. The nearest? is that all?

Curio. I think it be, sir;—
I would be loth you should be the wisest. [*Aside.*

Just. Well, sir, as 'tis, I will endeavour in it:

[7] *Stick a bench spit.*] Amended in 1750.

Yet, if it had come to me by name, I know not,
But I think it had been as soon dispatch'd
As by another, and with as round a wisdom,
Ay, and as happily; but that's all one:
I have borne this place this thirty years, and upwards,
And with sufficient credit, and they may,
When they please, know me better. To the nearest?
Well!

Curio. Sir, 'tis not my fault, for had I known
You sooner——

Just. I thank you, sir; I know it.

Curio. I'll be sworn [*Aside.*
You should have play'd, for any business now.

Just. And further, they have specified unto me,
His wife's sorely suspected in this matter,
As a main cause.

Curio. I think she be, sir, for
No other cause can be yet found.

Just. And one Mercury, a traveller, with whom
They say directly she is run away,
And, as they think, this way.

Curio. I knew all this before.

Just. Well, sir, this Mercury I know, and his breeding;
A neighbour's child hard by: You have been happy, sir,
In coming hither.

Curio. Then you know where
To have him, sir?

Just. I do, sir; he dwells near me.

Curio. I doubt your worship dwells near a knave then.

Just. I think so; pray put on! But 'tis a wonder
To see how graceless people are now given,
And how base virtue is accounted with them,

That should be all in all, as says a wise man!
I tell you, sir, and 'tis true, that there have been
Such murders, and of late days, as 'twould make
Your very heart bleed in you; and some of them,
As I shall be enabled, I will tell you.
It fell out of late days——

Curio. It may be so,
But will it please you to proceed in this?

Just. An honest weaver, and as good a workman
As e'er shot shuttle, and as close—
But every man must die—this honest weaver,
Being a little mellow in his ale—
That was the evidence, *verbatim*, sir—
God bless the mark, sprung his neck just in this place:
Well, Jarvis, thou hadst wrongs, and, if I live,
Some of the best shall sweat for't! Then a wench—

Curio. But, sir, you have forgot my business.

Just. A sober pretty maid, about seventeen
They say, certainly, howsoe'er 'tis shuffled,
She burst herself, and fondly, if it be so,
With furmety[8] at a churching; but I think
The devil had another agent in't;
Either of which, if I can catch, shall stretch for't.

Curio. This is a mad Justice, that will hang the devil!— [*Aside.*
But I would you would be short in this, before
That other notice can be given.

Just. Sir,
I will do discreetly what is fitting.—What,
Antonio!

Serv. [*Within.*] Your worship!

Just. Put on your best coat,
And let your fellow Mark go to the constable,

[8] *Furmety.*] See vol. VI. p. 24.

And bid him aid me with all the speed he can,
And all the power; and provide pen and ink
To take their confessions, and my long sword![9]
I cannot tell what danger we may meet with.
You'll go with us?

Curio. Yes; what else?
I came to that end to accuse both parties.

Just. May I crave what you are?

Curio. 'Faith, sir, one
That to be known would not profit you more
Than a near kinsman of the dead Antonio's.

Just. 'Tis well. I am sorry for my neighbour, truly,
That he had no more grace; 'twill kill his mother:
She is a good old woman. Will you walk in?
I will but put my cloak on, and my chain off,
And a clean band, and have my shoes black'd over,
And shift my jerkin, and we'll to our business;
And you shall see how I can boult these matters.

Curio. As soon as't please you, sir. [*Exeunt.*

[9] *Long sword.*] In Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet, Capulet says,—"Give me my *long sword;*" and Dr Johnson remarks, "The *long sword* was the sword used in war, which was sometimes wielded with both hands."—Ed. 1778.

SCENE II.

A Field.

Enter VALERIO *and* RICARDO.

Val. This is the place; here did I leave the maid
Alone last night, drying her tender eyes,
Uncertain what to do, and yet desirous
To have me gone.

Ric. How rude are all we men,
That take the name of civil to ourselves!
If she had set her foot upon an earth
Where people live that we call barbarous,
Though they had had no house to bring her to,
They would have spoil'd the glory that the spring
Has deck'd the trees in, and with willing hands
Have torn their branches down; and every man
Would have become a builder for her sake.—
What time left you her here?

Val. I left her when the sun had so much to set,
As he is now got from his place of rise.

Ric. So near the night, she could not wander far.
—Fair Viola!

Val. It is in vain to call; she sought a house,
Without all question.

Ric. Peace!—Fair Viola!
Fair Viola!—Who would have left her here

On such a ground? If you had meant to lose her,
You might have found there were no echoes here
To take her name,[1] and carry it about,
When her true lover came to mourn for her,
Till all the neighbouring vallies and the hills
Resounded Viola; and such a place
You should have chose! You pity us
Because the dew a little wets our feet;[2]

[1] —— *If you had meant to lose her,*
You might have found there were *no echoes* here
To take her name.] Sympson reads,

—— *If you had meant to lose her,*
You might have found where there *no echoes* were
To take her name;

but surely the old text conveys the same sense.—Ed. 1778.

Both Sympson and the last editors entirely mistake the meaning of this passage, which is this—"If you meant to lose her, you should have chosen a place where there were echoes that would have resounded her name when her true lover should come to seek her: but you might have found there were no echoes here, and therefore should not have quitted her in such a place; you should have chosen a spot in which all the neighbouring hills and vallies should have resounded, Viola.—*Mason.*

The first folio reads *inches* for *echoes!*

[2] *You pity us because*
The dew a little, &c.] These lines are so unworthy of our authors, that I can hardly think them theirs; and I am sure the author of Jeronimo (whom our poets, as well as Shakspeare and Jonson, abuse) might, when they quote in derision this line of his,

"Who calls Jeronimo from his naked bed?"

have justly retorted,

——— "*where wandered she,*
With two showers raining on her, from her eyes
Continually, abundantly, from which
There's neither tree nor house to shelter her?" *Sympson.*

There is certainly some degree of conceit in this passage, but it was the common failing of the age, which Fletcher is far less guilty of than most of his contemporaries. Besides, a lover in the

(Unworthy far to seek her, in the wet!)
And what becomes of her? where wander'd she,
With two showers raining on her, from her eyes
Continually, abundantly, from which
There's neither tree nor house to shelter her?—
Will you go with me to travel?
Val. Whither?
Ric. Over all the world.
Val. No, by my faith; I'll make a shorter journey
When I do travel.
Ric. But there is no hope
To gain my end in any shorter way.
Val. Why, what's your end?
Ric. It is to search the earth,
Till we have found two in the shapes of men,
As wicked as ourselves.
Val. 'Twere not so hard
To find out those.
Ric. Why, if we find them out,
It were the better; for what brave villainy
Might we four do!—We would not keep together;
For every one has treachery enough
For twenty countries: One should trouble Asia;
Another should sow strife in Africa;
But you should play the knave at home in Europe;
And, for America, let me alone.
Val. Sir, I am honester
Than you know how to be, and can no more
Be wrong'd, but I shall find myself a right.
Ric. If you had any spark of honesty,
You would not think that *honester than I*

distracted state of mind in which Ricardo was, might indulge in hyperboles somewhat extravagant, without any great offence against nature and taste.

Were a praise enough to serve your turn:
If men were commonly so bad as I,
Thieves would be put in calendars for saints;
And bones of murderers would work miracles.
I am a kind of knave, of knave so much
There is betwixt me, and the vilest else—
But the next place of all to mine is yours.

Enter Viola, Nan, *and* Madge, *with pails.*

Val. That last is she; 'tis she!
Ric. Let us away;
We shall infect her! let her have the wind,
And we will kneel down here.
Viola. Wenches, away!
For here are men.
Val. Fair maid, I pray you stay.
[*Takes hold of* Viola.
Viola. Alas! again?
Ric. Why do you lay hold on her?
I pray heartily, let her go.
Val. With all my heart; I do not mean to hurt her.
Ric. But stand away then! for the purest bodies
Will soonest take infection; stand away!
But for infecting her myself, by Heaven,
I would come there, and beat thee further off.
Viola. I know that voice and face.
Val. You are finely mad!
God b'w'ye, sir! Now you are here together,
I'll leave you so; God send you good luck, both!
When you are soberer you'll give me thanks.
[*Exit.*
Madge. Wilt thou go milk? Come.
Nan. Why dost not come?
Madge. She nods, she's asleep.
Nan. What, wert up so early? [Ricardo *kneels.*

Madge. I think yon man's mad to kneel there.
Nay, come, come away.—
Uds body, Nan, help! she looks black i' th' face;
She's in a swoon. [VIOLA *faints.*

Nan. An you be a man, come hither,
And help a woman!

Ric. Come thither? You are a fool.

Nan. And you a knave and a beast, that you are.

Ric. Come hither? 'twas my being now so near
That made her swoon; and you are wicked people,
Or you would do so too: My venom eyes
Strike innocency dead at such a distance;
Here I will kneel, for this is out of distance.

Nan. Thou art a prating ass! there's no goodness in thee,
I warrant.—How dost thou? [VIOLA *recovers.*

Viola. Why, well.

Madge. Art thou able to go?

Viola. No; pray go you and milk: If I be able
To come, I'll follow you; if not, I'll sit here
Till you come back.

Nan. I am loth to leave thee here with yon wild fool.

Viola. I know him well; I warrant thee he will not hurt me.

Madge. Come then, Nan. [*Exeunt maids.*

Ric. How do you? Be not fearful, for I hold
My hands before my mouth, and speak, and so
My breath can never blast you.

Viola. 'Twas enough
To use me ill, though you had never sought me
To mock me too: Why kneel you so far off?
Were not that gesture better used in prayer?
Had I dealt so with you, I should not sleep,
'Till God and you had both forgiven me.

Ric. I do not mock; nor lives there such a villain
That can do any thing contemptible

To you: But I do kneel, because it is
An action very fit and reverent,
In presence of so pure a creature;
And so far off, as fearful to offend
One too much wrong'd already.

Viola. You confess you did the fault, yet scorn to come
So far as hither, to ask pardon for't;
Which I could willingly afford to come
To you to grant. Good sir, if you have
A better love, may you be bless'd together!
She shall not wish you better than I will.—
I but offend you! There are all the jewels [*Throws down a casket.*
I stole; and all the love I ever had
I leave behind with you; I'll carry none
To give another: May the next maid you try
Love you no worse, nor be no worse than I!

Ric. Do not leave me yet, for all my fault!
Search out the next things to impossible,
And put me on them; when they are effected,
I may with better modesty receive
Forgiveness from you.

Viola. I will set no penance,
To gain the great forgiveness you desire,
But to come hither, and take me and it;
Or else, I'll come and beg, so you will grant
That you will be content to be forgiven!

Ric. [*Rises.*] Nay, I will come, since you will have it so,
And, since you please to pardon me, I hope
Free from infection. Here I am by you,
A careless man, a breaker of my faith,
A loathsome drunkard; and in that wild fury,
A hunter after whores! I do beseech you
To pardon all these faults, and take me up
An honest, sober, and a faithful man!

Viola. For God's sake urge your faults no more, but mend!
All the forgiveness I can make you, is,
To love you; which I will do, and desire
Nothing but love again; which if I have not,
Yet I will love you still. . .

Ric. Oh, women! that some one of you will take
An everlasting pen into your hands,
And grave in paper (which the writ shall make
More lasting than the marble monuments)
Your matchless virtues to posterities;
Which the defective race of envious man
Strives to conceal!

Viola. Methinks I would not now, for any thing,
But you had miss'd me: I have made a story
Will serve to waste many a winter's fire,
When we are old: I'll tell my daughters then
The miseries their mother had in love,
And say, "My girls, be wiser!" yet I would not
Have had more wit myself. Take up those jewels,
For I think I hear my fellows coming.

Enter MADGE *and* NAN *with their pails.*

Madge. How dost thou now?

Viola. Why, very well, I thank you. It is late;
Shall I haste home?

Nan. I pr'ythee! we shall be shent[5] soundly.

Madge. Why does that railing man go with us?

Viola. I pr'ythee, speak well of him: On my word,
He is an honest man!

Nan. There was never any so

[5] *Shent.*] This word occurs in Hamlet, and Mr Steevens says, 'To *shend* is to treat with injurious language.'—Ed. 1778.

On his complexion. A gentleman?
I'd be ashamed to have such a foul mouth.[6]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the House of Mercury's *Mother.*

Enter Mother, ALEXANDER, ANDRUGIO, *and* ROWLAND.

Mother. How now, Alexander? What gentleman is this?
Alex. Indeed, forsooth, I know not;
I found him at the market, full of woe,
Crying a lost daughter, and telling all
Her tokens to the people; and, what you wot?
By all subscription in the world,[7] it should be
Our new maid Melvia; (one would little think it!)
Therefore I was bold to tell him of her, mistress.
Mother. Melvia? it cannot be, fool! Alas, you know
She is a poor wench, and I took her in
Upon mere charity.

[6] —— *such a* foul mouth.] The milk-maids understood literally, what Antonio had said figuratively, of his breath being infectious.

[7] *By all* subscription *in the world.*] If Alexander was an affecter of hard words, I should be inclined to let this stand; but as he seems throughout a sensible, good-natured fellow, I would choose to read, *description.—Sympson.*

Alexander is evidently intended for a meddling, pragmatical coxcomb, and the blunder has been restored for that reason.

Andr. So seem'd my daughter when she went away,
As she had made herself.
Mother. What stature was your child of, sir?
Andr. Not high, and of a brown complexion,
Her hair auburn, a round face, which some friends,
That flatter'd me, would say 'twould be a good one.
Alex. This is still Melvia, mistress; that's the truth on't!
Mother. It may be so, I'll promise you.
Alex. Well, go thy ways, the flower of our town!
For a hand and a foot I shall ne'er see thy fellow.
Mother. But had she not such toys as bracelets, rings, and jewels?
Andr. She was something bold indeed, to take such things
That night she left me.
Mother. Then belike she run away?
Andr. Though she be one I love, I dare not lie;
She did indeed.
Mother. What think you of this jewel?
Andr. Yes, this was one of them, and this was mine;
You have made me a new man! I thank you for it.
Mother. Nay,
An she be given to filching, there's your jewel;
I am clear on't. But, by your leave, sir, you
Shall answer me for what is lost since she
Came hither; I can tell you there lie things
Scattering in every place about the house.
Alex. As I am virtuous, I have the lyingst
Old gentlewoman to my mistress, and the most malicious—
The devil a good word will she give a servant;
That's her old rule! and, God be thanked, they will

Give her as few; there is perfect love on both sides.
It yearns my heart to hear the wench misconstrued;
A careful soul she is, I'll be sworn for her;
And when she's gone, let them say what they will,
They may cast their caps at such another.

Andr. What you have lost by her, with all my heart
I'll see you double paid for; you have saved,
With your kind pity, two that must not live,
Unless it be to thank you. Take this jewel;
This strikes off none of her offences, mistress.[8]
'Would I might see her!

Mother. Alexander, run,
And bid her make haste home; she's at the milking close:
But tell her not by any means who's here;
I know she'll be too fearful.

Alex. Well, we'll have
A posset yet at parting, that's my comfort;
And one round, or else I'll lose my will. [*Exit.*

Andr. You shall find Silvio, Uberto, and Pedro,
Enquiring for the wench at the next town:
Tell them she's found, and where I am,
And, with the favour of this gentlewoman,
Desire them to come hither.

Mother. I pray do; they shall be all welcome.
[*Exit* ROWLAND.

[8] *This strikes off none of her offences.*] Sympson, totally mistaking Andrugio's meaning, says, 'Why then he *paid* his jewel for nothing;' and reads,

This strikes off one of her offences, mistress.

It did not occur to him, that the jewel was meant as a *gift*, not as a *payment*.—Ed. 1778.

Enter Justice, CURIO, *and* MARK.

Just. By your leave, forsooth! you shall see me find
The parties by a sleight.

Mother. Who's that? Master Justice?
How do you, sir?

Just. Why, very well, and busy.
Where's your son?

Mother. He's within, sir.

Just. Hum; and how does
The young woman my cousin, that came down with him?

Mother. She's above; as a woman in her case may be.

Just. You have confess'd it?
Then, sirrah, call in the officers! she's no cousin of mine;
A mere trick to discover all!

Mother. To discover? what?

Enter MARK *and Officers.*

Just. You shall know that anon: I think I have over-reach'd you!—Oh, welcome! Enter the house, and by virtue of my warrant, which you have there, seize upon the bodily persons of those whose names are there written; to wit, one Mercury, and the wife of one Antonio.

Mother. For what?

Just. Away, I say!
This gentleman shall certify you for what.
[*Exeunt Officers.*

Mother. He can accuse my son of nothing;
He came from travel but within these two days.

Just. There hangs a tale.

Mother. I should be sorry this should
Fall out at any time, but especially now.—
Sir, will you favour me so much as to let me know
Of what you accuse him?

Curio. Upon suspicion of murder.

Mother. Murder? I defy thee!

Curio. I pray God he may
Prove himself innocent.

Just. Fy, say not so!
You shew yourself to be no good commonwealth's man,
For the more are hang'd the better 'tis for the commonwealth.

Mother. By this rule you were best hang yourself.

Just. I forgive your honest mirth ever.—

Enter MARK *and Officers, with* MERCURY *and* MARIA.

Oh, welcome, welcome, Mark!
Your pen, ink, and paper, to take their examinations.

Merc. Why do you pull me so? I'll go alone.

Just. Let them stand,
Let them stand quietly, whilst they're examined.

Maria. What will you examine us of?

Just. Of Antonio's murder.

Merc. Why he was my friend.

Maria. He was my husband.

Just. The more shame for you both!—Mark, your pen and ink.

Mother. Pray God all be well! I never knew
Any of these travellers come to good.—I beseech you, sir, [*Kneels.*
Be favourable to my son.

Just. Gentlewoman,

Hold you content; I would it were come to that!
Merc. For God's sake, mother,
Why kneel you to such a pig-bribed fellow?
He has surfeited of geese, and they have put him
Into a fit of justice: Let him do his worst!
Just. Is your paper ready?
Mark. I am ready, sir.

Enter ANTONIO, *as a Post, and stands apart.*

Just. Accuse them, sir; I command thee to lay down accusations against these persons, in behalf of the state: And first look upon the parties to be accused, and deliver your name.

Curio. My name is Curio; my murder'd kinsman,
If he were living now, I should not know him,
It is so long since we saw one another.
Ant. My cousin Curio?
Curio. But thus much (from the mouths
Of his servants and others, whose examinations I have
In writing about me) I can accuse them of:
This Mercury, the last night but this last,
Lay in Antonio's house, and in the night
He rose, raising Antonio, where privately
They were in talk an hour, to what end I know not;
But of likelihood, finding Antonio's house
Not a fit place to murder him in, he suffer'd him
To go to bed again; but in the morning early
He train'd him I think forth; after which time
He never saw his home. His clothes were found
Near the place where Mercury was, and the people
At first denied they saw him; but at last
They made a frivolous tale, that there he shifted himself

Into a footman's habit: But, in short,
The next hour this woman went to Mercury,
And in her coach they posted hither. True accusations
I have no more, and I will make none.

Just. No more?
We need no more.—Sirrah, be drawing
Their mittimus, before we hear their answer.—
What say you, sir? are you guilty of this murder?

Merc. No, sir.

Just. Whether you are or no, confess;
It will be better for you.

Merc. If I were
Guilty, your rhetoric could not fetch it forth.
But though I am innocent, I confess, that if
I were a stander-by, these circumstances urged,
Which are true, would make me doubtless believe
The accused parties to be guilty.

Just. Write down,
That he being a stander-by (for so you see he is)
Doth doubtlessly believe the accused parties,
Which is himself, to be guilty.

Merc. I say no such thing.

Just. Write it down, I say; we'll try that.

Merc. I care not what you write.—
Pray God you did not kill him for my love! [*Apart.*
Though I am free from this, we both deserve——

Maria. Govern your tongue, I pray you! all is well;
My husband lives, I know it, and I see him.

Just. They whisper! sever them quickly, I say, officers.
Why do you let them prompt one another?—Gentlewoman,
What say you to this? Are not you guilty?

Maria. No, as I hope for mercy.

Just. But are not
Those circumstances true, that this gentleman
Hath so shortly and methodically deliver'd?
Maria. They are; and what you do with me I care not,
Since he is dead in whom was all my care.
You knew him not?
Just. No, and't been better
For you too, an you had never known him.
Maria. Why then, you did not know the world's chief joy:
His face so manly, as it had been made
To fright the world; yet he so sweetly-temper'd,
That he would make himself a natural fool,
To do a noble kindness for a friend.
He was a man whose name I'll not out-live
Longer than Heaven, whose will must be obey'd,
Will have me do.
Ant. And I will quit thy kindness. [*Aside.*
Just. Before me, she has made the tears
Stand in mine eyes; but I must be austere.—
Gentlewoman, you must confess this murder.
Maria. I cannot, sir; I did it not. But I desire
To see those examinations which this gentleman
Acknowledges to have about him, for
But late last night I received letters from
The city; yet I heard of no confession then.
Just. You shall see them time enough, I warrant you.
But letters you say you had; where are those letters?
Maria. Sir, they are gone.
Just. Gone? whither are they gone?
How have you disposed of 'em?
Maria. Why, sir,
They are for women's matters, and so I use 'em.

Just. Who writ 'em?
Maria. A man of mine.
Just. Who brought 'em?
Maria. A post.
Just. A post? there was some great haste sure:
Ah, ha!
Where is that post?
Maria. Sir, there he stands.
Just. Does he so?
Bring hither that post! I am afraid that post
Will prove a knave.—Come hither, post! What,
What can you say concerning the murder of Antonio?
Ant. What's that to you?
Just. Oh, post, you have no answer ready, have you?
I'll have one from you.
Ant. You shall have no more from me than you have.
You examine an honest gentleman and gentlewoman here!
'Tis pity such fools as you should be i' th' commission.
Just. Say you so, post?—Take away that post! whip him,
And bring him again quickly.—I'll hamper you, post.
Merc. 'Tis Antonio; I know him now as well—
What an irregular fool is this!
Ant. Whip me? hold off!
Maria. Oh, good sir, whip him! By his murmuring
He should know something of my husband's death,
That may quit me: For God's sake, fetch it out!
Just. Whip him, I say!
[ANTONIO *throws off his disguise.*

Ant. Who is't that dares whip me now?
Maria. Oh, my loved husband!
Merc. My most worthy friend!
Where have you been so long?
Ant. I cannot speak for joy!
Just. Why, what's the matter now? and shall not law
Then have her course?
Andr. It shall have no other course
Than it has, I think.
Just. It shall have other course
Before I go, or I'll beat my brains: And I say
It was not honestly done of him to discover
Himself before the parties accused were executed,
That law might have had her course; for then
The kingdom flourishes.
Ant. But such a wife as thou had never any man;
And such a friend as he, believe me, wife,
Shall never be! Good wife, love my friend;
Friend, love my wife. Hark, friend!
Just. Mark,
If we can have nothing to do, you shall swear
The peace of somebody.
Mark. Yes, sir.
Ant. By my troth,
I am sorry my wife is so obstinate:
'Sooth, if I could yet do thee any good,
I would, i'faith I would.
Merc. I thank you, sir;
I have lost that passion.
Ant. Cousin Curio,
You and I must be better acquainted.
Curio. It is my wish, sir.
Ant. I should not have known you neither, 'tis so long
Since we saw each other; we were but children then:

But you have shew'd yourself an honest man to me.
Curio. I would be ever so.

Enter RICARDO *and* VIOLA.

Mother. Look you! who's there?
Andr. Say nothing to me; for thy peace is made.
Ric. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that you are her father; you can both
Not only pardon, when you have a wrong,
But love where you have received most injury.
Just. I think I shall hear of no hanging this year!
There's a tinker and a whore yet, the crier said,
That robb'd her, and are in prison; I hope
They shall be hang'd.
Andr. No, truly, sir, they have broke prison.
Just. 'Tis no matter; then the jailor shall be hang'd.
Andr. You are deceived in that too, sir; 'twas known
To be against his will, and he hath got
His pardon; I think, for nothing;
But if't doth cost him any thing, I'll pay it.
Just. Mark, up with your papers; away!
Merc. Oh,
You shall stay dinner; I have a couple of brawling neighbours,
That I'll assure you will not agree,
And you shall have the hearing of their matter.
Just. With all my heart.
Merc. Go, gentlemen, go in.
Ric. Oh, Viola, that no succeeding age
Might lose the memory of what thou wert!
But such an overswayed sex is yours,
That all the virtuous actions you can do

Are but as men will call them: And I swear,
'Tis my belief, that women want but ways
To praise their deeds, but men want deeds to
praise. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ended; but my hopes and fears begin:
Nor can it be imputed as a sin
In me to wish it favour. If this night
To the judicious it hath given delight,
I have my ends: And may such, for their grace
Vouchsafed to this, find theirs in every place!

THE CAPTAIN.

BY

JOHN FLETCHER.

THE CAPTAIN.

THIS Comedy was, according to Oldys's notes on Langbaine, acted at court 20th May, 1613, two years before the death of Beaumont, by the king's company under Hemings. This would lead us to suppose that both our poets were engaged in the construction of it; but the prologue, which, from internal evidence, may be pronounced the original one, speaks so decidedly of one author only, that we cannot hesitate to subscribe to its authority. Hill and Gardiner give it to Fletcher; and their testimony is very strongly corroborated by the general texture of the characters and the versification. This seems to invalidate the generally received opinion, that during Beaumont's lifetime, he shared with Fletcher in the composition of all his plays, the Faithful Shepherdess alone excepted. The preceding play in the present volume was also performed in 1613, on the same authority; but there the prologue as decidedly speaks of two authors. To pronounce therefore The Captain the sole production of Fletcher does not appear to be too bold a decision. Hills and Gardiner are no great authority, and they frequently mention plays as Fletcher's which were the joint labours of our poets; but they would hardly have ascribed a play to him which was Beaumont's sole composition, and it must have been his if it had not been the unassisted work of his friend.

Nor is Beaumont's well-established fame much affected by denying him a share in this comedy, which is far from being one of the best in these volumes, and which appears to have been entirely neglected in the last century. The excellence of many parts no one will dispute, but the story is of such a nature as must always fail to please. The principal plot wants probability, and the under-plot is of too horrid and disgusting a nature to be tolerated by almost any audience. The character of Lelia may have had, and may have at present, its prototype in nature. She is perhaps the best portrait of an artful courtezan; and the scenes in which she regains the affections of Julio, and conquers those of Angelo, are far superior, in point of true colouring, to any thing in George Barnwell. But the detestable entertainment of her own

father must cause every mind to revolt; and when the poet at the conclusion tells us that the intention of his play was to show the reward of virtue, and the punishment of vice, he certainly forgot the undeserved mildness with which the infamous Lelia is treated before she could possibly be reclaimed. Besides, she bears a very striking resemblance to several other characters of Fletcher's plays, (such as Hyppolita in the Custom of the Country,) though she exceeds them all in infamy. Such a character may be borne in a domestic tragedy, but her crimes are far too serious for a comedy.

It is pleasant to turn from this revolting part of the play to others in which we find some things to censure, but much to commend. One objection to the plot has been already noticed, its want of probability. To this must be added a considerable coldness and want of interest in the incidents. That Frank should have become enamoured of such a repulsive, peevish character as Jacomo, is not without the bounds of possibility, but it certainly renders our interest in her fate less strong, and the means which are resorted to to extort a return of affection from him, at best render him ridiculous, and consequently their union happens without the reader greatly rejoicing in the consummation of the lady's wishes. On the other hand, in point of delineation of character, the angry soldier may challenge comparison with most personifications of humour in the plays of Jonson and his contemporaries. The playful dialogues too between Clora and Frank, though containing matter very offensive to the chaster ears of our days, are full of that sportive hilarity of Fletcher's muse which renders many of his comedies so attractive.

PROLOGUE.

To please you with this play, we fear, will be
(So does the author too) a mystery
Somewhat above our art; for all men's eyes,
Ears, faiths, and judgments, are not of one size.
For, to say truth, and not to flatter ye,
This is nor comedy, nor tragedy,
Nor history, nor any thing that may
(Yet in a week) be made a perfect play:
Yet those that love to laugh, and those that think
Twelve-pence[1] goes further this way than in drink,
Or damsels, if they mark the matter through,
May stumble on a foolish toy, or two,
Will make 'em shew their teeth. Pray, for my sake,
(That likely am your first man) do not take
A distaste before you feel it; for ye may,
When this is hiss'd to ashes, have a play,
And here, to out-hiss this. Be patient then.
My honour done, you're welcome, gentlemen!

[1] *Twelve-pence*] This is the same price of admission to the theatre which is mentioned in the prologue to the Mad Lover, vol. IV p. 139. See on this subject vol. II p. 12, 104, 223, and vol IV. p. 9.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Julio, *a noble gentleman, in love with Lelia.*
Angelo, *a gentleman, friend to Julio.*
Lodovico, } *two cowardly gulls.*
Piso, }
Frederick, *a gentleman, brother to Frank.*
Jacomo, *an angry captain, a woman-hater.*
Fabritio, *a merry soldier, friend to Jacomo.*
Father to Lelia, an old poor gentleman.
Host.
Vintner.
Drawers.
Servants.

Frank, *sister to Frederick, a lady passionately in love with Jacomo.*
Clora, *sister to Fabritio, a witty companion to Frank.*
Lelia, *a cunning wanton widow.*
Waiting-woman.
Maid-servants.

SCENE—Venice.[a]

The principal Actors were—

Richard Burbage, William Ostler,
Henry Condel, Alexander Cooke.

Fol. 1679.

[a] The second folio reads, "Scene, Venice, *Spain*." It does not, however, appear that the scene is changed from Venice during the whole course of the play.

THE CAPTAIN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Lodovico *and* Piso.

Lod. The truth is, Piso, so she be a woman,
And rich and wholesome, let her be of what
Condition and complexion it please,
She shall please me, I am sure: Those men are fools
That make their eyes their choosers, not their needs.
Piso. Methinks, I would have her honest too, and handsome.
Lod. Yes, if I could have both; but since they are
Wishes so near impossibilities,
Let me have that that may be.
Piso. If it were so,
I hope your conscience would not be so nice
To start at such a blessing.
Lod. No, believe me,

I do not think I should.
Piso. But thou wouldst be,
I do not doubt, upon the least suspicion,
Unmercifully jealous.
Lod. No, I should not;
For I believe those mad that seek vexations:
A wife, though she be honest, is a trouble.
Had I a wife as fair as Helen was,
That drew so many cuckolds to her cause,
These eyes should see another in my saddle
Ere I believe my beast would carry double.
Piso. So should not I, by'r lady! and I think
My patience (by your leave) as good as yours.
Report would stir me mainly, I am sure on't.
Lod. Report? you are unwise; report is nothing;
For if there were a truth in what men talk,
(I mean of this kind) this part of the world
I am sure would be no more call'd Christendom.
Piso. What then?
Lod. Why, Cuckoldom; for we should lose
Our old faiths clean, and hold their new opinions:
If talk could make me sweat, before I would marry,
I'd tie a surer knot, and hang myself.
I tell thee, there was never woman yet,
(Nor never hope there shall be) though a saint,
But she has been a subject to men's tongues,
And in the worst sense: And that desperate husband,
That dares give up his peace, and follow rumours,[1]
(Which he shall find too busy, if he seek 'em)
Beside the forcing of himself an ass,
He dies in chains, eating himself with anger.
Piso. Having these antidotes against opinion,

[1] *Follow* humours.] The variation in the text was made in 1750. The whole conversation is on the subject of *report*, for which *rumour* is synonimous, and consequently genuine.—Ed. 1778.

I would marry any one; an arrant whore.
Lod. Thou dost not feel the nature of this physic;
Which I prescribe not to beget diseases,
But, where they are, to stop them.
Piso. I conceive you:
What think'st thou, thy way, of the widow Lelia?
Lod. 'Faith, thou hast found out one, I must confess,
Would stagger my best patience: From that woman,
As I would bless myself from plagues and surfeits,
From men of war at sea, from storms, and quicksands,
From hearing treason and concealing it,
From daring of a madman, or a drunkard,
From heresy, ill wine, and stumbling post-horse,
So would I pray each morning, and each night,
(And if I said each hour, I should not lie)
To be deliver'd of all these in one,
The woman thou hast named.
Piso. Thou hast set her in a pretty litany.

Enter JULIO, ANGELO, *and Father.*

Ang. Pray take my counsel.
Jul. When I am myself,
I'll hear you any way; love me though thus,
As thou art honest, which I dare not be,
Lest I despise myself. Farewell! [*Exit.*
Piso. [*To the Father.*] Do you hear, my friend? Sir! are you not a setter
For the fair widow here, of famous memory?
Father. [*Apart.*] Ha! am I taken for a bawd? Oh, God!
To mine own child too? Misery, I thank thee,

That keep'st me from their knowledge.—Sir, believe me,
I understand you not.
Lod. You love plain-dealing:
Are you not parcel bawd?[a] Confess your function;
It may be, we would use it.
Father. Were she worse,
(As I fear strangely she is ill enough)
I would not hear this tamely.
Piso. Here's a shilling,
To strike good luck withal.
Father. Here is a sword, sir,
To strike a knave withal: Thou liest, and basely,
Be what thou wilt! [*Strikes him.*
Ang. Why, how now, gentlemen?
Father. You are many: I shall meet you, sir, again,
And make you understand, you have wrong'd a woman
Compared with whom thy mother was a sinner.
Farewell! [*Exit.*
Piso. He has amazed me.
Ang. With a blow?
By'r lady, 'twas a sound one! Are ye good
At taking knocks? I shall know ye hereafter.
You were to blame to tempt a man so far,
Before you knew him certain. He has not hurt ye?
Piso. No, I think.
Lod. We were to blame indeed to go so far;
For men may be mistaken: If he had swinged us,
He had served us right. Beshrew my heart, I think,
We have done the gentlewoman as much wrong too;

[a] *Are you not* parcel *bawd?*] *Parcel,* though now obsolete, was a common abverb in the days of our poets, and equivalent to *partly.*

For hang me if I know her,
In my particular.

Piso. Nor I. This 'tis to credit
Men's idle tongues: I warrant they have said
As much by our two mothers.

Lod. Like enough.

Ang. I see a beating now and then does more
Move and stir up a man's contrition
Than a sharp sermon; here *probatum est.*

Enter FREDERICK *and Servant.*

Serv. What shall I tell your sister?

Fred. Tell her this;
Till she be better conversation'd,
And leave her walking by herself, and whining
To her old melancholy lute, I'll keep
As far from her as the gallows. [*Exit Servant.*

Ang. Who's that? Frederick?

Fred. Yes, marry is't. Oh, Angelo, how dost thou?

Ang. Save you, sir! How does my mistress?

Fred She is in love, I think; but not with you,
I can assure you. Saw you Fabritio?

Ang. Is he come over?

Fred. Yes, a week ago:
Shall we dine?

Ang. I cannot.

Fred. Pr'ythee do.

Ang. Believe me, I have business.

Fred. Have you too, gentlemen?

Piso. No, sir.

Fred. Why then, let's dine together.

Lod. With all my heart.

Fred. Go then. Farewell, good Angelo.
Commend me to your friend.

Ang. I will. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Frederick's *House.*

Enter Frank *and* Clora.

Clora. Do not dissemble, Frank; mine eyes are quicker
Than such observers, that do ground their faith
Upon one smile or tear: You are much alter'd,
And are as empty of those excellencies
That were companions to you, (I mean mirth,
And free disposure of your blood and spirit)
As you were born a mourner.
Frank. How, I pr'ythee?
For I perceive no such change in myself.
Clora. Come, come, this is not wise, nor provident,
To halt before a cripple. If you love,
Be liberal to your friend, and let her know it:
I see the way you run, and know how tedious
'Twill prove without a true companion.
Frank Sure thou wouldst have me love.
Clora. Yes, marry would I;
I should not please you else.
Frank. And who, for God's sake?
For I assure myself, I know not yet:
And pr'ythee, Clora, since thou'lt have it so
That I must love, and do I know not what,
Let him be held a pretty handsome fellow,
And young; and if he be a little valiant,

'Twill be the better; and a little wise,
And, 'faith, a little honest.
Clora. Well, I will sound you yet, for all your craft. [*Aside.*
Frank. Heigh-ho! I'll love no more.
Clora. Than one; and him
You shall love, Frank.
Frank. Which him? Thou art so wise,
People will take thee shortly for a witch.
But, pr'ythee tell me, Clora, if I were
So mad as thou wouldst make me, what kind of man
Wouldst thou imagine him?
Clora. 'Faith, some pretty fellow,
With a clean strength, that cracks a cudgel well,
And dances at a wake, and plays at nine-holes.
Frank. Oh, God!
What pretty commendations thou hast given him!
'Faith, if I were in love (as, I thank God,
I do not think I am) this short epistle
Before my love, would make me burn the legend.
Clora. You are too wild: I mean, some gentleman.
Frank. So do not I, till I can know 'em wiser.
Some gentleman? No, Clora, till some gentleman
Keep some land, and fewer whores, believe me,
I'll keep no love for him: I do not long
To go a-foot yet, and solicit causes.
Clora. What think you then of an adventurer?
I mean some wealthy merchant.
Frank. Let him venture
In some decay'd crare of his own:[3] He shall not
Rig me out, that's the short on't. Out upon't!
What young thing of my years would endure
To have her husband in another country,

[3] *In some decayed* crare *of his own.*] Thus rightly reads the copy of 1647. The editor of 1679 has corrupted the passage,

Within a month after she is married,
Chopping for rotten raisins, and lie pining
At home, under the mercy of his foreman? No;
Though they be wealthy, and indifferent wise,
I do not see that I am bound to love 'em.

Clora. I see you are hard to please; yet I will please you.

Frank. 'Faith, not so hard neither, if consider'd

though at the same time I own he has well explained it; for thus he reads,

In some decayed crare *or* carrack:

Crare here signifies just what *carrack* does, being the name of a trading vessel then, though I believe at this time 'tis entirely disused.

Mr Warburton I hope will pardon me, if after him I endeavour to correct a passage in Cymbeline from this line in our authors, act iv. scene ii.

Bel. *Oh, Melancholy!*
Who ever yet could——find
The ooze to shew what coast thy sluggish care
Might easiest harbour in.

This reading our great critic judiciously rejects, and gives the passage thus,

——— *thy sluggish* carrack,

Which certainly continues and completes the metaphor; but we may yet come much nearer the traces of the letters, by reading thus,

—— *what coast thy sluggish* crare
Might easiest harbour in. *Sympson.*

Mr Sympson is wrong in his assertion about the lection of the second folio, for that exhibits

Some decayed WARE, *or carrack*, &c.

Common sense and the first folio both authorise *crare*.—Mr Steevens adopts Sympson's variation in Cymbeline; and adds, 'A *crere*, says the author of *The Revisal*, is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*.'—Ed. 1778.

Numerous instances of the use of this word from contemporary authors may be found in Reed's Shakspeare, XVIII. 574.

What woman may deserve as she is worthy.
But why do we bestow our time so idly?
Pr'ythee, let's entertain some other talk;
This is as sickly to me as faint weather.

Clora. Now I believe I shall content you, Frank:
What think you of a courtier?

Frank. 'Faith, so ill,
That, if I should be full, and speak but truth,
'Twould shew as if I wanted charity.
Pr'ythee, good wench, let me not rail upon 'em;
Yet I have an excellent stomach, and must do it:
I have no mercy of these infidels,
Since I am put in mind on't; good, bear with me.

Clora. Can no man fit you? I will find him out.

Frank. This summer-fruit, that you call courtier,
While you continue cold and frosty to him,
Hangs fast, and may be sound;[4] but when you fling
Too full a heat of your affections
Upon this root, and make him ripe too soon,
You'll find him rotten in the handling:
His oaths and his affections are all one
With his apparel, things to set him off;
He has as many mistresses as faiths,
And all apocrypha; his true belief
Is only in a private surgeon:
And, for my single self, I'd sooner venture
A new conversion of the Indies,
Than to make courtiers able men, or honest.

Clora. I do believe you love no courtier;
And, by my troth, to guess you into love
With any I can think of, is beyond
Either your will, or my imagination:
And yet I am sure you're caught, and I will know
him.—
There's none left now worthy the thinking of,

[4] *Hangs fast and may be* found.] Corrected in 1750.

Unless it be a soldier; and, I am sure,
I would ever bless myself from such a fellow.
Frank. Why, pr'ythee?
Clora. Out upon 'em, firelocks!
They are nothing in the world but buff and scarlet,
Tough unhewn pieces, to hack swords upon;
I had as lieve be courted by a cannon,
As one of those.
Frank. Thou art too malicious;
Upon my faith, methinks they're worthy men.
Clora. Say you so? I'll pull you on a little further. [*Aside.*]
What worth can be in those men, whose profession
Is nothing in the world but drink and *damn me?*
Out of whose violence they are possess'd
With legions of unwholesome whores and quarrels?
I am of that opinion, and will die in't,
There is no understanding, nor can be,
In a soused soldier.
Frank. Now 'tis ignorance,
I easily perceive, that thus provokes thee,
And not the love of truth. I'll lay my life,
If God had made thee man, thou hadst been a coward.
Clora. If to be valiant, be to be a soldier,
I'll tell you true, I had rather be a coward;
I am sure with less sin.
Frank. This heresy
Must be look'd-to in time; for if it spread,
'Twill grow too pestilent. Were I a scholar,
I would so hamper thee for thy opinion,
That, ere I left, I would write thee out of credit
With all the world, and make thee not believed
Even in indifferent things; that I would leave thee
A reprobate, out of the state of honour.
By all good things, thou hast flung aspersions
So like a fool (for I am angry with thee)

Upon a sort of men, that, let me tell thee,
Thy mother's mother would have been a saint
Had she conceived a soldier! They are people
(I may commend 'em, while I speak but truth)
Of all the old world, only left to keep
Man as he was, valiant and virtuous.
They are the model of those men, whose honours
We heave our hands at when we hear recited.

Clora. They are,
And I have all I sought for: 'Tis a soldier
You love (hide it no longer); you have betray'd yourself!
Come, I have found your way of commendations,
And what I said was but to pull it from you.

Frank. 'Twas pretty! Are you grown so cunning, Clora?
I grant I love a soldier; but what soldier
Will be a new task to you. But all this,
I do imagine, was but laid to draw me
Out of my melancholy.

Clora. I will have the man,
Ere I forsake you.

Frank. I must to my chamber.

Clora. May not I go along?

Frank. Yes; but, good wench,
Move me no more with these fond questions;
They work like rhubarb with me.

Clora. Well, I will not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the House of Lelia.

Enter Lelia *and her Waiting-Woman.*

Lelia. How now! who was that you stay'd to speak withal?
Woman. The old man, forsooth.
Lelia. What old man?
Woman. The poor old man,
That uses to come hither; he that you call father.
Lelia. Have you dispatch'd him?
Woman. No; he would fain speak with you.
Lelia. Wilt thou never learn more manners, than to draw in
Such needy rascals to disquiet me?
Go, answer him, I will not be at leisure.
Woman. He will needs speak with you; and, good old man!
He weeps so, that, by my troth, I have not
The heart to deny him. Pray let him speak with you.
Lelia. Lord!
How tender-stomach'd you are grown of late!
You are not in love with him, are you? If you be,
Strike up the match; you shall have three pounds
And a pair of blankets! Will you go answer him?
Woman. Pray let him speak with you; he'll not away else.

Lelia. Well, let him in then, if there be no remedy. [*Exit Woman.*
I thank God, I am able to abuse him;
I shall ne'er come clear else of him.—

Re-enter Woman, with Father.

Now, sir; what is your business? Pray be short;
For I have other matters, of more moment,
To call me from you.
Father. If you but look upon me like a daughter,
And keep that love about you that makes good
A father's hope, you'll quickly find my business,
And what I would say to you, and, before
I ask, will be a giver: Say that sleep,
(I mean that love) or be but numb'd within you,
The nature of my want is such a searcher,
And of so mighty power, that, where he finds
This dead forgetfulness, it works so strongly,
That if the least heat of a child's affection
Remain unperish'd, like another nature,
It makes all new again! Pray do not scorn me,
Nor seem to make yourself a greater business
Than my relieving.
Lelia. If you were not old,
I should laugh at you! What a vengeance ails you,
To be so childish to imagine me
A founder of old fellows?[5]—Make him drink, wench;
And if there be any cold meat in the buttery,
Give him some broken bread, and that, and rid him.
Father. Is this a child's love? or a recompense

[5] *A founder of old fellows.*] Mr Sympson proposes reading *fondler* for *founder;* but the latter word is certainly right, and very good sense, alluding to charitable foundations.—Ed. 1778.
Fletcher is remarkably fond of using this allusion. See, for instance, vol. II. p. 95.

Fit for a father's care? Oh, Lelia,
Had I been thus unkind, thou hadst not been;
Or, like me, miserable! But 'tis impossible
Nature should die so utterly within thee,
And lose her promises: Thou art one of those
She set her stamp more excellently on,
Than common people, as foretelling thee
A general example of her goodness.
Or, say she could lie, yet Religion
(For love to parents is religious)
Would lead thee right again: Look well upon me;
I am the root that gave thee nourishment,
And made thee spring fair; do not let me perish,
Now I am old and sapless.

Lelia. As I live,
I like you far worse now you grow thus holy!
I grant you are my father; am I therefore
Bound to consume myself, and be a beggar
Still in relieving you? I do not feel
Any such mad compassion yet within me.

Father. I gave up all my state, to make your's thus!

Lelia. 'Twas as you ought to do; and now you cry for't,
As children do for babies, back again.

Father. How wouldst thou have me live?

Lelia. I would not have you;
Nor know no reason fathers should desire
To live, and be a trouble, when [their] children[6]
Are able to inherit; let them die;
'Tis fit, and look'd for, that they should do so.

Father. Is this your comfort?

Lelia. All that I feel yet.

Father. I will not curse thee!

[6] *When children.*] I have inserted *their* for the sake both of the measure and the sense.—*Sympson.*

Lelia. If you do, I care not.
Father. Pray you give me leave to weep.
Lelia. Why, pray take leave,
If it be for your ease.
Father. Thy mother died
(Sweet peace be with her!) in a happy time.
Lelia. She did, sir, as she ought to do; 'would you
Would take the pains to follow! What should you,
Or any old man do, wearing away
In this world with diseases, and desire
Only to live to make their children scourge-sticks,
And hoard up mill-money?[7] Methinks, a marble
Lies quieter upon an old man's head
Than a cold fit o' th' palsy.
Father. Oh, good God!
To what an impudence, thou wretched woman,
Hast thou begot thyself again! Well, Justice
Will punish disobedience.
Lelia. You mistake, sir;
'Twill punish beggars. Fy for shame! go work,
Or serve; you are grave enough to be a porter
In some good man of worship's house, and give
Sententious answers to the comers-in;
(A pretty place!) or be of some good consort,
You had a pleasant touch o' th' cittern once,[8]

[7] *Mill-money.*] It would appear that milled sixpences were used for counters to cast up money, which explains the allusion in the text. To this purpose Steevens quotes from Davenant's News from Plymouth,

"A few *mill'd sixpences,* with which my purser casts accompt."

[8] —— *be of some good* consort,
You had a pleasant touch o' th' cittern once.] The modern editors read *concert,* but not with accuracy. A *consort* of musicians meant a company, or band of them. Mason has also observed this mistake, and has quoted three instances to support his opinion, two from Wit at several Weapons, where the word is used as in the text, and one from the Queen of Corinth, where it stands for a company, not musicians.

If idleness have not bereft you of it:
Be any thing but old and beggarly,
Two sins that ever do out-grow compassion.
If I might see you offer at a course
That were a likely one, and shew'd some profit,
I would not stick for ten groats, or a noble.[9]

Father. Did I beget this woman?

Lelia. Nay, I know not;
And, till I know, I will not thank you for't:
However, he that got me had the pleasure,
And that, methinks, is a reward sufficient.

Father. I am so strangely strucken with amazement,
I know not where I am, nor what I am.

Lelia. You had best take fresh air somewhere else; 'twill bring you
Out of your trance the sooner.

Father. Is all this
As you mean, Lelia?

Lelia. Yes, believe me, is it;
For yet I cannot think you are so foolish,
As to imagine you are young enough
To be my heir, or I so old to make
A nurse at these years for you, and attend
While you sup up my state in penny pots
Of malmsey. When I am excellent at caudles,
And cullices,[1] and have enough spare gold
To boil away, you shall be welcome to me;
'Till when, I'd have you be as merry, sir,
As you can make yourself with that you have,
And leave to trouble me with these relations,
Of what you have been to me, or you are;
For as I hear them, so I lose them. This,

[9] *Noble.*] This coin passed for 6*s.* 8*d.*

[1] *Cullices.*] This restorative broth has been before alluded to in these plays.

For aught I know yet, is my resolution.
Father. Well, God be with thee! for I fear thy end
Will be a strange example. [*Exit.*
Lelia. Fare you well, sir!—
Now would some poor tender-hearted fool have wept,
Relented, and have been undone: Such children
(I thank my understanding) I hate truly;
For, by my troth, I had rather see their tears
Than feel their pities! My desires and ends
Are all the kindred that I have, and friends.—

Enter Woman.

Is he departed?
Woman. Yes; but here's another.
Lelia. Not of his tribe, I hope: Bring me no more,
I would wish you, such as he is. If thou seest
They look like men of worth, and state, and carry
Ballast of both sides, like tall gentlemen,[2]
Admit 'em; but no snakes to poison us
With poverty. Wench, you must learn a wise rule;
Look not upon the youths of men, and making
How they descend in blood, nor let their tongues,
(Though they strike suddenly and sweet as music)
Corrupt thy fancy: See, and say them fair too,
But ever keep thyself without their distance,
Unless the love thou swallow'st be a pill
Gilded, to hide the bitterness it brings;
Then fall on without fear, wench; yet so wisely
That one encounter cloy him not; nor promise
His love hath made thee more his, than his monies:

[2] Tall *gentlemen.*] Tall is continually used in these plays for *stout*, *brave.*

Learn this, and thrive; then let thine honour ever
(For that's the last rule) be so stood upon,
That men may fairly see
'Tis want of means, not virtue, makes thee fall;
And if you weep, 'twill be a great deal better,
And draw on more compassion, which includes
A greater tenderness of love and bounty:
This is enough at once; digest it well.
Go, let him in, wench, if he promise profit,
Not else.—

Enter Julio.

Oh, you are welcome, my fair servant![3]
Upon my troth, I have been longing for you.
Woman. This, by her rule, should be a liberal man:
I see, the best on's may learn every day. [*Exit.*
Lelia. There's none come with you?
Julio. No.
Lelia. You do the wiser;
For some that have been here (I name no man),
Out of their malice, more than truth, have done me
[so]me few ill offices.
Julio. How, sweet?
Lelia. Nay, nothing;
Only have talk'd a little wildly of me,
As their unruly youth directed 'em;
Which, though they bite me not, I would have wish'd
Had lit upon some other that deserved 'em.

[3] *My fair* servant!] That *servant*, in these plays, means a privileged admirer has been already observed. An apposite illustration of the term occurs in Rawlins's Rebellion:

Giovanno. May I not call her *mistress*?
Antonio. Yes, as a *servant*, far from the thoughts of wedlock.

Julio. Though she deserve this of the loosest tongue,
(Which makes my sin the more) I must not see it;
Such is my misery. [*Aside.*]—I would I knew him!
Lelia. No, no; let him go;
He is not worth your anger.—I must chide you
For being such a stranger to your mistress;
Why would you be so, servant?
Julio. I should chide,
If chiding would work any thing upon you,
For being such a stranger to your servant;
I mean, to his desires: When, my dear mistress,
Shall I be made a happy man? [*Kisses her.*
Lelia. Fy, servant!
What do you mean? Unhand me; or, by Heaven,
I shall be very angry! This is rudeness.
Julio. 'Twas but a kiss or two, that thus offends you.
Lelia. 'Twas more, I think, than you have warrant for.
Julio. I am sorry I deserved no more.
Lelia. You may;
But not this rough way, servant: We are tender,
And ought in all to be respected so.
If I had been your horse, or whore, you might
Back me with this intemperance! I thought
You had loved as worthy men, whose fair affections
Seek pleasures warranted, not pull'd by violence.
Do so no more.
Julio. I hope you are not angry?
Lelia. I should be with another man, I am sure,
That durst appear but half thus violent.
Julio. I did not mean to ravish you.
Lelia. You could not.
Julio. You are so willing?
Lelia. How!

Julio. Methinks this shadow,
If you had so much shame as fits a woman,
(At least, of your way, mistress) long ere this
Had been laid off to me that understand you.
Lelia. That understand me? Sir, you understand,
Nor shall, no more of me than modesty
Will, without fear, deliver to a stranger:
You understand I am honest; else, I tell you,
(Though you were better far than Julio)
You and your understanding are two fools.
But, were we saints, thus we are still rewarded:
I see that woman had a pretty catch on't,
That had made you the master of a kindness,
She durst not answer openly. Oh, me!
How easily we women may be cozen'd!
I took this Julio, as I have a faith,
(This young dissembler, with the sober vizard)
For the most modest-temper'd gentleman,
The coolest, quietest, and best companion,
For such an one I could have wish'd a woman——
Julio. You have wish'd me ill enough o' conscience;
Make me no worse, for shame! I see, the more
I work by way of service to obtain you,
You work the more upon me. Tell me truly
(While I am able to believe a woman,
For, if you use me thus, that faith will perish)
What is your end? and whither will you pull me?
Tell me; but tell me that I may not start at,
And have a cause to curse you.
Lelia. Bless me, goodness!
To curse me, did you say, sir? Let it be
For too much loving you then; such a curse
Kill me withal, and I shall be a martyr.
You have found a new way to reward my doting,
And, I confess, a fit one for my folly;

For you yourself, if you have good within you,
And dare be master of it, know how dearly
This heart hath held you ever. Oh, good God,
That I had never seen that false man's eyes,
That dares reward me thus with fears[4] and curses!
Nor never heard the sweetness of that tongue,
That will, when this is known, yet cozen women!
Curse me, good Julio, curse me bitterly;
(I do deserve it for my confidence)
And I beseech thee, if thou hast a goodness
Of power yet in thee to co[illegible]n thy wishes,
Curse me to earth! for what should I do here,
Like a decaying flower, still withering
Under his bitter words, whose kindly heat
Should give my poor heart life? No, curse me, Julio!
Thou canst not do me such a benefit
As that, and well done, that the Heavens may hear it.

Julio. [*Aside.*] Oh, fair tears! were you but as chaste as subtle,
Like bones of saints, you would work miracles.
What were these women to a man that knew not
The thousand, thousand ways of their deceiving?
What riches had he found? Oh, he would think
Himself still dreaming of a blessedness,
That, like continual spring, should flourish ever:
For if she were as good as she is seeming,
Or, like an eagle, could renew her virtues,
Nature had made another world of sweetness.—
Be not so grieved, sweet mistress; what I said,
You do, or should know, was but passion:
Pray wipe your eyes, and kiss me. Take these trifles,

[4] *Fears.*] *i. e.* Actions that *shock*, or *terrify* me.—Ed. 1778.

And wear them for me, which are only rich
When you will put them on. Indeed, I love you:
Beshrew my sick heart, if I grieve not for you!
Lelia. Will you dissemble still? I am a fool,
And you may easily rule me. If you flatter,
The sin will be your own.
Julio. You know I do not.
Lelia. And shall I be so childish once again,
After my late experience of your spite,
To credit you? You do not know how deep
(Or, if you did, you would be kinder to me)
This bitterness of yours has struck my heart.
Julio. I pray, no more.
Lelia. Thus you would do, I warrant,
If I were married to you.
Julio. Married to me?
Is that your end?
Lelia. Yes; is not that the best end,
And, as all hold, the noblest way of love?
Why do you look so strange, sir? Do not you
Desire it should be so?
Julio. Stay!
Lelia. Answer me.
Julio. Farewell! [*Exit.*
Lelia. Ay! are you there? are all these tears lost then?
Am I so overtaken by a fool,
In my best days and tricks? My wise fellow,
I'll make you smart for't, as I am a woman!
And, if thou be'st not timber, yet I'll warm thee.[5]

[5] *And if thou be'st not timber, yet I'll warm thee.*] That is, If thou art not timber, I shall warm thee yet. This is plain sense, and would not have required a note, if Mason had not declared the line, as it stands, nonsense, and proposed to point thus,

And if thou be'st not timberyet, I'll warm thee.

Enter Woman.

And is he gone?
Woman. Yes.
Lelia. He's not so lightly struck,
To be recovered with a base repentance;
I should be sorry then. Fortune, I pr'ythee
Give me this man but once more in my arms,
And, if I lose him, women have no charms!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Jacomo *and* Fabritio.

Jac. Signor, what think you of this sound of wars?
Fab. As only of a sound: They that intend
To do are like deep waters, that run quietly,
Leaving no trace[6] of what they were behind 'em.

[6] *Leaving no* face.] Mr Seward substitutes *noise* for *face*; as the latter word does not "agree," says he, "with the former or subsequent metaphors." Mr Sympson thinks "that neither *face* or *noise* are at all proper in this place." We think *trace* a much

This rumour is too common, and too loud,
To carry truth.
Jac. Shall we ne'er live to see
Men look like men again, upon a march?
This cold dull rusty peace makes us appear
Like empty pictures, only the faint shadows
Of what we should be. 'Would to God my mother
Had given but half her will to my begetting,
And made me woman, to sit still and sing,
Or be sick when I list, or any thing
That is too idle for a man to think of!
Would I had been a whore! 't had been a course
Certain, and (of my conscience) of more gain
Than two commands, as I would handle it.
'Faith, I could wish I had been any thing,
Rather than what I am, a soldier,
A carrier, or a cobler, when I knew
What 'twas to wear a sword first! for their trades
Are, and shall be, a constant way of life,
While men send cheeses up, or wear out buskins.
Fab. Thou art a little too impatient,
And mak'st thy anger a far more vexation
Than the not having wars. I am a soldier,
Which is my whole inheritance, yet I,
Though I could wish a breach with all the world,
If not dishonourable, I am not so malicious
To curse the fair peace of my mother-country.
But thou want'st money, and the first supply
Will bury these thoughts in thee.

better word than either of the others, if not the original.—Ed. 1778.

The sentence in the text is very inaccurately expressed, but not nonsensical, as Mason pronounces. Fabritio denies the truth of the report of war, and says, those who intend to act, or commence a war, do not blaze their purport by loud rumours, but appear perfectly quiet, like deep waters, which run so calmly as not to manifest their strength by exerting it in a violent manner. The amendment of the editors appears indispensably requisite.

Jac. 'Pox o' peace!
It fills the kingdom full of holidays,
And only feeds the wants of whores and pipers,
And makes the idle drunken rogues get spinsters.
'Tis true, I may want money, and no little,
And almost clothes too; of which if I had both
In full abundance, yet against all peace
(That brings up mischiefs thicker than a shower)
I would speak louder than a lawyer.
By Heaven, it is the surfeit of all youth,
That makes the toughness and the strength of nations
Melt into women; 'tis an ease that broods
Thieves and bastards only.
Fab. This is more
(Though it be true) than we ought to lay open,
And seasons only of an indiscretion.
Believe me, captain, such distemper'd spirits,
Once out of motion, though they be proof-valiant,
If they appear thus violent and fiery,
Breed but their own disgraces, and are nearer
Doubt and suspect in princes, than rewards.
Jac. 'Tis well they can be near 'em any way.
But call you those true spirits ill-affected,
That, whilst the wars were, served like walls and ribs
To girdle in the kingdom, and now, fall'n
Through a faint peace into affliction,
Speak but their miseries? Come, come, Fabritio,
You may pretend what patience you please,
And seem to yoke your wants like passions;[7]

[7] *To yoke your wants like passions.*] Mr Seward, considering *want* as "one of our passions," objects to this reading, and proposes to substitute, *wants* AND *passions*. Mr Sympson would read,

to CLOAK *your wants like passions.*

To yoke your wants like passions may, for aught we see, be the

But, while I know thou art a soldier,
And a deserver, and no other harvest
But what thy sword reaps for thee to come in,
You shall be pleased to give me leave to tell you,
You wish a devil of this musty peace:
To which prayer, as one that's bound in conscience,
And all that love our trade, I cry, Amen!

Fab. Pr'ythee no more; we shall live well enough:
There's ways enough besides the wars, to men
That are not logs, and lie still for the hands
Of others to remove 'em.

Jac. You may thrive, sir;
Thou art young and handsome yet, and well enough
To please a widow; thou canst sing, and tell
These foolish love-tales, and indite a little,
And, if need be, compile a pretty matter,
And dedicate it to the Honourable;
Which may awaken his compassion,
To make you clerk o' th' kitchen, and at length
Come to be married to my lady's woman,
After she's crack'd i' th' ring.[8]

Fab. 'Tis very well, sir.

Jac. But what dost thou think shall become of me,

right reading; and the whole passage signifies, that "Fabritio might indeed pretend to patience, and endeavour to curb his necessities and his appetites, yet he was in reality an enemy to peace."—Ed. 1778.

The text may mean, "And seem to subdue your wants as you do your passions" Want is a suffering, but can hardly be called a passion.—*Mason.*

The last explanation is probably the true one.

[8] *After* she's crack'd i' th' ring.] This phrase occurs in Hamlet, act ii. scene ii. "Pray God your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, *be not crack'd within the ring.*" And again, as Mr Steevens observes, in Ben Jonson's Magnetic Lady; "Light gold, and *crack'd within the ring.*"—*Reed.*

With all my imperfections? Let me die,
If I think I shall ever reach above
A forlorn tapster, or some frothy fellow,
That stinks of stale beer!

Fab Captain Jacomo,
Why should you think so hardly of your virtues?

Jac. What virtues? By this light, I have no virtue
But downright buffeting! What can my face,
(That is no better than a ragged map now,
Of where I have march'd and travell'd) profit me?
Unless it be for ladies to abuse,
And say 'twas spoil'd for want of a *bongrace*
When I was young, and now 'twill make a true
Prognostication of what man must be?
Tell me of a fellow that can mend noses? and complain,
So tall a soldier should want teeth to his stomach?
And how it was great pity, that it was,[9]
That he that made my body was so busied
He could not stay to make my legs too, but was driven
To clap a pair of cat-sticks to my knees,
For which I am indebted to two school-boys?
This must follow necessary.

Fab. There's no such matter.

Jac. Then for my morals, and those hidden pieces
That art bestows upon me, they are such,
That, when they come to light, I am sure will shame me;
For I can neither write, nor read, nor speak,
That any man shall hope to profit by me;
And for my languages, they are so many,

[9] *And that it was great pity, that it was.*] Perhaps the poet had the following line of Hotspur's speech, in King Henry IV. part I. in his mind,

"And that it was great pity, so it was, &c."

That, put them all together, they will scarce
Serve to beg single beer in. The plain truth is,
I love a soldier, and can lead him on,
And if he fight well, I dare make him drunk:
This is my virtue, and if this will do,
I'll scramble yet amongst 'em.

Fab. 'Tis your way
To be thus pleasant still; but fear not, man,
For though the wars fail, we shall screw ourselves
Into some course of life yet.

Jac. Good Fabritio,
Have a quick eye upon me, for I fear
This peace will make me something that I love not;
For, by my troth, though I am plain and dudgeon,[1]
I would not be an ass; and to sell parcels,
I can as soon be hang'd. Pr'ythee bestow me,
And speak some little good, though I deserve not.

Enter Father, disguised as an old Soldier, on one side of the Stage.

Fab. Come, we'll consider more. Stay! this
Should be another windfall of the wars.

Jac. He looks indeed like an old tatter'd colours,
That every wind would borrow from the staff:
These are the hopes we have for all our hurts.
They have not cast his tongue too?—

Father. They that say
Hope never leaves a wretched man that seeks her,
I think are either patient fools, or liars;

[1] *Though I am plain and* dudgeon.] A dudgeon was a particular kind of dagger, as the commentators on Shakspeare have proved by many quotations, though they have overlooked Cotgrave's simple interpretation of *dague a roëlles*, "a Scottish dagger, or dudgeon-haft dagger." In the text, the word occurs in a very unusual manner; but the phrase probably means, Though I am a plain fighting man, &c.

I am sure I find it so! for I am master'd
With such a misery and grief together,
That that stay'd anchor men lay hold upon
In all their needs, is to me lead that bows,
Or breaks, with every strong sea of my sorrows.
I could now question Heaven (were it well
To look into their justice) why those faults,
Those heavy sins others provoke 'em with,
Should be rewarded on the heads of us
That hold the least alliance to their vices:
But this would be too curious; for I see
Our suffering, not disputing, is the end
Reveal'd to us of all these miseries.

Jac. Twenty such holy hermits in a camp
Would make 'em all Carthusians: I'll be hang'd
If he know what a whore is, or a health,
Or have a nature liable to learn,
Or so much honest nurture to be drunk.
I do not think he has the spleen to swear
A greater oath than sempsters utter socks with.[2]
Spur him a question.

Father. They are strangers both
To me as I to them, I hope. I would not have
Me and my shame together known by any:
I'll rather lie myself unto another.[3]

Fab. I need not ask you, sir, your country;

[2] UTTER *socks.*] *i. e.* *Sell* them. So in Shakspeare's Romeo,

"Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
"Is death to any he that *utters* them."

Every *sale*, which tends to render things common, is metaphorically considered as a kind of publication.—Ed. 1778.

[3] *I'll rather lie myself* unto *another.*] Mason, with considerable plausibility, proposes to read, *into* another; "that is, I would rather by my lies assume another character than be known in my own." The explanation is just, but it may be doubted whether the text may not bear the same import.

I hear you speak this tongue: Pray what more are you?
Or have you been? if it be not offensive
To urge you so far. Misery in your years
Gives every thing a tongue to question it.
Father. Sir, though I could be pleased to make my ills
Only mine own, for grieving other men,[4]
Yet, to so fair and courteous a demander,
That promises compassion, at worst pity,[5]
I will relate a little of my story.
I am a gentleman, however thus
Poor and unhappy; which, believe me, sir,
Was not born with me; for I well have tried
Both the extremes of fortune, and have found
Both dangerous. My younger years provoked me,
(Feeling in what an ease I slept at home,
Which to all stirring spirits is a sickness)
To see far countries, and observe their customs:
I did so, and I travell'd till that course
Stored me with language, and some few slight manners,
Scarce worth my money; when an itch possess'd me
Of making arms my active end of travel.
Fab. But did you so?
Father. I did; and twenty winters
I wore the Christian cause upon my sword,
Against his enemies.[6] At Buda siege,

[4] —— for *grieving other men.*] That is, to avoid grieving other men.—*Mason.*

[5] *That promises* compassion, *at worst* pity.] The poets seem to use *compassion* in the sense of *relief* added to pity; *pity* as simple commiseration.—Ed 1778.

[6] *Against* his *enemies.*] Mr Seward would have us read *its* for *his*, as necessary to the grammar of the passage: I see no reason for this, because it is usual in the Saxon writers, and those who succeeded them; Spenser particularly abounds in it; our authors

Full many a cold night have I lodged in armour,
When all was frozen in me but mine honour;
And many a day, when both the sun and cannon
Strove who should most destroy us, have I stood
Mail'd up in steel, when my tough sinews shrunk,
And this parch'd body ready to consume
As soon to ashes, as the pike I bore.
Want has been to me as another nature;
Which makes me with this patience still profess it.
And, if a soldier may, without vainglory,
Tell what he has done, believe me, gentlemen,
I could turn over annals of my dangers!
With this poor weakness have I mann'd a breach,
And made it firm with so much blood, that all
I had to bring me off alive was anger.
Thrice was I made a slave, and thrice redeem'd
At price of all I had; the miseries
Of which times, if I had a heart to tell,
Would make ye weep like children; but I'll spare ye.
Jac. Fabritio, we two have been soldiers
Above these fourteen years, yet, o' my conscience,
All we have seen, compared to his experience,
Has been but cudgel-play, or cock-fighting!
By all the faith I have in arms, I reverence
The very poverty of this brave fellow;
Which were enough itself, and his,[7] to strengthen

too, as the learned reader will observe, have it more than once in their plays, and even Milton himself has approved the practice. *Sympson.*

The poet merely refers to Christ when he uses the pronoun; the *Christian cause,* as Mason observes with no great ingenuity, being the cause of Christ.

[7] And *his.*] The editors of 1750 object to this reading, conjecture various others, and at last exhibit, AS *his.* The line is, to be sure, rather hard; but as it may be understood, cannot warrantably be altered.——Ed. 1778.

The last editors are right in rejecting the alteration, but have neglected to explain the context, which evidently means—" The

The weakest town against half Christendom.
I was never so ashamed of service
In all my life before, now I consider
What I have done; and yet the rogues would swear
I was a valiant fellow: I do find
The greatest danger I have brought my life through,
Now I have heard this worthy, was no more
Than stealing of a may-pole, or, at worst,
Fighting at single billet[8] with a bargeman.

Fab. I do believe him, Jacomo.

Jac. Believe him?
I have no faith within me, if I do not.

Father. I see they are soldiers, [*Aside.*
And, if we may judge by affections,
Brave and deserving men. How they are stirr'd
But with a mere relation of what may be!
Since I have won belief and am not known,
Forgive me, Honour! I'll make use of thee.

Fab. Sir, 'would I were a man or great or able,
To look with liberal eyes upon your virtue.

Jac. Let's give him all we have, and leave off prating.—
Here, soldier; there's even five months' pay; be merry,
And get thee handsome clothes.

Fab. What mean you, Jacomo?

Jac. You are a fool!
The very story's worth a hundred pounds.
Give him more money.

Father. Gentlemen, I know not
How I am able to deserve this blessing;

very poverty of this brave fellow were enough, *being his*, that is, being the attribute of a man of such consummate valour, to strengthen the weakest town," &c.

[8] *Fighting at single* billet.] *Billet* seems here to be used for a cudgel.

But if I live to see fair days again,
Something I'll do in honour of your goodness,
That shall shew thankfulness, if not desert.

Fab. If you please, sir, till we procure you place,
To eat with us, or wear such honest garments
As our poor means can reach to, you shall be
A welcome man: To say more, were to feed you
Only with words. We honour what you have been,
For we are soldiers, though not near the worth
You spake of lately.

Father. I do guess ye so;
And knew, unless ye were a soldier,
Ye could not find the way to know my wants.

Jac. But methinks all this while you are too temperate:
Do you not tell men sometimes of their dulness,
When you are griped, as now you are, with need?
I do; and let them know those silks they wear,
The war weaves for 'em; and the bread they eat
We sow, and reap again, to feed their hunger.
I tell them boldly, they are masters of
Nothing but what we fight for; their fair women
Lie playing in their arms, whilst we, like Lares,
Defend their pleasures. I am angry too,
And often rail at these forgetful great men
That suffer us to sue, for what we ought
To have flung on us, ere we ask.

Father. I have
Too often told my griefs that way, when all
I reap'd was rudeness of behaviour:
In their opinions, men of war that thrive,
Must thank 'em when they rail, and wait to live.

Fab. Come, sir; I see your wants need more relieving,
Than looking what they are: Pray go with us.

Father. I thank you, gentlemen! Since you are pleased

To do a benefit, I dare not cross it:
And what my service or endeavours may
Stand you in stead, you shall command, not pray.
Jac. So you shall us.
I'll to the tailor's with you bodily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Night.—Street before Frederick's *House.*

Enter FREDERICK, LODOVICO, *and* PISO.

Lod. Well, if this be true, I'll believe a woman
When I have nothing else to do.
Piso. 'Tis certain, if there be a way of truth
In blushes, smiles, and commendations;
For, by this light, I have heard her praise yon fellow
In such a pitch, as if she had studied
To crowd the worths of all men into him:
And I imagine these are seldom used
Without their special ends, and by a maid
Of her desires and youth.
Fred. It may be so.
She's free, as you, or I am, and may have,
By that prerogative, a liberal choice
In the bestowing of her love.
Lod. Bestowing?
If it be so, she has bestow'd herself
Upon a trim youth! Piso, what do you call him?
Piso. Why, Captain Jacomo.
Lod. Oh, Captain Jack-boy;
That is the gentleman.

Fred. I think he be
A gentleman at worst.
Lod. So think I too;
Would he would mend, sir!
Fred. And a tall one too.
Lod. Yes, of his teeth; for of my faith I think
They are sharper than his sword, and dare do more,
If the *beuffe* meet him fairly.[9]
Fred. Very well!
Piso. Now do I wonder what she means to do
When she has married him.
Lod. Why, well enough;
Trail his pike under him, and be a gentlewoman
Of the brave captain's company.
Fred. Do you hear me?
This woman is my sister, gentlemen.
Lod. I'm glad she's none of mine. But, Frederick,
Thou art not such a fool sure to be angry,
Unless it be with her: We are thy friends, man.
Fred. I think ye are.
Lod. Yes, 'faith! and do but tell thee
How she will utterly o'erthrow her credit,
If she continue gracing of this pot-gun.
Piso. I think she was bewitch'd, or mad, or blind;
She would ne'er have taken such a scare-crow else
Into protection. O' my life, he looks
Of a more rusty, swarth complexion,
Than an old arming doublet!
Lod. I would send
His face to th' cutler's then, and have it sanguined;
'Twill look a great deal sweeter. Then his nose

9 *If the* beuffe *meet him fairly.*] First folio. The two following editions say, *buff*. Seward, *beef*, and Mason thinks he is right: but there is evidently an intentional pun, however poor, between *buff*, the dress of a soldier of the time, and the French *beuf*.

I would have shorter; and my reason is,
His face will be ill-mounted else.
Piso. For his body,
I will not be my own judge, lest I seem
A railer; but let others look upon't,
And if they find it any other thing
Than a trunk-cellar, to send wines down in,
Or a long walking bottle, I'll be hang'd for't.
His hide (for sure he is a beast) is ranker
Than the Moscovy-leather, and grain'd like it;
And, by all likelihoods, he was begotten
Between a stubborn pair of winter boots;
His body goes with straps, he is so churlish.
Lod. He's poor and beggarly, besides all this,
And of a nature far uncapable
Of any benefit; for his manners cannot
Shew him a way to thank a man that does one,
He's so uncivil. You may do a part
Worthy a brother, to persuade your sister
From her undoing: If she prove so foolish
To marry this cast captain, look to find her,
Within a month, where you, or any good man,
Would blush to know her; selling cheese and prunes,[1]
And retail'd bottle-ale. I grieve to think,
Because I loved her, what a march this captain
Will set her into.
Fred. You are both, believe me,
Two arrant knaves; and, were it not for taking
So just an execution from his hands
You have belied thus, I would swaddle ye,[2]

[1] *Prunes.*] See the Mad Lover, vol. IV. p. 233. Dishes of prunes were placed in the windows of brothels, as a mark of the occupation of the inhabitants.

[2] Swaddle *ye.*] He means *beat.* So Hudibras, b. i. c. i. 23, 24.
"Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
"That cou'd as well bind o'er as *swaddle.*"—*Sympson.*

Till I could draw off both your skins like scabbards.
That man that you have wrong'd thus, though
to me
He be a stranger, yet I know so worthy,
However low in fortune, that his worst parts,
The very wearing of his clothes, would make
Two better gentlemen than you dare be;
For there is virtue in his outward things.

Lod. Belike you love him then?

Fred. Yes, marry do I.

Lod. And will be angry for him?

Fred. If you talk,
Or pull your face into a stitch again,[3]
As I love truth, I shall be very angry!
Do not I know thee (though thou hast some land,
To set thee out thus among gentlemen)
To be a prating and vain-glorious ass?
I do not wrong thee now, for I speak truth.
Do not I know thou hast been a cudgel'd coward,
That has no cure for shame but cloth of silver?
And think'st the wearing of a gaudy suit
Hides all disgraces?

Lod. I understand you not; you hurt not me,
Your anger flies so wide.

[3] *A* stitch *again.*] 'Tis plain by *stitch* here we must understand *smile*, but how it is to be made out, perhaps may not be so easy to every capacity. I have not altered the text, though I suspect it is corrupted, and as such propose a conjecture which may stand or fall according to its worth:

Or draw your face into a smirk *again.*

Smirk comes from the A. S. *Smercian, subridere, arridere*, to smile. *Sympson.*

Stitch alludes to the face being in laughter, *contracted*, or in a manner *convulsed.*—Ed. 1778.

Or possibly Lodovico put the last question with a frown, and it may be this contraction of his brows which Frederick calls pulling his face into a *stitch.*

Piso. Signior Frederick,
You much mistake this gentleman.
Fred. No, sir.
Piso. If you would please to be less angry,
I would tell you how——
Fred. You had better study, sir,
How to excuse yourself, if you be able;
Or I shall tell you once again——
Piso. Not me, sir;
For, I protest, what I have said was only
To make you understand your sister's danger.
Lod. He might, if it pleased him, conceive it so.
Fred. I might, if it pleased me, stand still and hear
My sister made a May-game, might I not?
And give allowance to your liberal jests
Upon his person, whose least anger would
Consume a legion of such wretched people,
That have no more to justify their actions
But their tongues' ends? that dare lie every way,
As a mill grinds? From this hour, I renounce
All part of fellowship that may hereafter
Make me take knowledge of you, but for knaves;
And take heed, as ye love whole skins and coxcombs,
How, and to whom, ye prate thus. For this time,
I care not if I spare ye: Do not shake;
I will not beat ye, though ye do deserve it
Richly.
Lod. This is a strange course, Frederick!
But sure you do not, or you would not, know us.
Beat us?
Piso. 'Tis somewhat low, sir, to a gentleman.
Fred. I'll speak but few words, but I'll make 'em truths:
Get you gone both, and quickly, without murmuring,

Or looking big; and yet, before you go,
I will have this confess'd, and seriously,
That you two are two rascals.
Lod. How!
Fred. Two rascals.
Come, speak it from your hearts; or, by this light,
My sword shall fly among ye! Answer me,
And to the point, directly.
Piso. You shall have
Your will for this time, since we see you're grown
So far untemperate: Let it be so, sir,
In your opinion.
Fred. Do not mince the matter,
But speak the words plain. And you, Lodovick,
That stand so tally [*] on your reputation,
You shall be he shall speak it.
Lod. This is pretty!
Fred. Let me not stay upon't!
Lod. Well, we are rascals;
Yes, Piso, we are rascals.
Fred. Get ye gone now!
Not a word more! you are rascals.
[*Exeunt* LODOVICO *and* PISO.

Enter FABRITIO *and* JACOMO.

Fab. That should be Frederick.
Jac. 'Tis he.—Frederick!
Fred. Who's that?
Jac. A friend, sir.
Fred. It is so, by the voice.
I have sought you, gentlemen; and, since I have found you
So near our house, I'll force ye stay a while:
I pray let it be so.

[*] So tally.] From *tall*, i. e. *brave*, &c.—Ed. 1778.

Fab. It is too late;
We'll come and dine to-morrow with your sister,
And do our services.
Jac. Who were those with you?
Fab. We met two came from hence.
Fred. Two idle fellows,
That you shall beat hereafter; and I'll tell you,
Some fitter time, a cause sufficient for it.
Fab. But, Frederick, tell me truly; do you think
She can affect my friend? [*Aside to* Frederick.
Fred. No certainer [5]
Than when I speak of him, or any other,
She entertains it with as much desire
As others do their recreations.
Fab. Let not him have this light by any means:
He will but think he's mock'd, and so grow angry,
Even to a quarrel, he's so much distrustful
Of all that take occasion to commend him,
Women especially; for which he shuns
All conversation with 'em, and believes
He can be but a mirth to all their sex.—
[*Lute within.*
Whence is this music?
Fred. From my sister's chamber.
Fab. The touch is excellent; let's be attentive.
Jac. Hark! are the waits abroad?
Fab. Be softer, pr'ythee;
'Tis private music.
Jac. What a din it makes?
I had rather hear a Jew's trump than these lutes;
They cry like school-boys.

[5] *No certainer*
Than when I speak of him, or any other.] This line may easily be misunderstood for want of attending to the construction, as well as one in Jonson's Sejanus:

"Mean time give order that his books be burnt
"To th' Ædiles."—*Sympson.*

Fab. Pr'ythee, Jacomo!

Jac. Well, I will hear, or sleep, I care not whether. [*Lays down.*

FRANK *and* CLORA *appear at the Window.*

THE SONG.

1. *Tell me, dearest, what is love?*
2. *'Tis a lightning from above;*
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call Desire.
Both. *'Tis a grave,*
Gapes to have
Those poor fools that long to prove.

1. *Tell me more, are women true?*
2. *Yes, some are, and some as you.*
Some are willing, some are strange,
Since you men first taught to change.
Both. *And till troth*
Be in both,
All shall love, to love anew.

1. *Tell me more yet, can they grieve?*
2. *Yes, and sicken sore, but live:*
And be wise, and delay,
When you men are as wise as they.
Both. *Then I see,*
Faith will be,
Never till they both believe.

Frank. Clora! come hither! who are these below there?

Clora. Where?

Frank. There.

Clora. Ha! I should know their shapes,
Though it be darkish. There are both our brothers:
What should they make thus late here?
Frank. What's the other?
Clora. What t'other?
Frank. He that lies along there.
Clora. Oh, I see him,
As if he had a branch of some great pedigree
Grew out on's belly.[6]
Frank. Yes.
Clora. That should be,
If I have any knowledge in proportion——
Fab. They see us.
Fred. 'Tis no matter.
Fab. What a log's this,
To sleep such music out!
Fred. No more; let's hear 'em.
Clora.[7] The Captain Jacomo; those are his legs,
Upon my conscience.
Frank. By my faith, and neat ones!
Clora. You mean, the boots; I think they are neat by nature.[8]
Frank. As thou art knavish. 'Would I saw his face!
Clora. 'Twould scare you in the dark.
Frank. A worse than that
Has never scared you, Clora, to my knowledge.
Clora. 'Tis true, for I have never seen a worse;

[6] *As if he had a branch of some great pedigree*
Grew out on's belly.] This is a ridicule on the usual practice of representing a heraldic pedigree. The reader may see a specimen prefixed to the Rolliad.

[7] Clora. *If I have any knowledge in proportion*——] The repetition of this line seems to be a mistake of the press or transcriber; we have therefore omitted it.—Ed. 1778.

[8] Neat *by nature.*] A pun upon NEAT's *leather.*—Ed. 1778.

Nor, while I say my prayers heartily,
I hope I shall not.
Frank Well. I am no tell-tale:
But is it not great pity, tell me, Clora,
That such a brave deserving gentleman
As every one delivers this to be,
Should have no more respect and worth flung on him
By able men? Were I one of these great ones,
Such virtue should not sleep thus.
Clora. Were he greater,
He would sleep more, I think. I'll waken him.
Frank. Away, you fool!
Clora Is he not dead already,
And they two taking order
About his blacks?[9] Methinks they are very busy.
A fine clean corse he is! I would have him buried
Even as he lies, cross-legg'd, like one o' th' Templars,
(If his Westphalia gammons will hold crossing)
And on his breast a buckler, with a pike in't,[1]
In which I would have some learned cutler
Compile an epitaph; and at his feet
A musquet, with this word[2] upon a label,
(Which from the cock's mouth thus should be deliver'd)
"I have discharged the office of a soldier."

[9] *Blacks*] The usual phrase for mourning weeds.

[1] *Pike in't.*] The pike and sword in funerals are laid upon the shield, perhaps therefore the original might be *on't;* unless the term *in't* be used in heraldry —*Seward.*

In't, we apprehend, means *stuck in it;* and the whole design makes a ludicrous picture.—Ed. 1778.

[2] *Word.*] Here means *sentence.* So Spenser in his Fairy Queen, more than once.—*Sympson.*

Word is a literal translation of the more usual Italian term, *motto.*

Frank. Well, if thy father were a soldier,
Thus thou wouldst use him.
Clora. Such a soldier,
I would indeed.—
Fab. If he hear this, not all
The power of man could keep him from the windows,
Till they were down, and all the doors broke open.
For God's sake, make her cooler; I dare not venture
To bring him else: I know he'll go to buffets
Within five words with her, if she holds this spirit.
Let's waken him, and away; we shall hear worse else.
Frank. Well, if I be not even with thee, Clora,
Let me be hang'd, for this! I know thou dost it
Only to anger me, and purge your wit,
Which would break out else.
Clora. I have found ye;
I'll be no more cross. Bid 'em good night.
Frank. No, no;
They shall not know we have seen 'em. Shut the window. [*Exeunt* Frank *and* Clora.
Fab. Will you get up, sir?
Jac. Have you paid the fiddlers?
Fab. You are not left to do it. Fy upon thee!
Hast thou forsworn manners?
Jac. Yes; unless they
Would let me eat my meat without long graces,
Or drink without a preface to the pledger,[3]
Of "Will it please you?" "Shall I be so bold, sir?"
"Let me remember your good bed-fellow!"
And he, and kiss my hand unto my mistress
As often as an ape does for an apple.

——— *to the pledger;*
Of will it please, &c.] Corrected in 1750.

These are mere schisms in soldiers; (where's my friend?)
These are to us as bitter as purgations:
We love that general freedom we are bred to;
Hang these faint fooleries! they smell of peace.
Do they not, friend?

Fab. 'Faith, sir, to me they are
As things indifferent; yet I use 'em not,
Or, if I did, they would not prick my conscience.

Fred. Come, shall we go? 'Tis late.

Jac. Yes, any whither:
But no more music; it has made me dull.

Fab. 'Faith, any thing but drinking disturbs thee, Jacomo.
We'll even to bed.

Jac. Content.

Fab. Thou'lt dream of wenches.

Jac. I never think of any, (I thank God)
But when I am drunk; and then, 'tis but to cast
A cheap way how they may be all destroy'd,
Like vermin. Let's away; I am very sleepy.

Fab. Ay, thou art ever so, or angry. Come.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter JULIO *and* ANGELO.

Julio. I will but see her once more, Angelo,
That I may hate her more, and then I am
Myself again.
Ang. I would not have thee tempt lust;
'Tis a way dangerous, and will deceive thee,
Hadst thou the constancy of all men in thee.
Julio. Having her sins before me, I dare see her,
Were she as catching as the plague, and deadly,
And tell her she is fouler than all those,
And far more pestilent, if not repentant;
And, like a strong man, chide her well, and leave her.
Ang. 'Tis easily said. Of what complexion is she?
Julio. Make but a curious frame unto thyself,
As thou wouldst shape an angel in thy thought;
Such as the poets, when their fancies sweat,
Imagine Juno is, or fair-eyed Pallas;
And one more excellent than all those figures
Shalt thou find her. She's brown, but of a sweetness,
(If such a poor word may express her beauty)
Believe me, Angelo, would do more mischief
With a forced smile, than twenty thousand Cupids,
With their love-quivers full of ladies' eyes,
And twice as many flames, could fling upon us.
Ang. Of what age is she?

Julio. As a rose at fairest,
Neither a bud, nor blown; but such a one,
Were there a Hercules to get again
With all his glory, or one more than he,
The god would chuse out 'mongst a race of women
To make a mother of.[4] She is outwardly
All that bewitches sense, all that entices;
Nor is it in our virtue to uncharm it.
And when she speaks, oh, Angelo, then music
(Such as old Orpheus made, that gave a soul
To aged mountains, and made rugged beasts
Lay by their rages; and tall trees, that knew
No sound but tempests, to bow down their branches,
And hear, and wonder; and the sea, whose surges
Shook their white heads in Heaven, to be as midnight
Still and attentive) steals into our souls
So suddenly, and strangely, that we are
From that time no more ours, but what she pleases!
Ang. Why look, how far you have thrust yourself again
Into your old disease! Are you that man,
With such a resolution, that would venture

[4] *The Gods would chuse, &c.*] In Dryden's All for Love, or the World Well Lost, act IV. is a beautiful passage, something similar to this of our authors:

"I pity Dolabella; but she's dangerous:
"Her eyes have power, beyond Thessalian charms,
"To draw the moon from Heaven; for eloquence,
"The sea-green syrens taught her voice their flatt'ry;
"And, while she speaks, night steals upon the day,
"Unmark'd of those that hear: Then she's so charming,
"Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth;
"The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles;
"And with heaved hands, forgetting gravity,
"They bless her wanton eyes: Ev'n I who hate her,
"With a malignant joy behold such beauty;
"And, while I curse, desire it." *Reed.*

To take your leave of folly, and now melt
Even in repeating her?
Julio. I had forgot me.
Ang. As you will still do.
Julio. No; the strongest man
May have the grudging of an ague on him;
This is no more. Let's go; I would fain be fit
To be thy friend again, for now I am no man's!
Ang. Go you: I dare not go, I tell you truly;
Nor were it wise I should.
Julio. Why?
Ang. I am well,
And, if I can, will keep myself so.
Julio. Ha?
Thou mak'st me smile, though I have little cause,
To see how prettily thy fear becomes thee:
Art thou not strong enough to see a woman?
Ang. Yes, twenty thousand; but not such a one
As you have made her: I'll not lie for th' matter;
I know I am frail, and may be cozen'd too,
By such a syren.
Julio. 'Faith, thou shalt go, Angelo!
Ang. 'Faith, but I will not! No; I know how far, sir,
I'm able to hold out, and will not venture
Above my depth. I do not long to have
My sleep ta'en from me, and go pulingly,
Like a poor wench had lost her market-money;
And, when I see good meat, sit still and sigh,
And call for small beer, and consume my wit
In making anagrams, and faithful posies:
I do not like that itch; I am sure I had rather
Have the main pox, and safer.
Julio. Thou shalt go;
I must needs have thee as a witness with me
Of my repentance. As thou lov'st me, go!
Ang. Well, I will go, since you will have it so;

But if I prove a fool too, look to have me
Curse you continually, and fearfully.

Julio. And if thou seest me fall again, good Angelo,
Give me thy counsel quickly, lest I perish.

Ang. Pray God, I have enough to save myself!
For, as I have a soul, I had rather venture
Upon a savage island than this woman! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Street.

Enter Father, in brave Apparel, and Servant with a Letter.

Father. From whom, sir, comes this bounty? for I think
You are mistaken.

Serv. No, sir; 'tis to you,
I'm sure, my mistress sent it.

Father. Who's your mistress,
That I may give her thanks?

Serv. The virtuous widow.

Father. The virtuous widow, sir? I know none such.
Pray what's her name?

Serv. Lelia.

Father. I knew you err'd;
'Tis not to me, I warrant you. There, sir;

Carry it to those she feeds fat with such favours;
I am a stranger to her.

Serv. Good sir, take it,
And, if you will, I'll swear she sent it to you;
For I am sure mine eye never went off you
Since you forsook the gentlemen you talk'd with
Just at her door.

Father. Indeed, I talk'd with two,
Within this half hour, in the street.

Serv. 'Tis you, sir,
And none but you, I am sent to. Wiser men
Would have been thankful sooner, and received it;
'Tis not a fortune every man can brag of,
And from a woman of her excellence.

Father. Well, sir, I am catechized. What more belongs to't?

Serv. This only, sir; she would entreat you come
This evening to her without fail.

Father. I will.

Serv. You guess where.

Father. Sir, I have a tongue else.

[*Exit Servant.*

She is downright devil; or else my wants
And her disobedience have provoked her
To look into her foul self, and be sorry.
I wonder how she knew me! I had thought
I had been the same to all I am to them
That changed me thus: God pardon me for lying!
For I have paid it home: Many a good man,
That had but found the profit of my way,
Would forswear telling true again in haste.

Enter Lodovico *and* Piso.

Here are my praters: Now, if I did well,
I should belabour 'em; but I have found

A way to quiet 'em worth a thousand on't.
Lod. If we could get a fellow that would do it!
Father. What villainy is now in hand?
[*Retires.*
Piso. 'Twill be hard to be done, in my opinion,
Unless we light upon an Englishman
With sevenscore surfeits in him.
Lod. Are the Englishmen
Such stubborn drinkers?[5]
Piso. Not a leak at sea
Can suck more liquor: You shall have their children
Christen'd in mull'd sack, and, at five years old,
Able to knock a Dane down. Take an Englishman,
And cry "St George!" and give him but a rasher,
And you shall have him upon even terms
Defy a hogshead. Such a one would do it
Home, boy, and like a workman.
Lod. At what weapon?[6]

[5] *Such stubborn drinkers.*] This qualification in our countrymen is taken notice of by Iago, in act ii. scene iii. of Othello.—*Reed.*

It is more than probable that the Danes, who were considered as the most potent drinkers in Europe, taught the custom to the Scots and the English. It is well known what orgies were sacrificed to Bacchus in the castle of Croneborg, when James was at the Danish court to espouse the princess Anne; and he seems to have continued his excesses till his death. It is not impossible that the words in the text, "Able to knock a Dane down," may allude to a trial of capacity for wine similar to the one by which Sir Walter Riddell obtained the celebrated whistle from the great Danish toping champion, also in the reign of James I. See Burns's poem of The Whistle.

[6] *At what weapon?*] I have made a change in the persons of the speakers *Lodovic* and *Piso*, giving to *Lodovic* what was in the other edition spoke by *Piso*, and *è contra*; as thinking the speeches something out of character. Piso's design seems to be, by the whole tenor of the conversation, to make Jacomo soundly drunk: His hope of doing this is built upon one of our countrymen, whom he describes as capable of turning down an hogshead with the shoeing-horn of a rasher. But would the poet, on this

Piso. Sherry sack: I would have him drink stark dead,
If it were possible; at worst, past pottage.[7]
Lod. What is the end then?
Piso. Dost thou not perceive it?
If he be drunk dead, there's a fair end of him.
If not, this is my end, or by enticing,
Or by deceiving, to conduct him where
The fool is that admires him; and if sober
His nature be so rugged, what will't be
When he is hot with wine? Come, let's about it:
If this be done but handsomely, I'll pawn
My head she hath done with soldiers.
Lod. This may do well.

supposition, put *At what weapon*, into the mouth of *Piso*, make him ask himself a question, and let *Lodovic* give the answer? No, surely. *Lod.* has certainly been dropt upon us, who should have interrupted *Piso's* narrative, both as to the means and end of making the captain drunk. What seems to confirm this, is the speech of *Lodovic* at the close of the scene, where he bids *Piso think of the other*, viz. making Jacomo fuddled, to which *Piso* answers,

For the drunkard, Lodovic,
Let me alone. *Sympson.*

7 Sherry sack: *I would have him drink stark dead,*
If it were possible, at least, past pottage.] Sherry sack was the particular species, which was brought from Xeres, in Andalusia, and which we now call *sherry*, in contradistinction to plain sack, which, as Mr Malone observes, came chiefly from Malaga. The second folio, and the modern copies, substitute *portage* for *pottage*, and their reading certainly affords good sense. I have, however, preferred the original reading, which may have been one of the numerous terms for different degrees of intoxication; particularly as the word occurs again in the next scene, though perhaps not with the same meaning. There it evidently means porridge, and it is curious that the plural is applied to it, as it is at this moment in Scotland:

——— He has sure
Been a great lover in his youth of *pottage*,
They lie so dull upon his understanding.

Father. Here's a new way to murder men alive!
I'll choak this train.—[*Coming forward.*]—God save ye, gentlemen!
It is to you—stay!—yes, it is to you.
[*Gives him the letter.*

Lod. What's to me?

Father. You are fortunate: I cannot stand to tell you more now;
Meet me here soon, and you'll be made a man.
[*Exit.*

Lod. What vision's this?

Piso I know not.

Lod. Well, I'll meet it;
Think you o' th' other, and let me awhile
Dream of this fellow.

Piso. For the drunkard, Lodovic,
Let me alone.

Lod. Come, let's about it then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Frederick's *House.*

Enter CLORA *and* FRANK.

Clora. Ha, ha, ha! Pray let me laugh extremely.

Frank. Why? pr'ythee why? hast thou such cause?

Clora. Yes, 'faith;
My brother will be here straightway, and——

Frank. What?

Clora. The other party. Ha, ha, ha!
Frank. What party?
Wench, thou art not drunk?
Clora. No, 'faith.
Frank. 'Faith, thou hast been among the bottles, Clora.
Clora. 'Faith, but I have not, Frank. Pr'ythee be handsome!
The captain comes along too, wench.
Frank. Oh, is that it
That tickles ye?
Clora. Yes, and shall tickle you too;
You understand me?
Frank. By my troth, thou art grown
A strange lewd wench! I must e'en leave thy company;
Thou wilt spoil me else.
Clora. Nay, thou art spoil'd to my hand.
Hadst thou been free, as a good wench ought to be,
When I went first a-birding for thy love,
And roundly said, that is the man must do it,
I had done laughing many an hour ago.
Frank. And what dost thou see in him, now thou know'st him,
To be thus laugh'd at?
Clora. Pr'ythee be not angry,
And I'll speak freely to thee.
Frank. Do; I will not.
Clora. Then, as I hope to have a handsome husband,
This fellow, in mine eye (and, Frank, I am held
To have a shrewd guess at a pretty fellow)
Appears a strange thing.
Frank. Why, how strange, for God's sake?
He is a man, and one that may content
(For any thing I see) a right good woman:
And sure I am not blind.

Clora. There lies the question;
For (but you say he is a man, and I
Will credit you) I should as soon have thought him
Another of God's creatures. Out upon him!
His body, that can promise nothing
But laziness and long strides.—
Frank. These are your eyes!
Where were they, Clora, when you fell in love
With the old footman, for singing of Queen Dido?[8]
And swore he look'd, in his old velvet trunks,[9]
And his sliced Spanish jerkin, like Don John?
You had a parlous judgment then, my Clora.
Clora. Who told you that?
Frank. I heard it.
Clora. Come, be friends!
The soldier is a Mars. No more; we are all
Subject to slide away.
Frank. Nay, laugh on still.
Clora. No, 'faith; thou art a good wench, and 'tis pity
Thou shouldst not be well quarried at thy entering,
Thou art so high-flown for him. Look, who's there!

Enter FABRITIO *and* JACOMO *at the Door.*

Jac. Pr'ythee, go single; what should I do there?
Thou know'st I hate these visitations,
As I hate peace or perry.
Fab. Wilt thou never
Make a right man?
Jac. You make a right fool of me,

[8] *Queen Dido.*] This ballad of Queen Dido, or the Wandering Prince of Troy, obtained great popularity, and seems to be also alluded to in Bonduca, (vol. VI. p. 32.) It is printed in Percy's Reliques, (ed. 1794, III. 193.)

[9] *Trucks.*] Corrected in 1679.

To lead me up and down to visit women,
And be abused and laugh'd at. Let me starve
If I know what to say, unless I ask 'em
What their shoes cost!

Fab. Fy upon thee, coward!
Canst thou not sing?

Jac. Thou know'st I can sing nothing
But Plumpton-Park.[1]

Fab. Thou wilt be bold enough,
When thou art enter'd once.

Jac. I had rather enter
A breach: If I miscarry, by this hand,
I will have you by th' ears for't!

Fab. [*Entering.*] 'Save ye, ladies!

Clora. Sweet brother, I dare swear you're welcome hither;
So is your friend.

Fab. Come, blush not, but salute 'em.

Frank. Good sir, believe your sister; you are most welcome!
So is this worthy gentleman, whose virtues
I shall be proud to be acquainted with.

Jac. She has found me out already, and has paid me.—
Shall we be going?

Fab. Peace!—Your goodness, lady,
Will ever be afore us. For myself

[1] *Plumpton-Park.*] This was a vulgarly popular ballad upon the execution of one Musgrave, a Westmoreland robber, who had stolen a large sum from the king's receivrs. It begins,

Down Plumpton-Park as I did pass,
I heard a bird sing in a glen,
The chiefest of her song it was,
"Farewell the Flower of Servingmen!"

Of course it is here spoken of like Chevy Chase, or any other dismal ditty.

I will not thank you single, lest I leave
My friend, this gentleman, out of acquaintance.

Jac. More of me yet?

Frank. 'Would I were able, sir,
From either of your worths to merit thanks!

Clora But, brother, is your friend thus sad still? Methinks,
'Tis an unseemly nature in a soldier.

Jac. What hath she to do with me, or my behaviour?

Fab. He does but shew so: Pr'ythee to him, sister!

Jac. If I do not break thy head, I am no Christian,
If I get off once!

Clora. Sir, we must entreat you
To think yourself more welcome, and be merry:
'Tis pity a fair man, of your proportion,
Should have a soul of sorrow.

Jac. Very well!—
Pray, gentlewoman, what would you have me say?

Clora. Do not you know, sir?

Jac. Not so well as you,
That talk continually.

Frank. You have hit her, sir.

Clora. I thank him, so he has;
Fair fall his sweet face for it!

Jac. Let my face
Alone, I would wish you, lest I take occasion
To bring a worse in question.

Clora. Meaning mine?—
Brother, where was your friend brought up? He has sure
Been a great lover in his youth of pottage,
They lie so dull upon his understanding.

Fab. No more of that; thou'lt anger him at heart.

Clora. Then let him be more manly; for he looks

Like a great school-boy, that had been blown up
Last night at Dust-Point.[a]

Frank. You will never leave,
Till you be told how rude you are. Fy, Clora!—
Sir, will it please you sit?

Clora. And I'll sit by you.

Jac. Woman, be quiet, and be ruled, I would wish you.

Clora. I have done, Sir Captain.

Fab. Art thou not ashamed?

Jac. You are an ass! I'll tell you more anon;
You had better have been hang'd than brought me hither!

Fab. You are grown a sullen fool! Either be handsome,
Or, by this light, I will have wenches bait thee!
Go to the gentlewoman, and give her thanks,
And hold your head up! what?

Jac. By this light, I'll brain thee!

Frank. Now, o' my faith, this gentleman does nothing
But it becomes him rarely. Clora, look
How well this little anger, if it be one,
Shews in his face.

Clora. Yes, it shews very sweetly.

[a] *Dust-point.*] I believe this alludes to a trick still usual among boys A hole is made in the earth, and a novice is set to blow out the dust, which, if he does not shut his eyes, fills them with dust, and consequently may cause his face to swell, and to this the text may allude. It is evidently the same as *blow-point*, mentioned in Donne's Satires:

"—— Shortly, boys shall not play
At span-counter, or *blow-point*."

Again, in The Return from Parnassus, (Hawkins's Drama, vol. III.) "My mistress, upon good days, puts on a piece of a parsonage, and we pages play at *blow-point* for a piece of a parsonage."

Frank. Nay, do not blush, sir; o' my troth, it does!
I would be ever angry to be thus.—
Fabritio, o' my conscience, if I ever
Do fall in love, (as I will not forswear it,
Till I am something wiser) it must be,
I will not say directly with that face;
But certainly such another as that is,
And thus disposed, may chance to hamper me.[3]
Fab. Dost thou hear this, and stand still?
Jac. You will prate still!
I would you were not women; I would take
A new course with ye.
Clora. Why, Courageous?
Jac. For making me a stone to whet your tongues on.
Clora. Pr'ythee, sweet Captain!
Jac. Go, go spin, go hang!
Clora. Now could I kiss him.
Jac. If you long for kicking,
You're best come kiss me; do not though, I'd wish ye.
I'll send my footman to thee; he shall leap thee,
An thou want'st horsing.—I will leave ye, ladies.
Frank. Beshrew my heart, you are unmannerly
To offer this unto a gentleman
Of his deserts, that comes so worthily
To visit me! I cannot take it well.
Jac. I come to visit you, you foolish woman?
Frank. I thought you did, sir, 'and for that I thank you;

[3] Dispose my *chance.*] Thus read the old copies, contrary both to sense and grammar. The slight change in two words which I have made makes the whole clear and consistent. Frank is praising Jacomo's anger, and says, naturally enough, *that a face thus disposed may chance to captivate her affections.*—Seward.

I would be loth to lose those thanks.[4] I know
This is but some odd way you have,—and, 'faith,
It does become you well,—to make us merry:
I have heard often of your pleasant vein.

Fab. What wouldst thou ask more?

Jac. Pray, thou scurvy fellow!
Thou hast not long to live.—Adieu, dear damsels!
You filthy women, farewell, and be sober,
And keep your chambers!

Clora. Farewell, old Don Diego!

Frank. Away, away!—You must not be so angry,
To part thus roughly from us: Yet to me
This does not shew as if 'twere yours; the wars
May breed men something plain, I know; but not
Thus rude. Give me your hand, good sir:
I know 'tis white, and——

Jac. If I were not patient,
What would become of you two prating house-wives?

Clora. For any thing I know, we would in to supper,
And there begin a health of lusty claret,
To keep care from our hearts; and it should be——

Fab. 'Faith, to whom?—Mark but this, Jacomo.

Clora. Even to the handsomest fellow now alive.

Fab. Do you know such a one?

Frank. He may be guess'd at
Without much travel.

Fab. There's another item.

Clora. And he should be a soldier.

Frank. 'Twould be better.

Clora. And yet not you, sweet Captain.

[4] *I thought you did, sir, and for that I thank you;*
I would be loth to lose *those thanks.*] That is, To throw them away to no purpose.—*Mason.*

Frank. Why not he?

Jac. Well! I shall live to see your husbands beat you,
And hiss 'em on like bandogs.

Clora. Ha, ha, ha!

Jac. Green sicknesses and serving-men light on ye,
With greasy codpieces, and woollen stockings!
The devil (if he dare deal with two women)
Be of your counsels! Farewell, plaisterers! [*Exit.*

Clora. This fellow will be mad at Midsummer,
Without all doubt.

Fab. I think so too.

Frank. I am sorry
He's gone in such a rage. But sure, this holds him
Not every day?

Fab. 'Faith, every other day,
If he come near a woman.

Clora. I wonder how his mother could endure
To have him in her belly, he's so boisterous.

Frank. He's to be made more tractable, I doubt not.

Clora. Yes, if they taw him, as they do whit-leather,
Upon an iron, or beat him soft like stock-fish.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the House of Lelia.

Enter LELIA *and her Waiting-Woman, with a Veil.*

Lelia. Art sure 'tis he?
Woman. Yes, and another with him.
Lelia. The more the merrier. Did you give that money,
And charge it to be deliver'd where I shew'd you?
Woman. Yes, and what else you bade me.
Lelia. That brave fellow,
Though he be old, whate'er he be, shews toughness;
And such a one I long for, and must have
At any price; these young soft melting gristles
Are only for my safer ends.
Woman. They are here.
Lelia. Give me my veil; and bid the boy go sing
That song above, I gave him; the sad song.—
Now if I miss him, I am cursed.—Go, wench,
And tell 'em I have utterly forsworn
All company of men; yet make a venture
At last to let 'em in: Thou know'st these things;
Do 'em to th' life.
Woman. I warrant you; I am perfect. [*Exit.*
Lelia. Some ill woman, for her use, would give
A million for this wench, she is so subtle.

Enter, to the Door, JULIO *and* ANGELO.

Woman. Good sir, desire it not; I dare not do it;
For since your last being here, sir, believe me,
She has grieved herself out of all company,
And, sweet soul, almost out of life too.
Julio. Pr'ythee,
Let me but speak one word.
Woman. You will offend, sir;
And yet your name is more familiar with her
Than any thing but sorrow. Good sir, go.
Ang. This little varlet hath her lesson perfect;
These are the baits they bob with.
Jul. 'Faith, I will not.
Woman. I shall be chidden cruelly for this;
But you are such a gentleman——
Julio. No more.
Ang. There's a new tire, wench.[5] Peace; thou art well enough. [*Music.*
Julio. What, has she music?
Woman. Yes; for God's sake, stay;
'Tis all she feeds upon.
Julio. [*Entering.*] Alas, poor soul!
Ang. Now will I pray devoutly; for there's need on't.

THE SONG.

Away, delights; go seek some other dwelling,
For I must die:
Farewell, false love; thy tongue is ever telling
Lie after lie.

[5] *Tire-wench.*] Altered in 1679.

For ever let me rest now from thy smarts;
Alas, for pity go,
And fire their hearts
That have been hard to thee; mine was not so.

Never again deluding Love shall know me,
For I will die;
And all those griefs that think to over-grow me,
Shall be as I:
For ever will I sleep, while poor maids cry,
"Alas, for pity stay,
And let us die
With thee; men cannot mock us in the clay."[6]

Julio. Mistress! not one word, mistress? If I grieve you,
I can depart again.
Ang. Let's go then quickly;
For if she get from under this dark cloud,
We shall both sweat, I fear, for't.
Julio. Do but speak,
Though you turn from me, and speak bitterly,
And I am gone; for that I think will please you.
Ang. Oh, that all women were thus silent ever.
What fine things they were!
Julio. You have look'd on me,
When, if there be belief in women's words,
Spoken in tears, you swore you loved to do so.
Lelia. Oh, me, my heart!
Ang. Now, Julio, play the man,

[6] *Mock us in the* day.] Varied in 1750. In support of the alteration, Seward produces the following passage in Henry V.—

"The dead with Charity inclosed in *clay*."

The corruption is very easy; the *c* and *l* in the manuscript looking like a *d*.—Ed. 1778.

Or such another "oh, me!"[7] will undo thee.
'Would I had any thing to keep me busy,
I might not hear her; think but what she is,
Or I doubt mainly, I shall be i' th' mesh too.
Julio. Pray, speak again.
Lelia. Where is my woman? [*Unveils.*
Woman. Here.
Ang. Mercy upon me! what a face she has!
'Would it were veil'd again!
Lelia. Why did you let
This flattering man in to me? Did not I
Charge thee to keep me from his eyes again,
As carefully as thou wouldst keep thine own?
Thou hast brought me poison in a shape of Heaven,
Whose violence will break the hearts of all,
Of all weak women, as it hath done mine,
That are such fools to love, and look upon him.
Good sir, be gone; you know not what an ease
Your absence is.
Ang. By Heaven, she is a wonder!
I cannot tell what 'tis, but I am qualmish.[8]
Julio. Though I desire to be here more than Heaven,
As I am now, yet, if my sight offend you,
So much I love to be commanded by you,
That I will go. Farewell! [*Weeps.*
Lelia. I should say something
Ere you depart, and I would have you hear me.
But why should I speak to a man that hates me,
And will but laugh at any thing I suffer?
Julio. If this be hate——
Lelia. Away, away, deceiver!

[7] *Oh me!*] These words are not in the folio of 1647.

[8] *But I am* squeamish.] So first folio. The subsequent editions, *qualmish.*—Ed. 1778.

Julio. Now help me, Angelo!
Ang. I am worse than thou art.
Lelia. Such tears as those might make another woman
Believe thee honest, Julio; almost me,
That know their ends; for I confess they stir me.
Ang. What will become of me? I cannot go now,
If you would hang me, from her. Oh brave eye!
Steal me away, for God's sake, Julio.
Julio. Alas, poor man! I am lost again too, strangely.
Lelia. No, I will sooner trust a crocodile
When he sheds tears, (for he kills suddenly,
And ends our cares at once) or any thing
That's evil to our natures, than a man:
I find there is no end of his deceivings,
Nor no avoiding 'em, if we give way.
I was requesting you to come no more,
And mock me with your service; 'tis not well,
Nor honest, to abuse us so far: You may love too,
For though, I must confess, I am unworthy
Of your love every way, yet I would have you
Think I am somewhat too good to make sport of.
Julio. Will you believe me?
Lelia. For your vows and oaths,
And such deceiving tears as you shed now,
I will, as you do, study to forget 'em.
Julio. Let me be most despised of men——
Lelia. No more!
There is no new way left, by which your cunning
Shall once more hope to catch me. No, thou false man,
I will avoid thee, and, for thy sake, all
That bear thy stamp, as counterfeit in love!
For I am open-eyed again, and know thee.
Go, make some other weep, as I have done,

That dare believe thee; go, and swear to her
That is a stranger to thy cruelty,
And knows not yet what man is, and his lyings,
How thou diest daily for her; pour it out
In thy best lamentations; put on sorrow,
As thou canst, to deceive an angel, Julio,
And vow thyself into her heart, that when
I shall leave off to curse thee for thy falsehood,
Still a forsaken woman may be found
To call to Heaven for vengeance!

Ang. [*Aside.*] From this hour,
I heartily despise all honest women:
(I care not if the world took knowledge on't)
I see there's nothing in them, but that folly
Of loving one man only. Give me henceforth,
(Before the greatest blessing can be thought of,
If this be one) a whore; that's all I aim it.

Julio. Mistress, the most offending man is heard
Before his sentence: Why will you condemn me
Ere I produce the truth to witness with me,
How innocent I am of all your angers?

Lelia. There is no trusting of that tongue; I know't,
And how far, if it be believed, it kills: No more, sir!

Julio. It never lied to you yet; if it did,
'Twas only when it call'd you mild and gentle.

Lelia. Good sir, no more! Make not my understanding,
(After I have suffer'd thus much evil by you)
So poor to think I have not reach'd the end
Of all your forced affections: Yet, because
I once loved such a sorrow, too, too dearly,
As that would strive to be, I do forgive you,
Even heartily as I would be forgiven,
For all your wrongs to me (my charity
Yet loves you so far, though again I may not);

And wish, when that time[9] comes you will love
truly,
(If you can ever do so) you may find
The worthy fruit of your affections,
True love again, not my unhappy harvest;
Which, like a fool, I sow'd in such a heart,
So dry and stony, that a thousand showers,
From these two eyes continually raining,
Could never ripen.

Julio. You have conquer'd me!
I did not think to yield; but make me now
Even what you will, my Lelia, so I may
Be but so truly happy to enjoy you.

Lelia. No, no; those fond imaginations
Are dead and buried in me; let 'em rest!

Julio. I'll marry you.

Ang. The devil thou wilt, Julio?
[*Aside to* JULIO.
How that word waken'd me! Come hither, friend!
Thou art a fool! Look stedfastly upon her:
Though she be all that I know excellent,
As she appears; though I could fight for her,

[9] *And wish when that time*—] Mr Seward suspects something left out here, necessary to complete the sense and grammar, or else this line must be corrupted through the transposition of some particles; and would read thus,

I wish when the time comes, that you love truly,
(If you can ever do so) you may find, &c.

I have not indeed altered the text, though I suspect it strongly to be corrupt, and would propose reading thus,

And wishes when th' time comes that you love, &c.—*Sympson.*

We confess ourselves unable to comprehend this note; but do not perceive the least difficulty in the text.—Ed. 1778.

The speech is perhaps involved by too great an accumulation of parentheses; but, as the last editors observe, it is much plainer than the proposed amendments of Seward and Sympson.

And run through fire; though I am stark mad too,
Never to be recover'd; though I would
Give all I had i' th' world to lie with her,
Even to my naked soul (I am so far gone);
Yet, methinks still, we should not dote away
That, that is something more than ours, our honours.
I would not have thee marry her by no means—
(Yet I should do so). Is she not a whore?

Julio. She is, but such a one——

Ang. 'Tis true, she's excellent;
And, when I well consider, Julio,
I see no reason we should be confined
In our affections, when all creatures else
Enjoy still where they like.

Julio. And so will I then.

Lelia. He's fast enough I hope, now, if I hold him. [*Aside.*

Ang. You must not do so though, now I consider
Better what 'tis. [*Aside to Julio.*

Julio. Do not consider, Angelo;
For I must do it.

Ang. No; I'll kill thee first:
I love thee so well, that the worms shall have thee
Before this woman, friend.

Julio. It was your counsel.

Ang. As I was a knave, not as I loved thee.

Julio. All this is lost upon me, Angelo,
For I must have her.—I will marry you
When you please: Pray look better on me.

Ang. Nay then, no more, friend; farewell, Julio!
I have so much discretion left me yet
To know, and tell thee, thou art miserable.

Julio. Stay; thou art more than she, and now I find it.

Lelia. Is he so?

Julio. Mistress!

Lelia. No; I'll see thee starved first! [*Exit.*

Julio. Friend!

Ang. Fly her as I do, Julio; she's a witch.

Julio. Beat me away then; I shall grow here still else.

Ang. That were the way to have me grow there with thee.
Farewell, for ever! [*Exit.*

Julio. Stay! I am uncharm'd.
Farewell, thou cursed house! from this hour be
More hated of me than a leprosy! [*Exit.*

Enter LELIA.

Lelia. Both gone? A plague upon 'em both!
Am I deceived again? Oh, I would rail,
And follow 'em, but I fear the spite of people,
Till I have emptied all my gall.
The next I seize upon shall pay their follies
To the last penny; this will work me worse;
He that comes next, by Heaven, shall feel then curse! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Fabritio's *Lodgings.*

Enter JACOMO *at one Door, and* FABRITIO *at another.*

Fab. Oh, you're a sweet youth, so uncivilly
To rail, and run away!

Jac. Oh! are you there, sir?

I am glad I have found you! You have not now your ladies,
To shew your wit before.

Fab. Thou wou'lt not, wou'lt a?

Jac. What a sweet youth I am, as you have made me, [*Draws.*
You shall know presently.

Fab. Put up your sword;
I have seen it often; 'tis a fox.[1]

Jac. It is so;
And you shall feel it too. Will you dispatch, sir,
And leave your mirth out? or I shall take occasion
To beat you, and disgrace you too.

Fab. Well; since
There is no other way to deal with you,
(Let's see your sword; I am sure you scorn all odds)
I will fight with you.

[*They measure, and* FABRITIO *gets his sword.*

Jac. How now?

Fab. Nay, stand out;
Or, by this light, I'll make you!

Jac. This is scurvy,
And out of fear done.

Fab. No, sir; out of judgment;
For he that deals with thee (thou art grown so boisterous)
Must have more wits, or more lives, than another,
Or always be in armour, or enchanted,
Or he is miserable.

[1] *'Tis a fox.*] It seems probable that this term was applied to a common English sword, in contradistinction to a Toledo or Bilboa blade. So in Webster's Vittoria Corombona:

—— "Oh, what blade is't?
A Toledo, or an English *fox.*"

And in Love's Sacrifice, by Ford—"Take my sword in your hand; 'tis none of the sprucest, but 'tis a tough old *fox*, will not fail his master."

Jac. Your end of this, sir?
Fab. My end is only mirth, to laugh at thee,
Which now I'll do in safety: Ha, ha, ha!
Jac. 'Sheart! then I am grown ridiculous!
Fab. Thou art;
And wilt be shortly sport for little children,
If thou continuest this rude stubbornness.
Jac. Oh, God, for any thing that had an edge!
Fab. Ha, ha, ha!
Jac. Fy, what a shame it is,
To have a lubber shew his teeth!
Fab. Ha, ha!
Jac. Why dost thou laugh at me, thou wretched fellow?
Speak, with a pox! and look you render me
Just such a reason——
Fab. I shall die with laughing!
Jac. As no man can find fault with. I shall have
Another sword, I shall, you fleering puppy!
Fab. Does not this testiness shew finely in thee?
Once more, take heed of children! If they find thee,
They'll break up school to bear thee company,
(Thou wilt be such a pastime) and hoot at thee,
And call thee Bloody-bones, and Spade,[a] and Spit-fire,

[a] *And* Spade *and Spit-fire.*] If one would compare these authors with themselves, there seems to be reason to suspect this passage as corrupted. To put in *Spade*, which is a name that carries no terror in it to children, between two which are usually made use of for that purpose, seems to me not a little odd. What I conjecture we should read is this:

And call thee Bloody-bones, Raw-head, *and Spit-fire.*

So in act iv. scene iii. of this play, Clora says of Jacomo,

Here's Raw-head *come again.*

And Gaffer Madman, and Go-by-Jeronimo,[3]
And Will with a Whisp, and Come-Aloft, and
Crack-Rope,
And old Saint Dennis with the dudgeon codpiece,
And twenty such names.
Jac. No, I think they will not.
Fab. Yes, but they will; and nurses still their
children
Only with thee, and "Here take him, Jacomo!"
Jac. God's precious, that I were but over thee
One steeple height! I would fall and break thy
neck.
Fab. This is the reason I laugh at thee, and,
While thou art thus, will do. Tell me one thing.
Jac. I wonder how thou durst thus question me!
Pr'ythee restore my sword.
Fab. Tell me but one thing,
And it may be I will. Nay, sir, keep out.
Jac. Well. I will be your fool now; speak your
mind, sir.
Fab. Art thou not breeding teeth?
Jac. How! teeth?
Fab. Yes, teeth;
Thou wouldst not be so froward else.
Jac. Teeth?

And in the Prophetess, act iv. scene v.

—— —— *Now I look*
Like Bloody-bones and Raw-head *to fright children.*

Sympson.

It is common to this day, among the vulgar, to say, when abused, "Call me any thing but *spade.*"—Ed. 1778.

It is customary with the nurses in the west of England, and probably elsewhere, to terrify the infants into silence by the threat of "*the black man* with his SPADE, who should take them away, and put them in the *pit-hole*, if they were not good." Perhaps *spade*, in the above line, has some allusion to this or a similar expression.

[3] *Go by, Jeronimo.*] An expression in the play of Jeronimo, which was the butt of ridicule for almost every author of the times.

Reed.

Fab. Come; 'twill make thee
A little rheumatic, but that's all one;
We'll have a bib, for spoiling of thy doublet,
And a fringed muckender[4] hang at thy girdle;
I'll be thy nurse, and get a coral for thee,
And a fine ring of bells.
Jac. 'Faith, this is somewhat
Too much, Fabritio, to your friend that loves you:
Methinks, your goodness rather should invent
A way to make my follies less, than breed 'em.
I should have been more moderate to you;
But I see you despise me.
Fab. Now I love you.
There, take your sword; continue so. I dare not
Stay now to try your patience; soon I'll meet you:
And, as you love your honours, and your state,
Redeem yourself well to the gentlewoman.
Farewell, till soon! [*Exit.*
Jac. Well, I shall think of this. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

A Room in a Tavern.

Enter Host, PISO, *and Boy with a Glass of Wine.*

Piso. Nothing i' th' world but a dried tongue or two.

[4] *Muckender.*] Cotgrave interprets *bavarette*, "A bib, mocket, or *mockcter*, to put before the bosom of a slavering child." Johnson explains the word, in the text, simply a handkerchief; but the very instance he has quoted from the Earl of Dorset's Poems proves that Cotgrave's explanation is more explicit and correct.

Host. Taste him, and tell me.
Piso. He's a valiant wine;
This must be he, mine Host.
Host. This shall be *ipse.*
Oh, he's a devilish biting[5] wine, a tyrant
Where he lays hold, sir; this is he that scorns
Small beer should quench him, or a foolish caudle
Bring him to bed; no, if he flinch I'll shame him,
And draw him out to mull amongst old midwives.
Piso. There is a soldier, I would have thee batter[6]
Above the rest, because he thinks there's no man
Can give him drink enough.
Host. What kind of man?
Piso. That thou mayst know him perfectly, he's one
Of a left-handed making, a lank thing,
As if his belly were ta'en up with straw,
To hunt a match.
Host. Has he no beard to shew him?
Piso. 'Faith, but a little; yet enough to note him,
Which grows in parcels, here and there a remnant:
And that thou mayst not miss him, he is one
That wears his forehead in a velvet scabbard.
Host. That note's enough; he's mine; I'll fuddle him,
Or lie i' th' suds. You will be here too?
Piso. Yes.
Till soon, farewell, and bear up.
Host. If I do not,
Say I am recreant; I'll get things ready.
[*Exeunt.*

[5] *Bitten.*] Varied in 1679.

[6] *Have thee* better.] Amended in 1750.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Julio *and* Angelo.

Julio. 'Tis strange thou shouldst be thus, with thy discretion.

Ang. I am sure I am so.

Julio. I am well, you see.

Ang. Keep yourself warm then, and go home and sleep,
And pray to God thou mayst continue so.
'Would I had gone to th' devil of an errand,
When I was made a fool to see her! Leave me;
I am not fit for conversation.

Julio. Why thou art worse than I was.

Ang. Therefore leave me;
The nature of my sickness is not eased
By company or counsel: I am mad;
And, if you follow me with questions,
Shall shew myself so.

Julio. This is more than error.

Ang. Pray be content that you have made me thus,
And do not wonder at me.

Julio. Let me know
But what you mean to do, and I am gone:
I would be loth to leave you thus else.

Ang. Nothing

That needs your fear; that is sufficient.
Farewell, and pray for me.

Julio. I would not leave you.

Ang. You must and shall.

Julio. I will then. 'Would yon woman
Had been ten fathom under ground, when first
I saw her eyes!

Ang. Yet she had been dangerous;
For to some wealthy rock of precious stone,
Or mine of gold as tempting, her fair body
Might have been turn'd; which once found out by labour,
And brought to use, having her spells within it,
Might have corrupted states, and ruin'd kingdoms;
Which had been fearful, friend. Go; when I see thee
Next, I will be as thou art, or no more.
Pray do not follow me; you'll make me angry.

Julio. Heaven grant you may be right again!

Ang. Amen! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Tavern.

Enter Tavern Boys, &c.

Boy. Score a gallon of sack, and a pint of olives, to the Unicorn.

Above within. Why, drawer!

Boy. Anon, anon!

Another Boy. Look into the Nag's-head there.

2 *Boy.* Score a quart of claret to the Bar;
And a pound of sausages into the Flower-pot.

Enter First Servant, with Wine.

1 *Serv.* The devil's in their throats. Anon, anon!

Enter Second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Mull a pint
Of sack there for the women in the Flower-de-luce,[1]
And put in ginger enough; they belch like pot-guns:
And, Robin, fetch tobacco for the Peacock;
They will not be drunk till midnight else. How now!
How does my master?

2 *Boy.* 'Faith, he lies, drawing on apace.

1 *Boy.* That's an ill sign.

[1] *Mull a pint
Of sack there for the women in the Flower-de-luce.*] The practice of women resorting to taverns seems to have been very universal in the seventeenth century, and was not, as now, confined to the lowest ranks, as will appear from the following passage of a satirical description of the character of the English, written under the assumed disguise of a Frenchman:—

"Your lordship will not believe me, that the ladies of greatest quality suffer themselves to bo treated in one of these taverns, where a curtesan in other cities would scarcely vouchsafe to be entertained: but you will be more astonished when I assure you, that they drink their crowned cups roundly, strain healths, dance after the fiddle, kiss freely, and term it an honourable treat."—*Character of England, as it was lately presented in a Letter to a Nobleman in France.* London, 1659 12. p 31.

Lord Clarendon, in the Continuation of his Life, informs us, that about the time of the Restoration, young women "frequently met at taverns and eating-houses."

2 *Boy*. And fumbles with the pots too.[8]
1 *Boy*. Then there's no way but one with him.
2 *Boy*. All the rest,
Except the Captain, are in *limbo patrûm*,
Where they lie sod in sack.
1 *Boy*. Does he bear up still?
2 *Boy*. Afore the wind still, with his lights up bravely:
All he takes in I think he turns to juleps,
Or he has a world of stowage in his belly;
The rest look all like fire drakes, and lie scatter'd
Like rushes round about the room. My master
Is now the loving'st man, I think, above ground—
1 *Boy*. 'Would he were always drunk then!
Within. Drawer!
2 *Boy*. Anon, anon, sir!
1 *Boy*. And swears I shall be free to-morrow; and so weeps,
And calls upon my mistress!
2 *Boy*. Then he's right.
1 *Boy*. And swears the Captain must lie this night with her,
(And bade me break it to her with discretion)
That he may leave an issue after him,
Able to entertain a Dutch ambassador:
And tells him feelingly how sweet she is,
And how he stole her from her friends i'th' country,
And brought her up disguised with the carriers,

[8] I wish our poets had been a little less satirical upon their master Shakspeare. This expression is a plain sneering parody upon the description of Falstaff's death, in Henry V. act ii. scene iii.—

"For after I saw him *fumble* with the sheets," &c.—*Sympson*.

Nothing can be more absurd than Sympson's supposition, that this is intended as a sneer upon Shakspeare.—*Mason*.

Sympson, as well as the editors of 1778, seems to think that there can be no parody without intentional disrespect to the author,

And was nine nights bereaving her her maidenhead,
And the tenth got a drawer. Here they come.

Enter Host,[9] Lodovico, *and* Piso, *drunk; and* Jacomo.

Within. Drawer!
1 *Boy.* Anon, anon! Speak to the Tiger, Peter.
Host. There's my bells, boys, my silver bell.
Piso. 'Would he were hang'd
As high as I could ring him!
Host. Captain.
Jac. Ho, boy?
Lod. Robin, sufficient single beer, as cold
As crystal; quench, Robin, quench.
1 *Boy.* I am gone, sir.
Host. Shall we bear up still? Captain, how I love thee!
Sweet Captain, let me kiss thee! By this hand,
I love thee next to malmsey in a morning,
Of all things transitory.
Jac. I love thee too,
As far as I can love a fat man.
Host. Dost thou, Captain?
Sweetly? and heartily?
Jac. With all my heart, boy.
Host. Then, welcome, Death!—Come, close mine eyes, sweet Captain;
Thou shalt have all.
Jac. What shall your wife have then?
Host. Why, she shall have
(Besides my blessing, and a silver spoon)
Enough to keep her stirring in the world,

[9] The familiarity of the hosts with their guests seems to have been carried to an excess in former times, of which, from the change of manners, we can now hardly form an idea. See a note on the subject in The Lover's Progress, vol. XIII.

Three little children; one of them was mine,
Upon my conscience; th' other two are Pagans![1]
Jac. 'Twere good she had a little foolish money,
To rub the time away with.
Host. Not a rag,[2]
Not a denier: No; let her spin, a' God's name,
And raise her house again.
Jac. Thou shalt not die though.—
Boy, see your master safe delivered;
He's ready to lie in.
Host. Good night!
Jac. Good morrow!
Drink till the cow come home, 'tis all paid, boys.
Lod. A pox of sack!
Host. Marry, God bless my butts! Sack is a jewel;
'Tis comfortable, gentlemen.
Jac More beer, boy;
Very sufficient single beer.
Boy. Here, sir.
How is it, gentlemen?
Jac. But even so so.
Host. Go before finely, Robin, and prepare
My wife; bid her be right and straight; I come, boy.
And, sirrah, if they quarrel, let 'em use
Their own discretions, by all means, and stir not;
And he that's kill'd shall be as sweetly buried.--
Captain, adieu! adieu, sweet bully Captain!
One kiss before I die, one kiss!
Jac. Farewell, boy!

[1] *Th' other two are Pagans.*] In the second part of Henry IV., act ii. scene ii. Prince Henry, enquiring concerning Doll Tearsheet, says, "What *Pagan* may that be?" upon which passage Mr Steevens remarks, that "*Pagan* seems to have been a cant term implying irregularity, either of birth or manners;" and to prove it, cites these two lines of our author.—*Reed.*

[2] *Rag.*] A cant term this for a *farthing.*—*Sympson.*

Host. All my sweet boys, farewell! [*Exit.*

Lod. Go sleep; you are drunk.

Jac. Come, gentlemen; I'll see you at your lodging.
You look not lustily; a quart more?

Lod. No, boy.

Piso. Get us a torch.

Boy. 'Tis day, sir.

Jac. That's all one.

Piso. Are not those the stars, thou scurvy boy?

Lod. Is not Charle-wain there? tell me that! there?

Jac. Yes.—
I have paid 'em truly.—Do not vex him, sirrah.

Piso. Confess it, boy; or, as I live, I'll beat
Midnight into thy brains.

Boy. I do confess it.

Piso. Then live; and draw more small beer presently.

Jac. Come, boys, let's hug together, and be loving,
And sing, and do brave things. Cheerly, my hearts!
A pox o' being sad! Now could I fly,
And turn the world about upon my finger.
Come, ye shall love me; I'm an honest fellow:
Hang care and fortune! we are friends.

Lod. No, Captain.[3]

Jac. Do not you love me? I love you two dearly.

Piso. No, by no means; you are a fighting captain,
And kill up such poor people as we are by th' dozens.

Lod. As they kill flies with fox-tails, Captain.

Jac. Well, sir?

Lod. Methinks now, as I stand, the Captain shews

[3] There is something both comic and natural in the two cowardly knaves becoming surly in their cups.

To be a very merciful young man.
And pr'ythee, Piso, let me have thy opinion.
Piso. Then he shall have mercy that merciful is,
Or all the painters are Apocrypha.
Jac. I am glad you have your wits yet. Will ye go?
Piso. You had best say we are drunk.
Jac. Ye are.
Lod. You lie!
Jac. Ye are rascals, drunken rascals!
Piso. 'Tis sufficient.
Jac. And now I'll tell you why, before I beat ye:
You have been tampering any time these three days,
Thus to disgrace me.
Piso. That's a lie too.
Jac. Well, sir!
Yet, I thank God, I have turn'd your points on you;
For which I'll spare ye somewhat, half a beating.
Piso. I'll make you fart fire, Captain, by this hand.
An ye provoke—Do not provoke, I'd wish you.
Jac. How do you like this? [*Beats them.*
Lod. Sure I am enchanted.
Piso. Stay till I draw——
Jac. Dispatch then; I am angry.
Piso. And thou shalt see how suddenly I'll kill thee.
Jac. Thou dar'st not draw. Ye cold, tame, mangy cowards,
Ye drunken rogues, can nothing make ye valiant?
Not wine, nor beating?
Lod. If this way be suffer'd——
'Tis very well!
Jac. Go; there's your way; go and sleep!
I have pity on you; you shall have the rest
To-morrow when we meet.
Piso. Come, Lodovic:

He's monstrous drunk now; there's no talking with him.

Jac. I am so; when I am sober, I'll do more.
Boy, where's mine host?

[*Exeunt* LODOVICO *and* PISO.

Boy. He's on his bed, asleep, sir. [*Exit.*

Jac. Let him alone then. Now am I high proof
For any action; now could I fight bravely,
And charge into a wildfire; or I could love
Any man living now, or any woman,
Or indeed any creature that loves sack,
Extremely, monstrously: I am so loving,
Just at this instant, that I might be brought,
(I feel it) with a little labour, now to talk
With a justice of peace, that to my nature
I hate next an ill sword. I will do
Some strange brave thing now; and I have it here:
Pray God the air keep out! I feel it buzzing.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Frederick's *House.*

Enter FREDERICK, CLORA, *and* FRANK *walking alone.*

Clora. She loves him too much; that's the plain truth, Frederick;
For which, if I might be believed, I think her
A strange forgetter of herself: There's Julio,
Or twenty more——

Fred. In your eye, I believe you;
But, credit me, the Captain is a man,
Lay but his rough affections by, as worthy——.
Clora. So is a resty jade a horse of service,
If he would leave his nature. Give me one,
By your leave sir, to make a husband of,
Not to be wean'd, when I should marry him:
Methinks, a man is misery enough.
Fred. You are too bitter. I would not have him worse;
Yet I shall see you hamper'd one day, lady,
I do not doubt it, for this heresy.
Clora. I'll burn before!—[*To* FRANK.] Come, pr'ythee leave this sadness,
This walking by thyself to see the devil,
This mumps, this *lachrymæ*,[4] this love in sippets;
It fits thee like a French hood.
Frank. Does it so?
I am sure it fits thee to be ever talking,
And nothing to the purpose: Take up quickly;
Thy wit will founder of all four else, wench,
If thou hold'st this pace: take up, when I bid thee.
Clora. Before your brother? fy!
Fred. I can endure it.

Enter JACOMO, *drunk.*

Clora. Here's Raw-head come again. Lord, how he looks!
Pray God we 'scape with broken pates!
Frank. Were I he,
Thou shouldst not want thy wish. He has been drinking;
Has he not, Frederick?

[4] *Lachrymæ.*] This is one of the very numerous allusions to John Douland's musical work, so entitled. See vol VII. p. 15, and Mr Gifford's Massinger, III. 225.

Fred. Yes; but do not find it.

Clora. Peace, and let's hear his wisdom.

Fred. You will mad him.

Jac. I am somewhat bold, but that's all one.

Clora. A short
And pithy saying of a soldier.

Frank. As I live,
Thou art a strange mad wench!

Clora. To make a parson.

Jac. Ladies, I mean to kiss you——

Clora. How he wipes
His mouth, like a young preacher! We shall have it.

Jac. In order as you lie before me: First,
I will begin with you.

Frank With me, sir?

Jac. Yes.

Frank. If you will promise me to kiss in ease,
I care not if I venture.

Jac. I'll kiss according to mine own inventions,
As I shall see cause; sweetly I would wish you.
I love you. [*Kisses her.*

Frank. Do you, sir?

Jac. Yes, indeed do I;
'Would I could tell you how!

Frank. I would you would, sir!

Jac. I would to God I could; but 'tis sufficient,
I love you with my heart.

Frank. Alas, poor heart!

Jac. And I am sorry,—but we'll talk of that
Hereafter, if't please God.

Frank. Even when you will, sir.

Clora. He's dismal drunk; would he were muzzled!

Jac. You,
I take it, are the next.

Frank. Go to him, fool.

Clora. Not I; a' will bite me.

Jac. When, wit? when?

Clora. Good Captain!

Jac. Nay, an you play bo-peep, I'll ha' no mercy, But catch as catch may.

Fred Nay, I'll not defend you.

Clora. Good Captain, do not hurt me! I am sorry That e'er I anger'd you.

Jac. I'll tew you for't, By this hand, wit, unless you kiss discreetly.

[*Kisses her.*

Clora. No more, sir.

Jac. Yes, a little more, sweet wit; One taste more o' your office. Go thy ways, With thy small kettle-drums; upon my conscience, Thou art the best that e'er man laid his leg o'er.

Clora. He smells just like a cellar: Fy upon him!

Jac. Sweet lady, now to you.

[*Going to* FREDERICK.

Clora. For love's sake, kiss him.

Fred. I shall not keep my countenance.

Frank. Try, pr'ythee.

Jac. Pray be not coy, sweet woman; for I'll kiss you. I am blunt; but you must pardon me.

Clora. Oh, God, my sides!

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Jac. Why ha, ha, ha? why laugh? Why all this noise, sweet ladies?

Clora. Lusty Lawrence,[5] See what a sweet gentlewoman you have saluted: Pray God, she prove not quick!

Fred. Where were thine eyes, To take me for a woman? ha, ha, ha!

Jac. Who art'a? art'a mortal?

[5] *Lusty Lawrence.*] This proverbial expression has already occurred in The Woman's Prize, vol. VI p. 277.

Fred. I am Frederick.

Jac. Then Frederick is an ass, a scurvy Frederick,
To laugh at me.

Frank. Sweet Captain!

Jac. Away, woman!
Go stitch, and serve God; I despise thee, woman!
And Frederick shall be beaten.—'Sblood, you rogue,
Have you none else to make your puppies of
But me?

Fred. I pr'ythee be more patient;
There's no hurt done.

Jac. 'Sblood, but there shall be, scab! [*Draws.*

Clora. Help, help, for love's sake!

Frank. Who's within there?

Fred. So!
Now you have made a fair hand.

Jac. Why?

Fred. You have kill'd me. [*Falls as killed.*

Clora. Call in some officers, and stay the Captain!

Jac. You shall not need.

Clora. This is your drunkenness!

Frank. Oh, me! unhappy brother Frederick!
Look but upon me; do not part so from me!
Set him a little higher. He is dead!

Clora. Oh, villain, villain!

Enter Fabritio *and Servants.*

Fab. How now! what's the matter?

Frank. Oh, sir, my brother! Oh, my dearest brother!

Clora. This drunken trough has kill'd him.

Fab. Kill'd him?

Clora. Yes.
For Heaven's sake,[6] hang him quickly! he will do

[6] *For* heaven God *sake.*] So the first folio. The text is from the second.

Every day such a murder else. There's nothing
But a strong gallows that can make him quiet;
I find it in his nature too late.

Fab. Pray be quiet;
Let me come to him.

Clora. Some go for a surgeon!

Frank. Oh, what a wretched woman has he made me!
Let me alone, good sir!

Fab. To what a fortune
Hast thou reserved thy life!

Jac. Fabritio.

Fab. Never entreat me; for I will not know thee,
Nor utter one word for thee, unless it be
To have thee hang'd.—For God sake, be more temperate!

Jac. I have a sword still, and I am a villain!
[*Offers to kill himself.*

Clora, &c. Hold, hold, hold!

Jac. Ha![7]
[*Servants lay hold on him; he struggles.*

Clora. Away with him, for Heaven's sake!
He is too desperate for our enduring.

Fab. Come, you shall sleep; come, strive not;
I'll have it so. Here, take him to his lodging;
And see him laid before you part.

Serv. We will, sir.
[*Exeunt* JACOMO *and Servants.*

Fred. Ne'er wonder; I am living yet, and well.
I thank you, sister, for your grief; pray keep it
Till I am fitter for it.

[7] Jac. *Ha?* Exit.] So, without authority, reads Sympson; but it is impossible the author should intend Jacomo to *depart* here, when Fabritio's next speech is partly addressed *to him*, and partly to the servants, directing them to "take him to his lodging;" by which speech, also, we understand that *he struggled* with them.—J. d. 1778.

Fab. Do you live, sir?

Fred. Yes; but 'twas time to counterfeit, he was grown
To such a madness in his wine.

Fab. 'Twas well, sir,
You had that good respect unto his temper,
That no worse followed.

Fred. If I had stood him,
Certain one of us must have perish'd. How now, Frank?

Frank. Beshrew my heart, I tremble like an aspen!

Clora. Let him come here no more, for Heaven's sake,
Unless he be in chains.

Frank. I would fain see him
After he has slept, Fabritio, but to try
How he will be. Chide him, and bring him back.

Clora. You'll never leave, till you be worried with him.

Frank. Come, brother; we'll walk in, and laugh a little,
To get this fever off me.

Clora. Hang him, squib!
Now could I grind him into priming powder.

Frank. Pray will you leave your fooling?

Fab. Come, all friends.

Frank. Thou art enough to make an age of men so,
Thou art so cross and peevish.[8]

[8] *Come, all friends.*
Frank. *Thou art enough to make an age of men* so,
Thou art so cross and peevish.] "This seems," says Mr Sympson, "to be as odd a reason as well could be given to confirm the line above:" And he supposes that "some line or lines have been dropt."—The first copy is much confused in this scene: it never mentions the departure of Jacomo; but on Fabritio's saying,

Fab. I will chide him;
And, if he be not graceless, make him cry for't.
Clora. I would go a mile (to see him cry) in slippers,
He would look so like a whey-cheese.
Frank 'Would we might see him once more!
Fab. If you dare
Venture a second trial of his temper,
I make no doubt to bring him.
Clora. No, good Frank,
Let him alone: I see his vein lies only
For falling out at wakes and bear-baitings,
That may express him sturdy.
Fab. Now, indeed,
You are too sharp, sweet sister; for unless
It be this sin, which is enough to drown him,
I mean this sourness, he's as brave a fellow,
As forward, and as understanding else,
As any he that lives.
Frank. I do believe you;
And, good sir, when you see him, if we have
Distasted his opinion any way,
Make peace again.
Fab. I will. I'll leave ye, ladies.
Clora. Take heed! you had best; he has sworn to pay you else.

" Come, all friends," it says, *Exeunt*, as if all were to depart, though Fabritio and the two ladies continue conversing.—The alteration of *so* to *sore* (which we have made) destroys the absurdity which Sympson complains of, and which every one must see.—Ed. 1778.

This is a most evident alteration for the worse, for the text is perfect sense, and far better than the prosaic and feeble reading of the last editors. The word *so* may either refer to Jacomo and Frank, and may mean, thou, (*i. e.* Clora) art enough to make an age of men so, *i. e.* as mad as he is; or we may adopt Mason's interpretation—" You are so cross and peevish, you are enough to make an age of men so."

Fab. I warrant you; I have been often threaten'd.
Clora. When he comes next, I have the cough, or tooth-ach,
Or something that shall make me keep my chamber;
I love him so well.
Frank. 'Would you would keep your tongue!
[*Exeunt*.

SCENE IV.[9]

The Street before Lelia's *House.*

Enter Angelo.

Ang. I cannot keep from this ungodly woman,
This Lelia; whom I know too, yet am caught;
Her looks are nothing like her: 'Would her faults
Were all in Paris print upon her face,
Cum privilegio to use 'em still!
I would write an epistle
Before it, on the inside of her mask,
And dedicate it to the whore of Babylon;
With a preface upon her nose to the gentle reader
And they should be to be sold

[9] *Scene IV.*] The measure of this scene (till the entrance of the Father) is, in all editions prior to that of 1750, divided extremely bad; Mr Sympson then made a new division of the lines, which seems to us far from satisfactory. We have endeavoured to make out a better and more natural one.—Ed. 1778.

This, and some other scenes in the sequel, are so loosely versified, though certainly many regular lines occur, that I suspect they were originally written in prose, and that the poet, being accustomed to write in metre, forgot his resolution occasionally, and introduced some regular verses.

At the sign of the Whore's Head i' th' Pottage-pot,
In what street you please. But all this helps not me!
I am made to be thus catch'd, past any redress,
With a thing I contemn too. I have read Epictetus
Twice over against the desire of these outward things;
And still her face runs in my mind: I went
To say my prayers, and they were so laid out o' th' way,
That if I could find any prayers I had,
I am no Christian. This is the door, and the short is,
I must see her again. [*He knocks.*

Enter Maid.

Maid. Who's there?
Ang. 'Tis I:
I would speak with your mistress.
Maid. Did she send for you?
Ang. No; what then? I would see her. Pr'ythee, by thy leave!
Maid. Not by my leave; for she will not see you, but doth hate
You and your friend, and doth wish you both hang'd;
Which, being so proper men, is great pity
That you are not.
Ang. How is this?
Maid. For your sweet self, in particular,
Who she resolves persuaded your friend to neglect her,
She deemeth whipcord the most convenient unction,
For your back and shoulders.
Ag. Let me in, I'll satisfy her.
Maid. And if it shall happen that you are in doubt
Of these my speeches, insomuch that you

Shall spend more time in arguing at the door,
I am fully persuaded that my mistress in person from above,
Will utter her mind more at large, by way
Of urine upon your head, that it may sink
The more soundly into your understanding faculties.

Ang. This is the strangest thing! Good pretty soul,
Why dost thou use me so? I pray thee
Let me in, sweet-heart!

Maid. Indeed I cannot, sweet-heart!

Ang. Thou art a handsome one, and this crossness
Does not become thee.

Maid. Alas, I cannot help it.

Ang. Especially to me: Thou know'st when I was here,
I said I liked thee of all thy mistress' servants.

Maid. So did I you; though it be not my fortune
To express it at this present; for truly,
If you would cry, I cannot let you in.

Ang. [*Apart*.] Pox on her! I must go the downright way.—Look you,
Here is ten pound for you, let me speak with her.

Maid. I like your gold well, but it is a thing,
By Heaven, I cannot do! She will not speak with you,
Especially at this time; she has affairs.

Ang. [*Apart*.] This makes her leave her jesting yet.—But take it,
And let me see her; bring me to a place
Where, undiscerned of herself, I may
Feed my desiring eyes but half-an-hour.

Maid. Why, 'faith, I think I can; and I will stretch
My wits and body too for gold. If you will swear,

As you are gentle, not to stir or speak,
Whatever[1] you shall see or hear, now or hereafter—
Give me your gold: I'll plant you.
Ang. Why, as I am a gentleman,
I will not.
Maid. Enough. Quick! follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Why, where's this maid? She has much care of her business!
Nell! I think she be sunk! Why, Nell! whiew!
Maid. [*Within.*] What's the matter?

Enter Maid.

Serv. I pray you heartily come away!
Oh, come, come. The gentleman my mistress invited
Is coming down the street, and the banquet
Not yet brought out! [*They bring in the banquet.*
Lelia. [*Within.*] Nell, sirrah!
Maid. I come forsooth. [*Exit.*
Serv. Now must I walk:
When there is any fleshly matters in hand,
My mistress sends me of a four hours' errand:
But if I go not about mine own bodily business
As well as she, I am a Turk. [*Exit.*

[1] Where *you shall.*] Varied by Sympson.

SCENE V.

A Room within the House, with a Gallery: a Banquet set out.

Enter Father, in his disguise as a Soldier.

Father. What! all wide open? 'Tis the way to sin,
Doubtless; but I must on; the gates of hell
Are not more passable than these: How they
Will be to get out, God knows; I must try.
'Tis very strange! If there be any life
Within this house, 'would it would shew itself!
What's here? a banquet? and no mouth to eat,
Or bid me do it? This is something like
The entertainment of adventurous knights
Entering enchanted castles; for the manner,
Though there be nothing dismal to be seen,
Amazes me a little. What is meant
By this strange invitation? I will sound
My daughter's meaning ere I speak to her,
If it be possible; for by my voice [*Music.*
She will discover me. Hark! whence is this?

THE SONG.[2]

Come hither, you that love, and hear me sing
Of joys still growing,
Green, fresh and lusty, as the pride of spring,
And ever blowing.

[2] 'Tis a sufficient compliment to this song, that Mr Killigrew has inserted it in his Thomaso, or Merry Wanderer.—*Sympson.*

Come hither, youths that blush, and dare not know
What is desire,
And old men, worse than you, that cannot blow
One spark of fire.
And with the power of my enchanting song,
Boys shall be able men, and old men young.

Enter ANGELO *on the Gallery.*

Come hither, you that hope, and you that cry;
Leave off complaining;
Youth, strength, and beauty, that shall never die,
Are here remaining.
Come hither, fools, and blush you stay so long
From being blest,
And mad men worse than you, that suffer wrong,
Yet seek no rest.
And in an hour, with my enchanting song,
You shall be ever pleased, and young maids long.

Enter LELIA *and Maid, with Night-gown and Slippers.*

Lelia. Sir, you are welcome hither! as this kiss,
Given with a larger freedom than the use
Of strangers will admit, shall witness to you.—
Put the gown on him.—In this chair sit down.—
Give him his slippers.—Be not so amazed:
[*Drinks.*
Here's to your health! and you shall feel this wine
Stir lively in me, in the dead of night.—
Give him some wine.—Fall to your banquet, sir;
And let us grow in mirth. Though I am set
Now thus far off you, yet, four glasses hence,
I will sit here, and try, till both our bloods
Shoot up and down to find a passage out;

Then mouth to mouth will we walk up to bed,
And undress one another as we go;
Where both my treasure, body, and my soul,
Are yours to be disposed of.

Father. Umh! umh!

[*Makes signs of his white head and beard.*

Lelia. You are old?
Is that your meaning? Why, you are to me
The greater novelty; all our fresh youth
Are daily offer'd me. Though you perform,
As you think, little, yet you satisfy
My appetite; from your experience
I may learn something in the way of lust
I may be better for. But I can teach
These young ones: But this day I did refuse
A pair of them, Julio and Angelo,
And told them they were, as they were, raw fools
And whelps. [Angelo *makes discontented signs.*

Maid. Pray God he speak not!

[*Maid lays her finger across her mouth to him.*

Lelia. Why speak you not,
Sweet sir?

Father. Umh!

[*Stops his ears; shews he is troubled with the music.*

Lelia. Peace there, that music!—Now sir,
Speak to me.

Father. Umh! [*Points at the Maid.*

Lelia. Why? would you have her gone?
You need not keep your freedom in for her;
She knows my life, that she might write it; think
She is a stone: She is a kind of bawdy confessor,
And will not utter secrets.

Father. Umh! [*Points at her again.*

Lelia. Be gone then,
Since he needs will have it so. 'Tis all one.

[*Exit Maid. Father locks the door.*

Is all now as you would? Come, meet me then;

And bring a thousand kisses on thy lips,
And I will rob thee of 'em, and yet leave
Thy lips as wealthy as they were before.

Father. [*Discovering himself.*] Yes, all is as I would, but thou!

Lelia. By Heaven,
It is my father! [*Starts.*

Father. And I do beseech thee
Leave these unheard-of lusts, which worse become thee
Than mocking of thy father. Let thine eyes
Reflect upon thy soul, and there behold
How loathed black it is; and whereas now
Thy face is heavenly fair, but thy mind foul,
Go but into thy closet, and there cry
Till thou hast spoil'd that face, and thou shalt find
How excellent a change thou wilt have made,
For inward beauty.

Lelia. Though I know him now [*Aside.*
To be my father, never let me live
If my lust do abate! I'll take upon me
To have known him all this while.

Father. Look! dost thou know me?

Lelia. I knew you, sir, before.

Father. What didst thou do?

Lelia. Knew you: And so unmovedly have you borne
All the sad crosses that I laid upon you,
With such a noble temper, which indeed
I purposely cast on you, to discern
Your carriage in calamity, and you
Have undergone 'em with that brave contempt,
That I have turn'd the reverence of a child
Into the hot affection of a lover:
Nor can there on the earth be found, but yours,
A spirit fit to meet with mine.

Father. A woman?

Thou art not, sure!
Lelia. Look and believe.
Father. Thou art
Something created to succeed the devil,
When he grows weary of his envious course,
And compassing the world. But I believe thee;
Thou didst but mean to try my patience,
And dost so still: But better be advised,
And make thy trial with some other things
That safelier will admit a dalliance:
And if it should be earnest, understand
How curs'd thou art! so far from Heaven, that thou
Believ'st it not enough to damn alone,
Or with a stranger, but wouldst heap all sins
Unnatural upon this aged head;
And draw thy father to thy bed, and hell!
Lelia. You are deceived, sir; 'tis not against nature
For us to lie together: If you have
An arrow of the same tree with your bow,
Is't more unnatural to shoot it there
Than in another? 'Tis our general nature
To procreate, as fire's is to consume;
And it will trouble you to find a stick
The fire will turn from. If't be Nature's will
We should not mix, she will discover to us
Some most apparent crossness, as our organs
Will not be fit; which if we do perceive
We'll leave, and think it is her pleasure
That we should deal with others.
Father. The doors are fast;
Thou shalt not say a prayer! 'tis not God's will
Thou shouldst. When this is done, I'll kill myself,
That never man may tell me I got thee.
[*Father draws his sword;* Angelo *discovers himself.*

Lelia. I pray you, sir!—Help there!—for God's sake, sir!

Ang. Hold, reverend sir! for honour of your age!

Father. Who's that?

Ang. For safety of your soul, and of the soul
Of that too-wicked woman yet to die!

Father. What art thou? and how cam'st thou to that place?

Ang. I am a man so strangely hither come,
That I have broke an oath in speaking this;
But I believe 'twas better broke than kept,
And I desire your patience. Let me in,
And I protest I will not hinder you
In any act you wish, more than by word.
If so I can persuade you, that I will not
Use violence, I'll throw my sword down to you.
This house holds none but I, only a maid,
Whom I will lock fast in, as I come down.

Father. I do not know thee; but thy tongue doth seem
To be acquainted with the truth so well
That I will let thee in: Throw down thy sword.

Ang. There 'tis!

[*Throws down his sword, and exit.*

Lelia. How came he there? I am betray'd to shame!
The fear of sudden death struck me all over
So violently, that I scarce have breath
To speak yet: But I have it in my head,
And out it shall, that, Father, may perhaps
O'er-reach you yet.

[*Father lets in* ANGELO, *and locks the door.*

Father. Come, sir; what is't you say?

Lelia. My Angelo! By all the joys of love,
Thou art as welcome, as these pliant arms
Twined round, and fast about thee, can persuade thee!

Ang. Away!

Lelia. I was in such a fright before thou cam'st!
Yon old mad fellow (it will make thee laugh,
Though it fear'd me)[3] has talk'd so wildly here!
Sirrah, he rush'd in at my doors, and swore
He was my father, and, I think, believed it:
But that he had a sword, and threaten'd me,
I'faith he was good sport. Good, thrust him out,
That thou and I may kiss together; wilt thou?

Father. Are you her companion? and with these fair words,
Got in to rescue her from me?

[*Offers to run at him.*

Ang. Hold, sir!
I swear I do not harbour such a thought:
I speak it not for that you have two swords,
But for 'tis truth.

Lelia. Two swords, my Angelo?
Think this, that thou hast two young brawny arms
And ne'er a sword, and he has two good swords
And ne'er an arm to use 'em: Rush upon him!
I could have beaten him with this weak body,
If I had had the spirit of a man.

Ang. Stand from me, and leave talking, or by Heaven
I'll trample thy last damning word out of thee!

Father. Why do you hinder me then? stand away,
And I will rid her quickly.

Lelia. 'Would I were
Clear of this business! yet I cannot pray.

Ang. Oh, be advised! Why, you were better kill her,
If she were good. Convey her from this place,

[3] *Though it* feared *me*.] *i. e.* terrified me. The word was anciently used actively as well as passively.

Where none but you, and such as you appoint,
May visit her; where let her hear of nought
But death and damning, (which she hath deserved)
Till she be truly, justly sorrowful;
And then, lay mercy to her, who does know
But she may mend?

Father. But whither should I bear her?

Ang. To my house;
'Tis large and private; I will lend it you.

Father. I thank you, sir; and happily it fits
With some design I have. But how shall we
Convey her——

Lelia. Will they carry me away?

Father. For she will scratch and kick, and scream so loud
That people will be drawn to rescue her.

Ang. Why none can hear her here, but her own maid,
Who is as fast as she.

Father. But in the street?

Ang. Why, we will take 'em both into the kitchen,
There bind 'em, and then gag 'em, and then throw 'em
Into a coach I'll bring to the back-door,
And hurry 'em away.

Father. It shall be so.
I owe you much for this, and I may pay you:
There is your sword. Lay hold upon her quickly.
—This way with me, thou disobedient child!
Why does thy stubborn heart beat at thy breast?
Let it be still; for I will have it search'd
Till I have found a well of living tears
Within it, that shall spring out of thine eyes,
And flow all o'er thy body foul'd with sin,
Till it have wash'd it quite without a stain.

Lelia. Help! help! ah ah! Murder! I shall be murder'd! [*They drag her.*
I shall be murdered!

Father. This helps thee not.

Lelia. Basely murder'd, basely!

Father. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter LODOVICO *and* PISO.

Lod. This roguy Captain has made fine work with us.

Piso. I would the devil in a storm would carry him
Home to his garrison again. I ache all over,
That I am sure of! Certainly my body
Is of a wildfire,[4] for my head rings backward,
Or else I have a morris in my brains.

[4] *Is of a wildfire.*] So the old copies. The reading in the text (*all* for *of*) is from Mr Seward's conjecture, who thinks it much more agreeable to the tenor of this speech.—*Sympson.*

We believe the reading of the old copies right; meaning, *My body is* (MADE) of *a wildfire.*—Ed. 1778.

Lod. I'll deal no more with soldiers. Well remember'd;
Did not the vision promise to appear
About this time again?
Piso. Yes. Here he comes:
He's just on's word.

Enter Father.

Father. Oh, they be here together.
She's penitent; and, by my troth, I stagger
Whether, as now she is, either of these
Two fools be worthy of her: Yet, because
Her youth is prone to fall again, ungovern'd,
And marriage now may stay her, one of 'em
(And Piso, since I understand him abler)
Shall be the man; the other bear the charges,
And willingly, as I will handle it.
I have a ring here, which he shall believe
Is sent him from a woman I have thought of:
But ere I leave it, I'll have one of his
In pawn worth two on't; for I will not lose
By such a mess of sugar-sops as this is;
I am too old.

I think Sympson right in reading "*all* a wildfire; and the allusion is to the practice of ringing bells in an unusual manner when a fire happens in a town."—*Mason.*

The old text, as explained by the editors of 1778, should not be disturbed. As to Mason's conjecture, there may be some truth in it, but it by no means proves the propriety of Sympson's variation. *Wildfire* cannot allude to a fire in a town, though the ringing backwards possibly may; for Piso varies the metaphor not only in this line, but in the next, where he applies the ringing in his head to the bells sounding at the feet and on the arms and caps of morris-dancers. The latter have been so much the subject of ingenious disquisition lately, (particularly in the work of my friend Mr Douce,) that it is presumed the readers of Beaumont and Fletcher are sufficiently acquainted with them.

Lod. It moves again; let's meet it.

Father. Now, if I be not out, we shall have fine sport.—
I am glad I have met you, sir, so happily;
You do remember me, I am sure.

Lod. I do, sir.

Piso This is a short preludium to a challenge.

Father. I have a message, sir, that much concerns you,
And for your special good. Nay, you may hear too.

Piso. What should this fellow mean?

Father. There is a lady—
How the poor thing begins to warm already— [*Aside.*
Come to this town, (as yet a stranger here, sir)
Fair, young, and rich, both in possessions,
And all the graces that make up a woman,
A widow, and a virtuous one.—It works;
He needs no broth upon't. [*Aside.*

Lod. What of her, sir?

Father. No more but this; she loves you.

Lod. Loves me?

Father. Yes;
And with a strong affection, but a fair one.
If you be wise and thankful, you are made:
There's the whole matter.

Lod. I am sure I hear this.

Father. Here is a ring, sir, of no little value;
Which, after she had seen you at a window,
She bade me haste, and give it; when she blush'd
Like a blown rose.

Lod. But pray, sir, by your leave—
Methinks your years should promise no ill meaning.

Father. I am no bawd, nor cheater, nor a courser[5]

[5] *Nor a* coarser.] Though I have changed *coarser* to *courser*, as we commonly pronounce it, yet I fancy we ought to make a

Of broken-winded women: If you fear me,
I'll take my leave, and let my lady use
A fellow of more form; an honester
I am sure she cannot.
Lod. Stay! you have confirm'd me:
Yet let me feel; you are in health?
Father. I hope so;
My water's well enough, and my pulse.
Lod. Then
All may be excellent. Pray pardon me;
For I am like a boy that had found money,
Afraid I dream still.
Piso. Sir, what kind of woman,
Of what proportion, is your lady?
Lod. Ay?
Father. I'll tell you presently her very picture:
Do you know a woman in this town they call—
Stay; yes; it is so—Lelia?
Piso. Not by sight.
Father. Nor you, sir?
Lod. Neither.

farther correction still, and for *courser* read *coser*, i. e. *mango*, a merchant or dealer in, &c. The word *cose*, in Scotch, signifying to change or barter. I am indebted to the ingenious and learned Mr Lye for this sense of the word. *Vid. Junii Etymologicon Anglicanum ad verbum cosed.*—*Sympson.*

Though Mr Sympson thus confidently says, '*I* HAVE CHANGED,' yet COURSER is the reading of the second folio; and is, as the context proves, evidently right; *a* COURSER *of* broken-winded *women.* —In the same style is his assertion, that, when Angelo (p. 228) is persuading Lelia's maid to admit him into the house, the other copies make Angelo say, *This crossness does become thee,* and that "he has inserted the particle NOT," which, however, appears in the second folio.——Ed. 1778.

Courser is the right reading. A horse-courser means a dealer in horses, who generally endeavours to part with those that are unsound. Jonson, in his Bartholomew-Fair, describes Jordan Knockem as a courser of horses.—*Mason.*

See Whalley's edition of this play of Ben Jonson, act iii. sc. iv.

Father. These are precious rogues, [*Aside.*
To rail upon a woman they ne'er saw:
So they would use their kindred.
Piso. We have heard, though,
She is very fair and goodly.
Father. Such another,
Just of the same complexion, making, speech,
(But a thought sweeter) is my lady.
Lod. Then
She must be excellent indeed.
Father. Indeed she is,
And you will find it so. You do believe me?
Lod. Yes, marry do I; and I am so alter'd——
Father. Your happiness will alter any man.
Do not delay the time, sir: At a house
Where Don Velasco lay, the Spanish signor,
Which now is signor Angelo's, she is.
Lod. I know it.
Father. But before you shew yourself,
Let it be night by all means; willingly
By day she would not have such gallants seen
Repair unto her; 'tis her modesty.
Lod. I'll go and fit myself.
Father. Do; and be sure
You send provision in, in full abundance,
Fit for the marriage; for this night, I know,
She will be yours. Sir, have you ne'er a token
Of worth to send her back again? You must;
She will expect it.
Lod. Yes; pray give her this, [*Gives a ring.*
And with it, all I have. I am made for ever!
[*Exit.*
Piso. Well, thou hast fool's luck. Should I live as long
As an old oak, and say my prayers hourly,
I should not be the better of a penny.
I think the devil be my ghostly father!

Upon my conscience, I am full as handsome;
I am sure I have more wit, and more performance,
Which is a pretty matter.
Father. Do you think, sir,
That your friend, Signor Piso, will be constant
Unto my lady? you should know him well.
Piso. Who? Signor Piso?
Father. Yes, the gentleman.
Piso. Why, you are wide, sir.
Father. Is not his name Piso?
Piso. No; mine is Piso.
Father. How!
Piso. It is indeed, sir;
And his is Lodovic.
Father. Then I'm undone, sir!
For I was sent at first to Piso. What a rascal
Was I, so ignorantly to mistake you!
Piso. Peace;
There is no harm done yet.
Father. Now 'tis too late,
I know my error: At turning of a street,
(For you were then upon the right-hand of him)
You changed your places suddenly; where I
(Like a cross blockhead [6]) lost my memory.
What shall I do? My lady utterly
Will put me from her favour.
Piso. Never fear it;
I'll be thy guard, I warrant thee. Oh, oh!
Am I at length reputed? For the ring,
I'll fetch it back with a light vengeance from him:
He had better keep tame devils than that ring.

[6] *A* cross *blockhead.*] I have a strong suspicion that *gross* was the original reading, *i. e.* what a great, stupid, dull, &c. blockhead was I?—*Sympson.*

Cross may perhaps be used by the poets in the sense of *blundering.*—Ed. 1778.

Art thou not steward?

Father. No.

Piso. Thou shalt be shortly.

Father. Lord, how he takes it! [*Aside.*

Piso. I'll go shift me straight.
Art sure it was to Piso?

Father. Oh, too sure, sir.

Piso. I'll mount thee, if I live, for't.—Give me patience,
Heaven, to bear this blessing, I beseech thee!
I am but man!—I pr'ythee break my head,
To make me understand I am sensible.

Father. Lend me your dagger, and I wll, sir.

Piso. No;
I believe now, like a good Christian.

Father. Good sir, make haste; I dare not go without you,
Since I have so mistaken.

Piso. 'Tis no matter:
Meet me within this half-hour at St Margaret's.—
Well, go thy ways, old leg! thou hast the trick on't. [*Exit.*

Enter Angelo *and* Julio.

Ang. How now! the news?

Father. Well, passing well; I have 'em
Both in a leash, and made right for my purpose.

Julio. I am glad on't. I must leave you.

Ang. Whither, man?

Julio. If all go right, I may be fast enough too.

Ang. I cry you mercy, sir! I know your meaning:
Clora's the woman; she's Frank's bedfellow.
Commend me to 'em; and go, Julio,
Bring 'em to supper all, to grace this matter:

They'll serve for witnesses.

Julio. I will. Farewell!

[*Exeunt* JULIO *at one Door;* ANGELO *and Father at another.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Frederick's *House.*

Enter CLORA, FRANK, FREDERICK, *and Maid.*

Fred. Sister, I brought you Jacomo to th' door:
He has forgot all that he said last night;
And shame of that makes him more loth to come.
I left Fabritio persuading him;
But 'tis in vain.

Frank. Alas, my fortune, Clora!

Clora. Now, Frank, see what a kind of man you love,
That loves you when he's drunk.

Frank. If so,
'Faith I would marry him: My friends, I hope,
Would make him drink.

Clora. 'Tis well consider'd, Frank,
He has such pretty humours then. Besides,
Being a soldier, 'tis better he should love you
When he's drunk, than when he's sober; for then
He will be sure to love you the greatest part on's life.

Frank. And were not I a happy woman then?

Clora. That ever was born, Frank, i'faith.

Fred. How now, what says he?

Enter FABRITIO.

Fab. 'Faith, you may
As well 'tice a dog up with a whip and bell,
As him by telling him of love and women:
He swears they mock him.
Fred. Look how my sister weeps.
Fab. Why, who can help it?
Fred. Yes, you may safely swear she loves him.
Fab. Why, so I did; and may do all the oaths
Arithmetic can make, ere he believe me;
And since he was last drunk, he is more jealous
They would abuse him. If we could persuade him
She loved, he would embrace it.
Fred. She herself
Shall bate so much of her own modesty,
To swear it to him, with such tears as now
You see rain from her.
Fab. I believe 'twould work;
But would you have her do't i' th' open street?
Or, if you would, he'll run away from her.
How shall we get him hither?
Fred. By entreaty.
Fab. 'Tis most impossible. No; if we could
Anger him hither, (as there is no way
But that to bring him) and then hold him fast,
Women and men, whilst she delivers to him
The truth seal'd with her tears, he would be pliant[7]
As a pleased child. He walks below for me,
Under the window.
Clora. We'll anger him, I warrant ye:
Let one o' th' maids take a good bowl of water,

[7] *He would be* plain.] *Plain* being evidently corrupt, Mr Seward proposes to read *pliant;* and Mr Sympson, *fain*, i. e. (upon authority of Spenser) *fond.* We think this very uncouth, and that Seward's conjecture is much more plausible.—Ed. 1778.

Or say it be a piss-pot, and pour't on's head.

Fab. Content! Hang me, if I like not
The cast on't rarely; for no question
'Tis an approved receipt to fetch such a fellow.
Take all the woman-kind in this house, betwixt
The age of one and one hundred, and let them
Take unto them a pot or a bowl, containing
Seven quarts or upwards, and let them never leave
Till the above-named pot or bowl become full;
Then let one of them stretch out her arm, and pour it
On his head, and, *probatum est*, 'twill fetch him;
For in his anger he will run up, and then
Let us alone.

Clora. Go you and do it. [*Exit Maid.*

Frank. Good Clora, no.

Clora. Away, I say, and do it. Never fear;
We have enough of that water ready distill'd.

Frank. Why, this will make him mad, Fabritio;
He'll neither love me drunk, nor sober, now.

Fab. I warrant you. What, is the wench come up?

Enter Maid above.

Clora. Art thou there, wench?

Maid. Ay.

Fab. Look out then
If thou canst see him.

Maid. Yes, I see him; and by my troth
He stands so fair, I could not hold, were he
My father. His hat's off too, and he's scratching
His head.

Fab. Oh, wash that hand, I pr'ythee.

Maid. God send thee good luck!
'Tis the second time I have thrown thee out to-day.
—Ha, ha, ha! just on's head.

Frank. Alas!

Fab. What does he now?

Maid. He gathers stones; God's light, he breaks all the street-windows!

Jac. [*Within.*] Whores! bawds! your windows, your windows!

Maid. Now he is breaking
All the low windows with his sword: Excellent sport!
Now he's beating a fellow that laugh'd at him;
Truly the man takes it patiently: Now he goes
Down the street gravely, looking on each side;
There's not one more dare laugh.

Frank. Does he go on?

Maid. Yes.

Frank. Fabritio, you have undone a maid [*Kneels.*
By treachery; know you some other better,
You would prefer your friend to? If you do not,
Bring him again! I have no other hope
But you, that made me lose hope; if you fail me,
I ne'er shall see him, but shall languish out
A discontented life, and die contemn'd.

Fab. This vexes me! I pray you be more patient.
If I have any truth, let what will happen, [*Lifts her up.*
I'll bring him presently. Do you all stand
At the street-door, the maids, and all, to watch
When I come back, and have some private place
To shuffle me into; for he shall follow
In fury, but I know I can out run him:
As he comes in, clap all fast hold on him,
And use your own discretions.

Fred. We will do it.

Fab. But suddenly; for I will bring him hither,
With that unstopp'd speed, that he shall run over
All that's in's way: And though my life be ventured,

'Tis no great matter, I will do't.
Frank. I thank you,
Worthy Fabritio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter JACOMO.

Jac. I ever knew no woman could abide me;
But am I grown so contemptible,
By being once drunk amongst 'em, that they begin
To throw piss on my head? for surely it was piss:
Huh, huh! [*Semlls.*

Enter FABRITIO.

Fab. Jacomo, how dost thou?
Jac. Well; something troubled
With watrish humours.
Fab. Foh! how thou stink'st!
Pr'ythee stand further off me. Methinks these humours
Become thee better than thy dry choleric humours,
Or thy wine-wet humours. Ha!
Jac. You are pleasant;
But, Fabritio, know I am not in the mood
Of suffering jests.
Fab. If you be not i' th' mood,
I hope you will not be moody. But truly
I cannot blame the gentlewomen; you stood eves-dropping

Under their window, and would not come up.
Jac. Sir, I suspect now, by your idle talk,
Your hand was in't; which, if I once believe,
Be sure you shall account to me.
Fab. The gentlewomen and the maids have counted
To you already; the next turn I see is mine.
Jac. Let me die, but this is very strange! Good Fabritio,
Do not provoke me so.
Fab. Provoke you? You're grown
The strangest fellow! there's no keeping company with you.
Pish! take you that.
[FABRITIO *gives him a box o' th' ear.* JACOMO *draws his sword.*
Jac. Oh, all the devils! Stand, slave!
Fab. Follow me if thou dar'st. [*Exit.*
Jac. Stay, coward, stay! [*Exit running.*

SCENE IV.

The Room in Frederick's *House.*

Enter FREDERICK, FRANK, CLORA, *Servant, and Maid.*

Clora. Be ready; for I see Fabritio running,
And Jacomo behind him.

Enter FABRITIO.

Fab. Where's the place?
Fred. That way, Fabritio. [*Exit* FABRITIO.

Enter JACOMO.

Jac. Where art thou, treacher?[8]

[FREDERICK, CLORA, *and Maid, lay hold on* JACOMO.

What's the matter, sirs?
Why do you hold me? I am basely wrong'd!
Torture and hell be with you! let me go!

[*They drag him to a chair, and hold him down in it.*

Fred. Good Jacomo, be patient; and but hear
What I can say: You know I am your friend;
If you yet doubt it, by my soul I am.

Jac. 'Sdeath, stand away! I would my breath were poison!

Fred. As I have life, that which was thrown on you,
And this now done, were but to draw you hither
For causes weighty, that concern yourself,
Void of all malice; which this maid, my sister,
Shall tell you.

Jac. Puh! a pox upon you all! you will not hold me
For ever here; and, till you let me go,
I'll talk no more.

Frank. As you're a gentleman, [*Kneels.*
Let not this boldness make me be believed
To be immodest! If there were a way
More silently to be acquainted with you,
God knows, that I would chuse; but as it is,
Take it in plainness: I do love you more
Than you do your content. If you refuse
To pity me, I'll never cease to weep;
And when mine eyes be out, I will be told

[8] *Treacher.*] A common word for traitor, which occurs in Shakspeare's King Lear, and in numerous other old books.

How fast the tears I shed for you do fall;
And if they do not flow abundantly,
I'll fetch a sigh shall make 'em start and leap,
As if the fire were under.'

Jac. Fine mocking, fine mocking!

Fred. Mocking? Look how she weeps.

Jac. Does she counterfeit crying too?

Fred. Behold how the tears flow! Or pity her,
Or never more be call'd a man.

Jac. How's this?
Soft you, soft you, my masters! Is 't possible, think you,
She should be in earnest?

Clora. Earnest? Ay, in earnest:
She is a fool to break so many sleeps,
That would have been sound ones,
And venture such a face, and so much life,
For e'er an humorous ass i' th' world.

Frank. Why, Clora,
I have known you cry as much for Julio,
That has not half his worth. All night you write
And weep, too much, I fear; I do but what
I should.

Clora. If I do write, I am answer'd, Frank.

Frank. I would I might be so!

Jac. Good Frederick, let me go;
I would fain try if that thing do not counterfeit.

Fred. Give me your sword then.

Jac. No; but take my word,
As I am man, I will not hurt a creature
Under this roof, before I have deliver'd
Myself, as I am now, into your hands,
Or have your full consent.

Fred. It is enough. [*They let him loose.*

Jac. Gentlewoman, I pray you let me feel your face:—

I am an infidel, if she do not weep!
Stay; where's my handkerchief? I'll wipe
The old wet off: The fresh tears come! Pox on't, I am
A handsome gracious fellow amongst women,
And knew't not.—Gentlewoman, how should I know
These tears are for me? Is not your mother dead?

Frank. By Heaven, they are for you!

Jac. 'Slight, I'll have my head curl'd and powder'd
To-morrow by break of day. If you love me,
I pray you kiss me; for if I love you,
It shall be such love as I will not be
Ashamed of.—If this be a mock, [*Kisses.*
It is the heartiest and the sweetest mock
That e'er I tasted. Mock me so again!
[*Kisses again.*

Fred. Fy, Jacomo! why do you let her kneel
So long?

Jac. It's true; I had forgot it, and should have done [*Lifts her up.*
This twelvemonth: Pray you rise.—Frederick,
If I could all this while have been persuaded
She could have loved me, dost thou think I had
Not rather kiss her than another should?
And yet you may gull me, for aught I know;
But if you do, hell take me if I do not cut
All your throats sleeping!

Fred. Oh, do not think of such a thing.

Jac. Otherwise, if she be in earnest, the short is,
I am.

Frank. Alas, I am.

Jac. And I did not think it possible any woman
Could have liked this face: It's good for nothing, is it?

Clora. Yes,

It is worth forty shillings to pawn, being lined[9]
Almost quite through with velvet.
  Frank. 'Tis better than your Julio's.
  Jac. Thou thinkest so;
But otherwise, in faith, it is not, Frank.
[*Kisses her.*

Enter FABRITIO.

  Fab. Hist, Jacomo! How dost thou, boy, ha?
  Jac. Why, very well,
I thank you, sir.
  Fab. Dost thou perceive the reason
Of matters and passages yet, sirrah, or no?
  Jac. 'Tis wond'rous good, sir.
  Fab. I have done simply for you:
But now you are beaten to some understanding,
I pray you dally not with the gentlewoman,
But dispatch your matrimony with all convenient speed.

[9] *Lined.*] In act iii. scene vi. of this play, Piso describes Jacomo as one that wore his forehead in a velvet scabbard, and Clora here says his face is worth forty shillings to pawn upon account of its velvet lining. If *lined* be not a *Latinism* here, we must have the *lining* not on the *inside* as usual, but on the *out*. What we may farther remark from hence is, the difference of patches in the poet's days and in ours. The heroes of the blade then would have nothing less than velvet, whereas plain silk is thought good enough by those now.—*Sympson.*

Lined is, we believe, used in the same sense to this day by artisans, &c. The actors, in particular, call marking their features for old characters, *lining the face;* though that may, indeed, bear another sense.—Ed. 1778.

Sympson is evidently right in his explanation. That of the last editors is so far-fetched that it is utterly inadmissible. Though Jaçomo was not a youth, it does not appear in the course of the play that he was a septuagenarian, or that his face was furrowed with age.

Fred. He gives good counsel.
Jac. And I'll follow it.
Fab. And I you. Pr'ythee do not take it unkindly;
For, trust me, I box'd thee for thy advancement:
A foolish desire I had to joggle thee
Into preferment.
Jac. I apprehend you, sir;
And if I can study out a course how a bastinadoing
May any ways raise your fortunes in the state,
You shall be sure on't.
Fab. Oh, sir, keep your way.
God send you much joy!
Clora. And me my Julio! [JULIO *speaks within.*
Oh, God, I hear his voice! Now he is true,
Have at a marriage, Frank, as soon as you!
[*Exeunt all but* FREDERICK.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Sir, I would speak with you.
Fred. What is your hasty business, friend?
Mess. The duke commands your present attendance at court.
Fred. The cause?
Mess. I know not in particular: but this;
Many are sent for more, about affairs
Foreign, I take it, sir.
Fred. I will be there
Within this hour. Return my humble service.
Mess. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Fred. Farewell, friend. What news with you?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My mistress would desire you, sir, to follow
With all the haste you can: She is gone to church,

To marry Captain Jacomo; and Julio,
To do as much for the young merry gentlewoman,
Fair mistress Clora.

Fred. Julio marry Clora?
Thou art deceived, I warrant thee.

Serv. No sure, sir;
I saw their lips as close upon the bargain
As cockles.

Fred. Give 'em joy! I cannot now go;
The duke hath sent for me in haste.

Serv. This note, sir,
When you are free, will bring you where they are.
[*Exit.*

Fred. [*Reading.*] "You shall find us all at Signor Angelo's,
Where Piso, and the worthy Lelia
Of famous memory, are to be married;
And we not far behind." 'Would I had time
To wonder at this last couple in hell.[1]

[1] *Last couple in hell.*] This is alluding to a rustic diversion, called, I think, by another name in our poets, Shakspeare, and the play-wrights of that time, viz. *barley-break.* Sir John Suckling has a pretty poem, wherein he describes this diversion, which, for the sake of my readers, I have here inserted:

"Love, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak
Three mates to play at Barley-break;
Love, Folly took; and Reason, Fancy;
And Hate consorts with Pride; so dance they:
Love coupled last, and so it fell
That Love and Folly were in hell.

They break, and Love would Reason meet,
But Hate was nimbler on her feet;
Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
Hies, and they two hug together:
Yet this new coupling still doth tell
That Love and Folly were in hell.

The rest do break again, and Pride
Hath now got Reason on her side;

Enter Messenger again.

Mess. You are stay'd for, sir.
Fred. I come. Pray God the business
Hold me not from this sport! I would not lose it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

An Apartment in Angelo's *House.*

Enter Father, PISO, ANGELO, *and* LELIA.

Ang. God give you joy, and make you live together
A happy pair!
Piso. I do not doubt we shall. There was never
Poor gentleman had such a sudden fortune!
I could thrust my head betwixt two pales, and strip me
Out of my old skin like a snake. Will the guests come,
Thou saidst thou sentest for to solemnise the nuptials?
Father. They will; I look'd for 'em ere this.

Hate and Fancy meet, and stand
Untoucht by Love in Folly's hand;
Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
So Love and Folly were in hell."

But the reader may find a more exact and minute description of this diversion in Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia.—*Sympson.*

Enter Julio, Jacomo, Fabritio, Frank, *and* Clora.

Julio. By your leave all.
Father. They are here, sir.
Julio. Especially, fair lady,
I ask your pardon; to whose marriage-bed
I wish all good success! I have here brought you
Such guests as can discern your happiness,
And best do know how to rejoice at it
(For such a fortune they themselves have run:)
The worthy Jacomo, and his fair bride;
Noble Fabritio, (whom this age of peace
Has not yet taught to love aught but the wars)
And his true friend, this lady, who is but
A piece of me.
Lelia. Sir, you are welcome all!—
Are they not, sir? [*Exit Father.*
Piso. Bring in some wine;
Some of the wine Lodovic the fool sent hither.
Whoever thou bid'st welcome, shall find it.
Lelia. An unexpected honour you have done
To our too hasty wedding.
Jac. 'Faith, madam, our weddings were as hasty as yours:
We're glad to run up and down any whither,
To see where we can get meat to our wedding.
Piso. That Lodovic hath provided too, good ass!
Ang. I thought you, Julio, would not thus have stolen
A marriage, without acquainting your friends.
Julio. Why, I did give thee inklings.
Ang. If a marriage
Should be thus slubber'd up in a play,
Ere almost any body had taken notice
You were in love, the spectators would take it

To be but ridiculous.
Julio. This was the first, and I
Will never hide another secret from you.

Enter Father.

Father. Sir, yonder's your friend Lodovic: Hide yourself,
And it will be the best sport——
Piso. Gentlemen,
I pray you take no notice I am here:
The coxcomb Lodovic is coming in. [*Retires.*

Enter LODOVICO.

Lod. Is that the lady?
Father. That is my lady.
Lod. As I live, she's a fair one!
What make all these here?
Father. Oh, Lord, sir, she's so pester'd——
Fab. Now will the sport be; it runs right as Julio
Told us.
Lod. Fair lady, health to you! Some words
I have, that require an utterance more private
Than this place can afford.
Lelia. I'll call my husband;
All business I hear with his ears now.
Lod. Good madam, no; (but I perceive your jest)
You have no husband; I am the very man
That walk'd the streets so comely.
Lelia. Are you so?
Lod. Yes, 'faith; when Cupid first did prick your heart.
I am not cruel; but the love begun
I' th' street I'll satisfy i' th' chamber fully.
Lelia. To ask a madman whether he be mad
Were but an idle question; if you be,

I do not speak to you; but if you be not,
Walk in the streets again, and there perhaps
I may dote on you; here I not endure you.

Lod. Good madam, stay; do not you know this ring?

Lelia. Yes, it was mine; I sent it by my man
To change, and so he did; it has a blemish,
And this he brought me for it: Did you change it?
Are you a goldsmith?

Lod. Sure the world is mad!—
Sirrah, did you not bring me this ring from your lady?

Father. Yes, surely, sir, did I; but your worship must
Even bear with me, for there was a mistaking in it;
And so, as I was saying to your worship,
My lady is now married.

Lod Married? to whom?

Father. To your worship's friend Piso.

Lod. 'Sdeath! to Piso?

Piso. [*Within.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Ang. Yes, sir, I can assure you
She's married to him; I saw't with these grey eyes.

Lod. Why, what a rogue art thou then? Thou hast made me
Send in provision too.

Father. Oh, a gentleman
Should not have such foul words in's mouth;
But your worship's provision
Could not have come in at a fitter time.
Will it please you to taste any of your own wine?
It may be the vintner has cozen'd you.

Lod. Pox, I am mad!

Ang. You have always plots, sir; and see how they fall out!

Jac. You had a plot upon me: How do you like this?

Lod. I do not speak to you.
Fab. Because you dare not.
Lod. But I will have one of that old rogue's teeth
Set in this ring.
Father. Dost not thou know
That I can beat thee?—Dost thou know it now?
[*Discovers himself.*
Lod. He beat me once indeed.
Father. And if you have
Forgot it, I can call a witness.—Come forth, Piso!
Remember you it?
Piso. 'Faith, I do call to mind
Such a matter. [*Coming forward.*
Father. And if I cannot still do't,
You are young, and will assist your father-in-law.
Piso. My father-in-law?
Ang. Your father-in-law,
As sure as this is widow Lelia.
Piso. How? widow Lelia?
Father. I'faith, 'tis she, son.
Lod. Ha, ha, ha! let my provision go!
I am glad I have miss'd the woman.
Piso. Have you put
A whore upon me?
Lelia. By Heaven, you do me wrong!
I have a heart as pure as any woman's;
And I mean to keep it so for ever.
Father. There is
No starting now, son; if you offer it,
I can compel you; her estate is great,
But all made o'er to me, before this match:
Yet if you use her kindly, (as I swear
I think she will deserve) you shall enjoy it
During your life, all, save some slender piece
I will reserve for my own maintenance;

And if God bless you with a child by her,
It shall have all.
Piso. So I may have the means,
I do not much care what the woman is.—
Come, my sweetheart! as long as I shall find
Thy kisses sweet, and thy means plentiful,
Let people talk their tongues out.
Lelia. They may talk
Of what is pass'd; but all that is to come
Shall be without occasions.
Julio. Shall we not make
Piso and Lodovic friends?
Jack. Hang 'em, they dare not be enemies ·
Or, if they be, the danger is not great.
Welcome, Frederick!

Enter Frederick.

Fred. First, joy unto you all!
And next, I think we shall have wars.
Jac. Give me some wine!
I'll drink to that.
Fab. I'll pledge.
Frank. But I shall lose you then.
Jac. Not a whit, wench;
I'll teach thee presently to be a soldier.
Fred. Fabritio's command, and yours,
Are both restored.
Jac. Bring me four glasses then!
Fab. Where are they?
Ang. You shall not drink 'em here. 'Tis supper time;
And from my house no creature here shall stir
These three days; mirth shall flow as well as wine.
Father. Content Within, I'll tell you more at large

How much I am bound to all, but most to you,
Whose undeserved liberality
Must not escape thus unrequited.

Jac. 'Tis happiness to me, I did so well:
Of every noble action, the intent
Is to give Worth reward, Vice punishment.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

If you mislike (as you shall ever be
Your own free judges) this play utterly,
For your own nobleness yet do not hiss!
But, as you go by, say it was amiss,
And we will mend: Chide us, but let it be
Never in cold blood! O' my honesty,
(If I have any) this I'll say for all;
Our meaning was to please you still, and shall.

WOMEN PLEASED.

WOMEN PLEASED.

THIS Tragi-comedy is ascribed to Fletcher alone by his panegyrists Gardiner and Hills. Their authority is of little weight; but the general structure of the play, and the versification, seem to support their testimony. In the beginning of the eighteenth century it was revived at Drury-Lane theatre, with no success, and since then it has suffered very general, but undeserved neglect. The compiler of the Biographia Dramatica very truly observes, "According to the best of my judgment, this play may very justly be ranked with several of the pieces of these authors which are better known, and even frequently represented; nor can I help thinking, that without any farther alteration than a judicious curtailing of some particular passages, or what is understood in the theatrical language, by *properly cutting* this play, it might be rendered, on a revival, a very agreeable entertainment even to the nice-stomached audiences of the present age."

This play is a very curious instance of dramatic mechanism, for the author, or authors, have with great skill contrived to unite a great number of detached stories, and formed a plot of very considerable interest, and not more irregular than those of most of the plays of that period. The main plot, at least the latter part, is founded on the old fabliau of The Marriage of Sir Gawaine, published from an imperfect copy by Dr Percy, (Reliques, vol. III. p. 11, 350,) and more immediately on Chaucer's admirable Wife of Bath's Tale, since versified by Dryden.[1] The ingenuity with which a story so romantic, and apparently so unfit for dramatic purposes, is varied and adapted for the stage, reflects high credit on the author. Again, the comic under-plot of Lopez, Isabella,

[1] Nearly the same story occurs in Gower's Confessio Amantis, Book I. and in the Gesta Romanorum.

Bartello, and Claudio, is founded upon three different novels of Boccaccio, which are introduced with admirable art. The last scene in the second act is the sixth novel of the seventh day, with no considerable variation. A very brief abstract of this novel may suffice, as the Decameron is in most hands. "Isabella, the wife of a rich and valorous knight, was enamoured of the young Leonetto, and at the same time besieged by the importunities of Lambertuccio, whom she detested, but whose threats induced her to promise a compliance with his desires. Being at a country-house during the absence of her husband, she had invited her favoured lover thither; but their happiness was soon disturbed by the arrival of Lambertuccio, and she was forced to conceal Leonetto in a closet. In a similar manner the former was soon disturbed by the appearance of the husband of Isabella. By the advice of the latter, he drew his poignard on the approach of the husband, and uttered imprecations against the coward who had shielded himself from the effects of his wrath in the house, mounted his horse, and departed. Isabella then related to the husband, within hearing of the concealed Leonetto, that a youth had taken shelter in the house, pursued by Lambertuccio. Leonetto now issued from the closet, and related that he had been attacked by Lambertuccio, whom he supposed to be a madman. The easy, good-natured husband, praising the humanity of his wife, prepared a supper for his guest, who departed in quiet to Florence." [2]

The fourth scene of the third act is built on a story of oriental origin, and of very extensive popularity. The original is probably a tale in the Heetopades of Veeshno-Sarma, which was translated from the Sanscrit by Captain Wilkins, and versified in Hoppner's Oriental Tales, under the title of the Cow-keeper and the Barber's Wife. It also occurs in the fables of Bidpai, or Pilpay, which, from a Turkish version, were translated into French by the learned M. Galland, and finished by M. Cardonne. The present tale occurs in the first book, and is entitled The Dervish and the Thief. In Europe the story appeared in divers shapes. Guerin, one of the ancient French trouveurs, formed his fabliau *De Tresces* on the story. (See Barbazan's Fabliaux, ed. 1808, vol. IV. p. 395). Boccaccio adopted it, probably from the latter source, into his Decameron, where it forms the eighth novel of the seventh day. "Arriguccio Berlinghieri, a rich old merchant, thought to render

[2] Manni supposes that Boccaccio took the hint of this novel from the twenty-second epistle of the second book of Aristenetes. The same story occurs in the *Castoiement d'un Pere à son fils*, translated into French from Petrus Alphonsus; in the French Dolopatos; in Henry Stephens's Apology for Herodotus; in Bandello, Sansovino, and Parabosco; and in several French collections of novels.

his family noble by marrying a young woman named Sismonda. She became enamoured of a youth called Ruberto, but being rather indiscreet in their amours, the old husband became extremely jealous. In order to enjoy the company of her lover securely, she was forced to employ a stratagem. She fastened every night a string to her great toe, which, descending through the wall to the house door, Ruberto was directed to pull it, upon which she pulled again, in case her husband was asleep; but held it firm if he was awake. One night Arriguccio perceived the string, and suspecting the stratagem, took it off, and tied it on his own. Soon afterwards the lover arrived, and gave his accustomed sign, upon which the jealous husband arose, armed himself, and issued to the door. When Ruberto perceived that it was not his inamorata, he began to fly, and Arriguccio to pursue; at last they closed, but the neighbours interfering, the latter returned to his house. Sismonda in the mean time awoke, and, suspecting the cause of her husband's absence, called her maid, and prevailed upon her to take her place. She then put out the candle, and retired. When Arriguccio returned, he beat and kicked the servant in a most cruel manner, and, after having cut off her hair, left her, and proceeded to the house of her mother and her three brothers, who were greatly enraged against Simonda, and accompanied Arriguccio to his house. But the wary Sismonda had in the mean time dressed herself, arranged the bed, and, on their arrival, was occupied in sowing. Upon hearing the reproaches of her brothers, she feigned the utmost surprise, showed that her body had not been beaten, nor her tresses cut, and accused her husband of being drunk, and of having acted the part he had related in some bagnio. The fury and the threats of the brothers were now turned against the poor husband, who was forced to promise perfect confidence in his wife hereafter." Massinger has made use of the original oriental story in his Guardian, where, however, the story is very ill told, and disgusting in the extreme.

The novel of Boccaccio, from which the third scene of the fourth act is borrowed, is the eighth of the eighth day in the Decameron. It is not so closely copied as the two preceding ones, and the nature of the tale is such as prevents any abridgment in this place.

Having thus traced the different sources from which the plot of this tragi-comedy is derived, it remains to say something of its general merits, and this can be done in few words, as the nature of the drama is not such as to call for very rigidly critical disquisition. The rapidity with which a succession of amusing incidents is artfully connected, is accompanied with a correspondent airy liveliness of the poetry and the characters. The humorous parts of the play are full of bustle, which does not afford a very minute

discrimination of character; and, with the exception of the hungry Penurio, the remaining *dramatis personæ* of the under-plot are similar to many others which occur in these dramas. A very considerable defect in this under-plot is the sudden and unprepared-for information which we receive in the last act, that Claudio had employed all his assiduity merely to try the constancy of his sister, the wife of the old usurer; and this circumstance seems to support the general notion, that Fletcher hurried on his last acts with careless precipitation, and to strengthen the supposition that the play was written after the death of the more critical Beaumont.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Sienna, suitor to Belvidere.
Silvio, *a gentleman of quality, servant*[1] *to Belvidere.*
Claudio, *Silvio's friend, brother to Isabella, but disguised to her under the name of* Rugio.
Bartello, *captain of the citadel, uncle to Silvio.*
Lopez, *a sordid usurer, the jealous husband of Isabella.*
Penurio, *a hungry servant to Lopez.*
Soto, *a merry servant to Claudio.*
Lords of Florence.
Lords of Sienna.
Counsellors.
Courtiers.
A Farmer, father to Soto.
Captain.
Soldiers of the guard.
A Clerk.
Bomby, *an enemy to wakes and may-poles.*
Morris-dancers, Masquers.

Duchess of Florence.
Belvidere, *a virtuous princess, daughter to the Duchess, in love with Silvio.*
Rodope, *wife to Bartello.*
Isabella, *wife to Lopez.*
Jaquenet, *servant to Isabella.*
Two Gentlewomen.

SCENE—Florence, and the adjacent Country.

The principal Actors were—

Joseph Taylor, John Lowin,
John Underwood, Will. Eglestone,
Rob. Benfield, Nicholas Toolie,
Rich. Sharpe, Thomas Holcombe.

Fol. 1679.

[1] *Servant.*] *i. e.* Lover. See vol. II. p. 363.

WOMEN PLEASED.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Florence.—Night.—Before the Citadel.

Enter BARTELLO *and* SILVIO.

Silvio. 'Tis true, she is a right good princess, and a just one,
And Florence, when she sets, has lost a planet.
Bart. My mistress? I tell thee, gentle nephew,
There is not such another friend to goodness,
To downright dealing, to faith, and true heart,
Within the Christian confines. Before she bless'd us,
Justice was a cheesemonger, a mere cheesemonger,
Weigh'd nothing to the world but mites and maggots,
And a main stink; law, like a horse-courser,
Her rules and precepts hung with gauds and ribbands,
And pamper'd up to cozen him that bought her,
When she herself was hackney, lame, and founder'd.
Sil. But the sweet lady Belvidere, the bright one——

Bart. Ay, there's a face indeed! Oh, my dear nephew,
Could a young fellow of thy fiery mettle
Freeze, and that lady in his arms?
Sil. I think not.
Bart. Thou hast a parlous judgment![1] But let that pass:
She is as truly virtuous, fair, and noble,
As her great mother's good; and that's not ordinary.
Sil. But why (so many princes, and so great ones,
Being suitors) should the duchess deny to match her?
Bart. She is a jewel, man, hangs in her bosom;
Her only child: With her eyes she sees all things,
Discourses with her tongue; and pluck her from her
(So dotingly the old one loves her young one)
You pluck her heart out too: Besides, of late days,
The duke of Milan, who could never win her
By love, nor treaty, laid a close train for her
In her own private walks, some forty horse-men,
So to surprise her, which we found, and dealt with;
And sent 'em running home to the duke their master,
Like dogs with bottles at their tales.
Sil. Since that, I heard, sir,
She has sent her to your citadel to secure her,
My cousin Rodope,[2] your wife, attending her.

[1] *A* parlous *judgment.*] *Parlous* was a usual phrase for keen, shrewd. In Richard III. Queen Elizabeth calls the Duke of York "A *parlous* boy."

[2] *My* cousin *Rodope, your wife,* &c.] Sympson complains that there is a mighty jumble throughout this play between cousin and aunt. Had he attended to it, he had found a similar jumble, as he terms it, in all the ancient plays, particularly in those of Shakspeare. In Hamlet, Claudius calls Hamlet his cousin, though his nephew and his step-son. In Romeo and Juliet, Lady Capulet calls her nephew, Tybalt, her cousin. And in Richard III., the old Duchess of York goes still farther, for she calls her grand-children, the sons of Clarence, her cousins. In short, the word *cousin* was

Bart. You hear a truth; and all convenient pleasures
Are there proportion'd for her.
Sil. I would fain, sir,
Like one, that owes a duteous service to her,
Sometimes, so please you——
Bart. Gentle cousin, pardon me!
I must not, nor you must not dare to offer:
The last edict[3] lies on his life pursues it.
Your friend, sir, to command abroad, to love you,
To lend you any thing I have, to wait upon you;
But, in the citadel where I stand charged,
Not a bit upon a march: No service, sir,
No, good sir, by no means! I kiss your hands, sir.
[*Exit.*
Sil. To your keeping only? none else to look upon her?
None but Bartello worthy her attendance?
No faith but his to serve her? Oh, Belvidere,
Thou saint to whom my youth is sacrificed,
Thou point to which my life turns, and my fortune!
Art thou lock'd from me now? from all my comforts,
Art thou snatch'd violently?[4] Thou hear'st me not;

formerly applied to any degree of consanguinity, except that of brother and sister, [father and mother].—*Mason.*

Sympson is, however, so far right, that the first folio often reads *niece* or *cousin*, where the second substitutes *aunt.*

[3] *Edict.*] This word is accented on the last syllable throughout the play, contrary to the present practice.

[4] *From all my comforts*
Art thou snatch'd violently?] *Silvio* is not lamenting the lady's condition, but his own, and therefore I should think it would be better to read,

——— *From* me *all my comforts*
Are they *snatch'd violently.*—*Sympson.*

This is a most uncouth and needless variation. The whole tenor

Nor canst thou see, fair soul, thy servant's mournings;
Yet let thy gentle heart feel what is absence,[5]
The great divorce of minds so truly loving,
So long, and nursed in one affection,
Even from our infant eyes suck'd in, and nourish'd
—Oh! let it feel but that, and there stand constant,
And I am blest. My dear aunt Rodope,
That is her governess, did love me dearly;
There's one hope yet to see her: When he is absent,
It may be ventured, and she may work it closely.
I know the lady's will goes equal with me,
And so the danger of the edict avoided:
Let me think more! for I must try all hazards.

Enter Claudio *and* Soto, *with a Rope Ladder.*

Soto. Will you go yonder, sir?
Clau. Yes, marry will I, sir.
Soto. And by this ladder?
Clau. By that ladder, coxcomb.
Soto. Have you any more necks at home when this is broken?
For this will crack with the best friend he has, sir.
Or, can you pitch of all four, like an ape now?
Let me see you tumble.
Clau. You are very pleasant, sir.
Soto. No, truly, sir; I should be loth to see you

of Silvio's speech, and indeed of the whole play, proves that the loves of Silvio and Belvidere were mutual, and equally strong on both sides; and, as Mason observes, the word *violent* shews that he considered her as snatched from him against her will.

[5] *Yet let thy gentle heart feel what* his *absence.*] A letter too much in *his*, makes strange stuff in this passage: Our authors possibly wrote,

——*feel what* is *absence.*—*Sympson.*

Come fluttering down like a young rook, cry *squab*,
And take you up with your brains beaten into your buttocks.

Clau. Hold your peace, ass!—Who's this stands musing here?
Silvio?

Sil. Who calls me?

Clau. One most glad to see you, sir.

Sil. My dearest Claudio? What make you thus private,
And with a preparation of this nature?

Soto. We have leave to play, and are going to climb birds' nests.

Sil. Pr'ythee what is it, friend? Why start you from me?
Is your old mistress grown so coy and cruel,
She must be scaled? It seems you are loth to tell me.
Since twenty years' continuance of our friendship
May not be worth the weight of such a secret,
'Twill be but rude to ask again. 'Save you! [*Going*.

Clau. Nay, stay, dear Silvio! if you love me, take it;
For, 'till you know it, never woman labour'd
As I do now.

Sil. I'll do my best to ease it.

Clau. You have heard, the lady Belvidere——

Sil. What heard, sir?

Clau. Heard, to the citadel, upon some fears,
She is confined.

Sil. Why dreams he on this beauty?— [*Aside*.
'Tis true, I have heard it.

Clau. And that no access,
No blessing from those eyes, but with much hazard,
Even hazard of a life——

Sil. He dares not love her!— [*Aside*.

I have heard that too: But whither points your purpose?

Clau. Oh, Silvio, let me speak that none may hear me,
None but thy truth! I have loved this lady long,
Long given away my life to her devotion,
Long dwelt upon that beauty to my ruin.

Sil. Does she know this?

Clau. No; there begins my misery!
Ixion-like, I have only yet clasp'd clouds,
And fed upon poor empty dreams that starve me.

Sil. And what do you mean to do now?

Clau Though I die for't,
Though all the tortures in the world hung on me,
Arm'd with imperious Love, I stand prepared now
With this to reach her chamber; there to see her,
And tell her boldly with what truth I love her.

Sil. 'Twill not be easily done, sir——

Clau. Oh, my Silvio,
The hardest things are sweetest in possession.

Sil. Nor will shew much discretion.

Clau. Love is blind, man;
And he that looks for reason there, far blinder.

Sil. Have you consider'd ripely?

Clau. All that may fall,
And arm'd against that all.

Sil. Her honour too?
What she may suffer in this rash adventure?
The beauty of her name?

Clau. I'll do it closely,
And only at her window, with that caution——

Sil. Are there no guards?

Clau. Corruption chokes their service.

Sil. Or do you hold her bred so light a woman,
To hold commerce with strange tongues?

Clau. Why, this service,

This only hazard of my life, must tell her,
Though she were Vesta's self, I must deserve her.
Sil. I would not have you go; pray let it sink here,
And think a nobler way to raise your service,
A safer and a wiser!
Clau. 'Tis too late, sir.
Sil. Then I must say, you shall not go.
Clau. I shall not?
Sil. You shall not go: That part bred with you, friendship,
Bids me say boldly so, and you observe me.
Clau. You stretch that tie too far.
Sil. I'll stretch it farther:
The honour that I bear that spotless virtue
You foully seek to taint, unnobly covet,
Bids me command you stay; if not, thus force you! [*Draws.*
Soto. This will be worse than climbing.
Clau. Why do you draw, sir?
Sil. To kill thee, if thy base will be thy master.
Clau. I ever was your friend.
Sil. Whilst thou wert honest,
And not a night-thief of another's honour:
I never call'd a fool my friend, a madman,
That durst expose his fame to all opinions,
His life to unhonest dangers; I never loved him,
Durst know his name, that sought a virgin's ruin;
Nor ever took I pleasure in acquaintance
With men, that give as loose reins to their fancies
As the wild ocean to his raging fluxes:
A noble soul I twin with, and my love
Follows his life dares master his affections.
Will you give off, or fight?
Clau. I will not fight with you;
The sacred name of friend ties up that anger:

Rather I'll study——

Sil. Do, to be a friend still.

Clau. If this way, I shall never hold.

Sil. I'll watch you:
And, if I catch you false, by Heaven you die for't,
All love forgot!

Clau. When I fear that, I'am fit for't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of Lopez.

Lopez *at a Table with Jewels and Money upon it; an Egg roasting by a Candle.*

Lopez. Whilst prodigal young gaudy fools are banqueting,
And launching out their states[6] to catch the giddy,
Thus do I study to preserve my fortune,
And hatch with care at home the wealth that saints me.
Here's rubies of Bengala, rich, rich, glorious;
These diamonds of Ormus, bought for little,
Here vented at the price of princes' ransoms;
How bright they shine, like constellations!
The South-sea's treasure here, pearl, fair and orient,
Able to equal Cleopatra's banquet;
Here chains of lesser stones for ladies' lustres,
Ingots of gold, rings, brooches, bars of silver,
These are my studies to set off in sale well,

6 *States.*] *i. e.* Estates.

And not in sensual surfeits to consume 'em.—
How roasts mine egg? he heats apace; I'll turn him.—
Penurio! where, you knave, do you wait? Penurio,
You lazy knave!

Enter PENURIO.

Pen. Did you call, sir?
Lopez. Where's your mistress?
What vanity holds her from her attendance?
Pen. The very sight of this egg has made him cockish; [*Aside.*
What would a dozen butter'd do?—She is within, sir.
Lopez. Within, sir? at what thrift, you knave? what getting?
Pen. Getting a good stomach, sir, an she knew where to get meat to't;
She's praying heartily upon her knees, sir,
That Heaven would send her a good bearing dinner.
Lopez. Nothing but gluttony and surfeit thought on,
Health flung behind! had she not yesternight, sirrah,
Two sprats to supper, and the oil allowable?
Was she not sick with eating? Hadst not thou
(Thou most ungrateful knave, that nothing satisfies)
The water that I boil'd my other egg in,
To make thee hearty broth?
Pen. 'Tis true, I had, sir;
But I might as soon make the philosopher's stone on't:
You gave it me in water, and, but for manners' sake,
I could give it you again in wind, it was so hearty.

I shall turn pissing-conduit[7] shortly.—My mistress comes, sir.

Enter Isabella.

Lopez. Welcome, my dove!
Isab. Pray you keep your welcome to you,
Unless it carries more than words to please me.
Is this the joy to be a wife? to bring with me,
Besides the nobleness of blood I spring from,
A full and able portion to maintain me?
Is this the happiness of youth and beauty,
The great content of being made a mistress,
To live a slave subject to wants and hungers,
To jealousies for every eye that wanders,
Unmanly jealousy?
Lopez. Good Isabella——
Isab. Too *good* for you! Do you think to famish me,
Or keep me like an alms-woman in such raiment,
Such poor unhandsome weeds? am I old, or ugly?
I never was bred thus; and if your misery
Will suffer wilful blindness to abuse me,
My patience shall be no bawd to mine own ruin.
Pen. Tickle him, mistress; to him!
[*Apart to her.*

[7] *I shall turn pissing*-conduit *shortly.*] Conduits were frequently represented as human figures in former days. So in Shakspeare's Winter's Tale: "Now he thanks the old shepherd which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns;" upon which Mr Henley observes, that "a conduit of this kind, a female form, and weather beaten, still exists at Hoddesdon, in Herts." On coronation-days these conduits often ran with wine. So in The Wits, by Sir William Davenant:

"Dull humble gentlemen, that ne'er drunk
But on some coronation-day, when each
Conduit pisses claret at the town charge."

Isab. Had you love in you,
Or any part of man——
Pen. Follow that, mistress!
Isab. Or had humanity but ever known you,
You would shame to use a woman of my way thus,
So poor, and basely! You are strangely jealous of me;
If I should give you cause——
Lopez. How, Isabella?
Isab. As do not venture this way to provoke me——
Pen. Excellent well, mistress!
Lopez. How's this, Isabella?
Isab. 'Twill stir a saint, and I am but a woman,
And by that tenure may——
Lopez. By no means, chicken!
You know I love you. Fy, take no example
By those young gadding dames, (you are noted virtuous)
That stick their husbands' wealth in trifles on 'em,
And point 'em but the way to their own miseries.
I am not jealous. Kiss me. 'Faith, I am not.
And for your diet, 'tis to keep you healthful
(Surfeits destroy more than the sword) that I am careful
Your meat should be both neat and cleanly handled;
See, sweet, I am cook myself, and mine own cater.[3]
Pen. A pox of that cook cannot lick his fingers!
Lopez. I'll add another dish; you shall have milk to't;

[3] *Cater.*] Probably we should read, *caterer.*—Ed. 1778. *Cater* is the old word for a purveyor, and has already occurred in these plays, (vol. IV. p. 179.) Again, in Ben Jonson's The Devil's an Ass,

"He is my wardrobe-man, my *cater*, cook,
Butler, and steward."

'Tis nourishing and good.

Pen. With butter in't, sir?

Lopez. This knave would breed a famine in a kingdom!— [*Apart.*

And clothes that shall content you; you must be wise then,
And live sequester'd to yourself and me,
Not wand'ring after every toy comes cross you,
Nor struck with every spleen.[9]—What's the knave doing? Penurio!

Pen. Hunting, sir, for a second course of flies here;
They are rare new sallads.

Lopez. For certain, Isabella,
This ravening fellow has a wolf in's belly.
Untemperate knave, will nothing quench thy appetite?
I saw him eat two apples, which is monstrous.

Pen. If you had given me those, 't had been more monstrous.

Lopez. 'Tis a main miracle to feed this villain.—
Come, Isabella, let us in to supper,
And think the Roman dainties at our table!
'Tis all but thought. [*Exeunt.*

Pen. 'Would all my thoughts would do it!
The devil should think of purchasing that egg-shell,

[9] *Nor struck with every* spleen.] Seward would alter *spleen* to *sheen*, which, says he, is the same as *bright* or *brightness.* The alteration proposed is, we think, a very poor one; and we do not remember *sheen* as a substantive. *Nor struck with every spleen*, we conceive, signifies, *not put out of humour with trifles.*—Ed. 1778.

Spleen is often used for humour or caprice in old plays. For instance, in The Taming of the Shrew,

—— "I must forsooth be forced
To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of *spleen*."

To victual out a witch for the Burmoothes:[1]
'Tis treason to any good stomach living now
To hear a tedious grace said, and no meat to't.
I have a radish yet, but that's but transitory.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Before the Citadel.—Night.

Enter SOTO, *with a Ladder.*

Soto. Can any living man, unless a rascal
That neither knows himself, nor a fashion'd gentleman,

[1] *Burmoothes.*] i. e. *Bermudas*.—Dr Warburton remarks, that "Smith, in his account of these islands, p. 172, says, *that the Burmudas were so fearful to the world, that many called them*, The Isle of Devils.—P. 174.—*to all seamen no less terrible than an inchanted den of furies*. And no wonder, for the clime was extremely subject to storms and hurricanes; and the islands were surrounded with scattered rocks, lying shallowly hid under the surface of the water."

The opinion that Bermudas was haunted with evil spirits continued so late as the civil wars. In a little piece of Sir John Berkinhead's, intitled, *Two Centuries of Paul's Church-yard, una cum indice expurgatorio*, &c. 12°, in page 62, under the title of *Cases of Conscience*, is this,

34. "Whether Bermudas and the parliament-house lie under one planet, seeing both are haunted with devils?"—*Percy*.

See Mr Douce's very ingenious Illustrations of Shakspeare, vol. I. p. 6.—The allusion in the text will not be perfectly understood without recollecting that an *egg shell* was a favourite vehicle for the transportation of witches through the air.

Take me for a worse man than my master now?
I am naturally proud in these clothes: But if pride now
Should catch a fall in what I am attempting!
'Tis but a proverb sound, and a neck broken,
That's the worst can come on't; a gentleman's gone then,
A gentleman o' th' first house,[2] there's the end on't!
My master lies most pitifully complaining,
Wringing and kicking up to th' ears in love yonder,
And such a lamentable noise he keeps, it kills me:
I have got his clothes, and if I can get to her,
By hook or crook here,[3] such a song I'll sing her—
I think I shall be hang'd;[4] but that's no matter!

[2] *A gentleman o' th' first house.*] Is one who is descended of the eldest branch of a family, and is thus entitled to bear the family coat unvaried. See vol. V. p. 350, and Reed's Shakspeare, IV. 425.

[3] *By hook or crook here.*] Mr Warton observes, (Observations on Spenser, vol. II.) that the proverb of getting any thing *by hooke or by crooke*, was supposed to have arisen in the time of Charles I., when there were two learned judges, named *Hooke* and *Crooke*, and a difficult cause was to be gotten either by *Hooke* or by *Crooke*. This notion he shews to be groundless, and that the form was not then invented as a proverb, but applied as a pun. He is, however, mistaken in imagining there was any judge of that time of the name of *Hooke*. In Hudibras, part iii. c. ii. are the following lines:

"These are the courses that we took
To carry things by *Hook* or *Crook*."—Line 933.

which, Dr Gray says, alludes to the judgment of Judge *Crook* and *Hutton*, who dissented from their brethren in the determination of the cause about ship-money, and occasioned the wags to say that the king carried it by *Hook*, but not by *Crook*. The phrase, however, is certainly (as Mr Warton proves) of higher antiquity than the time of Charles I., as may appear by several passages in our ancient writers. In Lodge's "Wit's Miserie and the World's Madnesse," 1596, p. 7, "He matcheth not according to his birth, but the increase of his fortune. And *by hook or crook* so stirreth in

What's a hanging among friends? I am valiant now
As an elephant. I have considered what
To say too. Let me see now! this is the place;
'Tis plaguy high! Stay; at that lower window
Let me aim finely now, like a good gunner,
It may prove but a whipping.

Enter SILVIO.

Sil. I saw somebody
Pass by me now, and, though 'twere dark, me-thought yet
I knew the clothes.—Ha! let me not be cozen'd!
The ladder too, ready to fling it? Monstrous!
'Tis he, 'tis Claudio! most voluptuous villain,
Scandal to woman's credit! Love, I forget thee— [*Draws a pistol.*

Soto. What will he do, i' th' name of Heaven? What's that there?

Sil. And all the friendship that I bore thee, bury here——

Soto. What has he in's hand? I hope but a cudgel.

Sil. Thy faults forgive, oh, Heaven! Farewell, thou traitor! [*Fires.*

Soto. I am slain, I am slain! [*Falls.*

Sil. He's down, and dead, dead certain,
(It was too rash, too full of spleen) stark dead:
This is no place now to repent in; only,
'Would I had given this hand that shot the pistol

the world, that not only he attaineth preheminence in the city, but some place in court."—Again, in the Life of Jasper Colignie, B. L. "Therefore, having alwayes this saying in his mouth, what skills it whither a man use manlinesse or wylinesse against his enemie? he determined to go intoo his camp as a revolter, and to hunt for opportunitie to accomplish his device by *hooke or by crooke.*"
Reed.

I had miss'd thee, and thou wert once more Claudio! [*Exit.*

Enter Claudio.

Clau. Why should I love thus foolishly? thus desperately?
And give away my heart where no hope's left me?
Why should not the true counsel of a friend restrain me?
The devil's mouth I run into, affright me?
The honour of the lady, charm my wildness?
I have no power, no being of myself,
No reason strong enough now left within me
To bind my will. Oh, Love, thou god, or devil,
Or what thou art, that plays the tyrant in me——
Soto. Oh!
Clau. What's that cry?
Soto. A surgeon, a surgeon,
Twenty good surgeons!
Clau. 'Tis not far from me;
Some murder, o' my life!
Soto. Will you let me die here?
No drink come, nor no surgeon?
Clau. 'Tis my man, sure,
His voice, and here he lies.—How is it with thee?
Soto I am slain, sir, I am slain.
Clau. Slain? Who has slain thee?
Soto. Kill'd, kill'd, out-right kill'd!
Clau. Where's thy hurt?
Soto I know not;
But I am sure I am kill'd.
Clau. Canst thou sit up,
That I may find the hurt out?
Soto. I can sit up;
But, ne'ertheless, I am slain.

Clau. 'Tis not o' this side?
Soto. No, sir, I think it be not.
Clau. Nor o' this side.
Was it done with a sword?
Soto. A gun, a gun, sweet master.
Clau. The devil a bullet has been here; thou art well, man.
Soto. No, sure, I am kill'd.
Clau. Let me see thy thighs and belly:
As whole as a fish, for any thing I see yet
Thou bleed'st no where.
Soto. I think I do not bleed, sir,
But yet, I am afraid I am slain.
Clau. Stand up, fool!
Thou hast as much hurt as my nail. Who shot thee?
A pottle, or a pint?
Soto. Signor Silvio shot me,
In these clothes, taking me for you, and seeing
The ladder in my hand here, which I stole from you,
Thinking to have gone to the lady myself, and have spoke for you.
Clau. If he had hit you home, he had served you right, sirrah,
You saucy rogue!—How poor my intent shews to me,
How naked now, and foolish!
Soto. Are you sure he has not hit me?
It gave a monstrous bounce.
Clau. You rose o' your right side,
And said your prayers too, you had been paid else;
But what need'st thou a bullet, when thy fear kills thee?
Sirrah, keep your own counsel for all this; you'll be hang'd else,
If it be known.

Soto. If it be by my means, let me;
I am glad I am not kill'd, and far more gladder
My gentleman-like humour's out; I feel 'tis dangerous,
And to be a gentleman is to be kill'd twice a-week.
Clau. Keep yourself close i' th' country for a while, sirrah!
There's money: Walk to your friends.
Soto. They have no pistols,
Nor are no gentlemen, that is my comfort. [*Exit.*
Clau. I will retire too, and live private (for this Silvio,
Inflamed with nobleness, will be my death else;)
And, if I can, forget this love that loads me,
At least the danger.—And, now I think on't better,
I have some conclusions else invite me to it.
[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I

Before the Citadel.

Enter RODOPE *and* SILVIO, *at several Doors.*

Rod. Nephew!
Sil. My dear aunt!
Rod. Would you go by thus slily,
And never see me? not once send in to me,

Your loving aunt?[4] she that, above all those
I call my kindred, honour'd you, and placed you
Nearest my heart?

Sil. I thank you, worthy aunt;
But such at this time are my occasions——

Rod. You shall not go yet; by my faith, you shall not!
I will not be denied. Why look you sad, nephew?

Sil. I am seldom other.—Oh, this blood sits heavy!—
As I walk'd this way late last night,
In meditation of some things concern'd me——

Rod. What, nephew?

Sil. Why, methought I heard a piece, lady,
A piece shot off, much about this place too,
(But could not judge the cause, nor what it boded)
Under the castle-wall.

Rod. We heard it too;
And the watch pursued it presently, but found nothing,
Not any track.

Sil. I am right glad to hear it!—
The ruffians surely that command the night [*Aside.*
Have found him, stript him, and into the river
Convey'd the body.

Rod. You look still sadder, nephew.
Is any thing within these walls to comfort you?
Speak, and be master of it.

Sil. You're a right courtier;
A great professor, but a poor performer.

Rod. Do you doubt my faith? You never found me that way,
(I dare well speak it boldly) but a true friend.

[4] *Your loving niece?*] The first folio, and in the next speech—"worthy *cousin.*" The text, in both instances, is from the second.

Sil. Continue then.

Rod. Try me, and see who falters.

Sil. I will, and presently: 'Tis in your power
To make me the most bound man to your courtesy.

Rod. Let me know how, and if I fail——

Sil. 'Tis thus then:
Get me access to the Lady Belvidere,
But for a minute, but to see her; your husband now
Is safe at court; I left him full employ'd there.

Rod. You have ask'd the thing without my power to grant you,
The law lies on the danger: If I loved you not,
I would bid you go, and there be found, and die for't.

Sil. I knew your love, and where there shew'd a danger
How far you durst step for me! Give me a true friend,
That, where occasion is to do a benefit,
Aims at the end, and not the rubs before it.
I was a fool to ask you this! a more fool
To think a woman had so much noble nature
To entertain a secret of this burthen:
You had best to tell the duchess I persuaded you,
That's a fine course, and one will win you credit;
Forget the name of cousin, blot my blood out,
And, so you raise yourself, let me grow shorter!
A woman-friend? He that believes that weakness,
Steers in a stormy night without a compass.

Rod. What is't I durst not do might not impeach you?

Sil. Why, this you dare not do, you dare not think of!

Rod. 'Tis a main hazard.

Sil If it were not so,
I would not come to you to seek a favour.

Rod. You will lose yourself.
Sil. The loss ends with myself then.
Rod. You will but see her?
Sil. Only look upon her.
Rod. Not stay?
Sil. Prescribe your time.
Rod. Not traffic with her,
In any close dishonourable actions?
Sil. Stand you yourself by.
Rod. I will venture for you:
Because you shall be sure I am a touch'd friend,
I'll bring her to you. Come, walk; you know the garden,
And take this key to open the little postern;
There stand no guards.
Sil. I shall soon find it, aunt [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

At the Gate of the Citadel

Enter two Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Is the captain come home?
2 *Sold.* No; who commands the guard to-night?
1 *Sold.* I think Petruchio.
2 *Sold.* What's the word?
1 *Sold.* None knows yet.
2 *Sold.* I would this lady were married out o' th' way once,
Or out of our custodies! I wish they would take in more companies,

For I am sure we feel her in our duties shrewdly.

1 *Sold.* 'Tis not her fault, I warrant you; she's ready for't;
And that's the plague; when they grow ripe for marriage,
They must be slipt like hawks.[5]

2 *Sold.* Give me a mean wench!
No state-doubt lies on her, she is always ready.

1 *Sold.* Come to the guard; 'tis late, and sure the captain
Cannot be long away.

2 *Sold.* I have watch'd these three nights;
To-morrow they may keep me tame for nothing.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Garden of the same.

Enter Silvio; *then* Belvidere, *and* Rodope *with a Light.*

Sil. This is the place, I think. What light is that there?
The lady and my cousin!

Bel. Is this the garden?

Rod. Yes, madam.

[5] —— *when they grow ripe for marriage,*
They must be slipt like hawks.] Hawks, as dogs at this day, were confined by a slip-knot, which was loosened upon the appearance of any prey.

Sil. Oh, my blessed mistress,
Saint of my soul!
Bel. Speak softly!—Take me to you!
Oh, Silvio, I am thine, thine ever, Silvio!
[*They embrace.*
Rod. Is this your promise, sir?—Lady, your honour!
I am undone if this be seen, disgraced,
Fallen under all discredit!
Bel. Do you love still?
Dear, do you keep your old faith?
Sil. Ever, lady;
And, when that fails me, all that's good forsake me!
Rod. Do not you shame?—Madam, I must not suffer this,
I will not suffer it! Men call you virtuous:
What do you mean, to lose yourself thus?—Silvio,
I charge thee get away, charge you retire you;
I'll call the watch else.
Sil. Call all the world to see us!
We live in one another's happiness,
And so will die.
Bel. Here will I hang for ever!
Rod. As you respect me, as hereafter, madam,
You would enjoy his love—Nothing prevail with you?
I'll try my strength then: Get thee gone, thou villain, [*Struggles with him.*
Thou promise-breaker!
Sil. I am tied; I cannot.
Rod. I'll ring the bell then!
Sil. Ring it to death, I am fix'd here.

Enter BARTELLO, *and two Soldiers with Lights.*

Bart. I saw a light over the garden wall,[6]
Hard by the ladies' chamber: Here's some knavery!
As I live, I saw it twice.
Rod. The guard, the guard there!
I must not suffer this, it is too mischievous.
Bart. Light up the torch! I fear'd this. Ha! young Silvio?
How got he in?
1 *Sold.* The devil brought him in sure;
He came not by us.
Bart. My wife between 'em bustling?
Guard, pull him off!
Rod. Now, now, ye feel the misery.
Bart. You, madam, at an hour so far undecent!
Death o' my soul! This is a foul fault in you!
Your mother's care abused too!—Lights to her chamber![7]—
I am sorry to see this.
Bel. Farewell, my Silvio,
And let no danger sink thee!
Sil. Nor death, lady.
[*Exeunt* BELVIDERE *and* RODOPE.
Bart. Are you so hot? I shall prepare you physic
Will purge you finely, neatly; you are too fiery:
Think of your prayers, sir, an you have not forgot 'em!

[6] *Over the garden* walk.] Mr Seward thinks with me, that it might be better read, *garden* WALL.—*Sympson.*

[7] Light's *to her chamber.*] So the former editions.—Ed. 1778.
As Bartello does not accompany Belvidere to her chamber, the propriety of the variation becomes self-evident.

Can you fly i' th' air, or creep you in at key-holes?
I have a gin will catch you, though you conjured.—
Take him to guard to-night, to strong and sure guard;
I'll back to th' duchess presently.—No less sport serve you,
Than th' heir to a dukedom? Play at push-pin there, sir?
It was well aim'd; but, plague upon't, you shot short,
And that will lose your game.

Sil. I know the loss then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter CLAUDIO, *like a Merchant.*

Clau. Now, in this habit, may I safely see
How my incensed friend carries my murder;
Who little I imagined had been wrought
To such a height of rage: And much I grieve now
Mine own blind passion had so master'd me
I could not see his love; for sure he loves her,
And on a nobler ground than I pretended.
It must be so, it is so.—

Enter PENURIO.

What, Penurio,

My shotten friend,[8] what wind blew you?
Pen. 'Faith, 'tis true,
Any strong wind will blow me like a feather:
I am all air, nothing of earth within me,
Nor have not had this month, but that good dinner
Your worship gave me yesterday; that stays by me,
And gives me ballast, else the sun would draw me.
Clau. But does my mistress speak still of me?
Pen. Yes, sir,
And in her sleep, that makes my master mad too,
And turn and fart for anger.
Clau. Art sure she saw me?
Pen. She saw you at a window.
Clau. 'Tis most true,
In such a place I saw a gentlewoman,
A young, sweet, handsome woman——
Pen. That's she, that's she, sir.
Clau. And well she view'd me: I view'd her—
Pen. Still she, sir.
Clau. At last she blush'd, and then look'd off.
Pen. That blush, sir,
If you can read it truly——
Clau. But didst thou tell her,
Or didst thou fool me thou knew'st such a one?
Pen. I told her, and I told her such a sweet tale—
Clau. But did she hear thee?
Pen. With a thousand ears, sir,
And swallow'd what I said as greedily
As great-bellied women do cherries, stones and all, sir.
Clau. Methinks she should not love thy master?

[8] *My* shotten *friend.*] That is, *lean.* Herrings are said to be *shotten* when they have ejected their spawn; at which time they are very lean.

Pen. Hang him, pilcher!
There's nothing loves him; his own cat cannot endure him.
She had better lie with a bear; for he's so hairy,
That a tame warren of fleas frisk round about him.
Clau. And wilt thou work still?
Pen. Like a miner for you.
Clau. And get access?
Pen. Or conjure you together;
'Tis her desire to meet: She is poison'd with him,
And, till she take a sweet fresh air—that's you, sir—
Clau. There's money for thee; thou art a precious varlet!
Be fat, be fat, and blow thy master backward.
Pen. Blow you my mistress, sir, as flat as a flounder,
Then blow her up again, as butchers blow their veals:

If she die upon the same,
Bury her, bury her, in God's name!

Clau. Thou art a merry knave! By this hand, I'll feed thee,
Till thou crack'st at both ends, if thou darest do this!
Thou shalt eat no fantastical porridge,
Nor lick the dish where oil was yesterday,
Dust, and dead flies to-day; capons, fat capons—
Pen. Oh, hearty sound!
Clau. Cramm'd full of itching oysters——
Pen. Will you have the duchess?
Clau. And lobsters big as gauntlets;
Thou shalt despise base beef——
Pen. I do despise it!
And now, methinks, I feel a tart come sliding——

Clau. Leaping into thy mouth; but first deal faithfully.

Pen. When will you come?

Clau. To-morrow.

Pen. I'll attend you;
For then my master will be out in business.

Clau. What news abroad?

Pen. 'Mass, as I was coming to you,
I heard that Signor Silvio, a good gentleman,
(Many a good meal I have eaten with him)——

Clau. What of him?

Pen. Was this day to be arraign'd before the duchess;
But why, I could not hear.

Clau. Silvio arraign'd?—
Go, get you gone, and think of me.

Pen. I fly, sir. [*Exit.*

Clau. Arraign'd? for what? for my supposed death? No,
That cannot be, sure; there's no rumour of it.
Be it what it will, I will be there and see it,
And, if my help will bring him off, he has it
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Duchess, Lords, SILVIO *(prisoner,)* BELVIDERE, BARTELLO, RODOPE, *Clerk, Counsellors, and Attendants.*

Duch. Read the edict last made; keep silence, there!

Clerk. [*Reading.*] "If any man, of what condition soever, and a subject, after the publishing of this edict, shall, without special licence from the Great Duchess, attempt or buy,[9] offer, or make an attempt to solicit, the love of the Princess Belvidere, the person so offending shall forfeit his life."

Coun. The reason why—My royal mistress here,[1]

[9] Attempt *or buy, offer or* make an attempt.] This nonsensical place has been thus printed and pointed ever since the year 1617. Now, though forms of law are big with synonymas, yet I imagine it is seldom found they are brought to bed of nonsense. I suppose, for the credit of our authors, that this edict might have been once wrote thus.—"without special license from the *Great Duchess* attained, try, offer, *or* make an attempt," &c.—*Sympson.*

I believe Sympson is right; but as the text may be an inadvertency of the poet, not correctly imitating the phrases of law, I have suffered the text to stand.

[1] *The reason why my royal mistress here.*] The pointing in the text is a proposal of Mason, and there can be no reason to dispute its propriety, as the Counsellor, after the reading of the edict, proceeds to state the reasons why it was issued.

In her last treaty with Sienna's duke,
Promised her beauteous daughter there in marriage;
The Duke of Milan, rival in this fortune,[2]
Unnobly sought by practice to betray her;
Which found, and cross'd, the citadel received her,
There to secure her mother's word; the last cause,
So many gentlemen of late enamour'd
On this most beauteous princess, and not brooking
One more than other, to deserve a favour,
Blood has been spilt, many brave spirits lost,
And more, unless she had been kept close from their violence,
Had like to have follow'd: Therefore, for due prevention
Of all such hazards and unnoble actions,
This last edict was publish'd; which thou, Silvio,
Like a false man, a bad man, and a traitor,
Hast rent a pieces, and contemn'd; for which cause
Thou stand'st a guilty man here now.

Enter Claudio.

Clerk. Speak, Silvio!
What canst thou say to avoid the hand of justice?
Sil. Nothing, but I confess, submit, and lay my head to't.
Bel. Have ye no eyes, my lords, no understandings?
The gentleman will cast himself away,

[2] *Rival in this fortune.*] The sense seems to demand *his*, i. e. Sienna's fortune.—*Sympson.*

We think *this* is genuine; and the whole line signifies that the Duke of Milan was Sienna's rival in Belvidere, THIS *fortune*. The next line confirms this explanation.—Ed. 1778.

Cast himself wilfully! Are you, or you, guilty?
No more is he, no more taint sticks upon him:
I drew him thither, 'twas my way betray'd him;
I got the entrance kept, I entertain'd him,
I hid the danger from him, forced him to me:
Poor gentle soul, he's in no part transgressing:
I wrote unto him——

Sil. Do not wrong that honour,
Cast not upon that pureness these aspersions!
By Heaven, it was my love, my violence;
My life must answer it: I broke in to her,
Tempted the law, solicited unjustly——

Bel. As there is truth in Heaven, I was the first cause!
How could this man have come to me, left naked,[3]
Without my counsel and provision?
What hour could he find out to pass the watches,
But I must make it sure first? Reverend judges,
Be not abused, nor let an innocent life lie
Upon your shaking conscience! I did it;
My love the main wheel that set him a-going;
His motion but compell'd.

Sil. Can ye believe this,
And know with what a modesty and whiteness
Her life was ever rank'd? Can ye believe this,
And see me here before ye, young and wilful?
Apt to what danger Love dares thrust me on,
And, where Law stops my way, apt to contemn it?
If I were bashful, old, or dull, and sleepy
In love's alarms, a woman might awake me,
Direct, and clew me out the way to happiness;

[3] *Come to me,* left *naked.*] Sympson suspects we should read, LESS *naked.*—Ed. 1778.

No amendment is wanting; and that proposed by Sympson, the reading *less naked,* is rather ludicrous. I do not see how his being naked could assist him in the attempt. *Left naked,* means left destitute of assistance.—*Mason.*

But I, like fire, kindled with that bright beauty,
Catch hold of all occasions, and run through 'em.

Bel. I charge ye, as your honest souls will answer it—

Sil. I charge ye, as ye are the friends to Virtue,
That has no pattern living but this lady——

Bel. Let not his blood——

Sil. Let not her wilfulness
(For then you act a scene hell will rejoice at)——

Bel. He's clear.

Sil. She is as white in this as infants.

Clau. The god of love protect your cause, and help ye!
Two nobler pieces of affection
These eyes ne'er look'd on; if such goodness perish,
Let never true hearts meet again, but break!
[*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* A strange example of strong love, a rare one!

2 *Lord.* Madam, we know not what to say, to think on.

Duch. I must confess it strikes me tender too,
Searches my mother's heart. You found 'em there?

Bart. Yes, certain, madam.

Duch. And so link'd together?

Bart. As they had been one piece of alabaster.

Duch. Nothing dishonourable?

Sil. So let my soul have happiness,
As that thought yet durst never seek this bosom!

Duch. What shall I do? He has broke my law, abused me;
Fain would I know the truth:—Either confess it,
And let me understand the main offender,
Or both shall feel the torture.

Sil. Are you a mother,
The mother of so sweet a rose as this is,

So pure a flower, and dare you lose that nature?
Dare you take to yourself so great a wickedness,
(Oh, holy Heaven!) of thinking what may ruin
This goodly building? this temple, where the gods
dwell?
Give me a thousand tortures,—I deserve 'em,
And shew me death in all the shapes imagined—
Bel. No death but I will answer it, meet it,
seek it;
No torture but I'll laugh upon't, and kiss it.
1 *Lord.* This is no way.
2 *Lord.* They say no more, for certain,
Than their strong hearts will suffer.
Duch. I have bethought me:
No, lords, although I have a child offending,
Nature dares not forget she is a child still:
Till now, I never look'd on love imperious.—
I have bethought me of a way to break you,
To separate, though not your loves, your bodies.
Silvio, attend! I'll be your judge myself now.
The sentence of your death (because my daughter
Will bear an equal part in your afflictions)
I take away, and pardon: This remains then,
An easy and a gentle punishment,
And this shall be fulfill'd: Because unnobly
You have sought the love and marriage of a princess,
The absolute and sole heir of this dukedom,
By that means, as we must imagine strongly,
To plant yourself into this rule hereafter,
We here pronounce you a man banish'd from us.
Sil. For ever banish'd, lady?
Duch. Yet more mercy!
But for a year, and then again in this place
To make your full appearance. Yet more pity!
If in that time you can absolve a question,

Writ down within this scroll, absolve it rightly,
This lady is your wife, and shall live with you;
If not, you lose your head. [*Gives him a paper.*
Sil. I take this honour,
And humbly kiss these royal hands.
Duch. Receive it.—
Bartello, to your old guard take the princess.
And so, the court break up!
Sil. Farewell to all,
And to that spotless heart my endless service!
[*Exit.*
1 *Lord.* What will this prove?
2 *Lord.* I'll tell you a year hence, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Room in the House of Lopez.

Enter Penurio, Isabella, *and* Claudio.

Pen. Are you pleas'd now? Have I not wrought this wonder?
Non è ben fatto, signor?
Clau. Rarely, Penurio.
Pen. Close, close then, and work, wax!
Clau. I am studying for thee
A dinner, that shall victual thee for ten year.
Pen. Do you hear, mistress?
You know what a dunder-whelp my master is,
(I need not preach to you) how unfit and wanting

To give a woman satisfaction; how
He stinks and snores; a bull's a better bedfellow;
And, for his love, never let that deceive you.
Isab. Nay, sure he loves me not.
Pen. If he could coin you,
Or turn you into metal, much might be then;
He loves not any thing but what is traffic:
I have heard him swear he would sell you to the grand signor.
Isab. The Turk?
Pen. The very Turk, and how they would use you——
Isab. I'll fit him for't: The Turk?
Pen. I know the price too:
Now you have time to pay him, pay him home, mistress,
Pay him o' th' pate, clout him for all his courtesies:
Here's one that dances in your eyes, young, delicate,
To work this vengeance; if you let it slip now,
There is no pitying of you. Od's precious, mistress,
Were I his wife, I would so maul his mazard[4]—
'Tis charity, mere charity, pure charity!
Are you the first? Has it not been from Eve's time,
Women would have their safe revenges this way?
And good and gracious women, excellent women?
Is't not a handsome gentleman, a sweet gentleman?
View him from head to foot, a complete gentleman?
When can you hope the like again? I leave you,
And my revenge too, with you: I know my office;

[4] *Mazard.*] Originally a cup, but the word was frequently used for the head.

I'll nót be far off. Be not long a-fumbling!
When danger shall appear, I'll give the 'larm. [*Exit.*

Isab. You are welcome, sir! and 'would it were my fortune
To afford a gentleman of your fair seeming
A freer entertainment than this house has:
You partly know, sir——

Clau. Know, and pity, lady,
Such sweetness in the bud should be so blasted:
Dare you make me your servant?

Isab. Dare you make, sir,
That service worthy of a woman's favour
By constancy and goodness?

Clau. Here I swear to you,
By the unvalued love I bear this beauty,
(And kiss the book too) never to be recreant;
To honour you, to truly love and serve you,
My youth to wait upon you, what my wealth has—

Isab. Oh, make me not so poor to sell affection!
Those bought loves, sir, wear faster than the monies.—
A handsome gentleman! [*Apart.*

Claud. A most delicate sweet one![5]—
Let my truth purchase then!

Isab. I should first try it;
But you may happily——

Clau. You shall not doubt me—
I hope she loves me.—When I prove false, shame take me!
Will you believe a little?

Isab. I fear, too much, sir.

[5] *A most delicate sweet one.*] These words have hitherto been given to Claudio.—Ed. 1778.

I do not see why they should not be given to Claudio. The exclamation is much more suitable for a lover addressing his mistress, than from a lady to her gallant.

Clau. And will you love a little?
Isab. That should be your part.
Clau. Thus I begin then, thus and thus.
[*Kisses her*
Isab. A good beginning,
We have a proverb says, makes a good ending.
Clau. Say you so? 'tis well inferr'd.
Isab. Good sir, your patience!
Methinks I have ventured now, like a weak bark,
Upon a broken billow, that will swallow me,
Upon a rough sea of suspicions,
Stuck round with jealous rocks.
Pen. [*Within.*] A-hem, a-hem there!
Isab. This is my man! my fears too soon have found me.

Enter PENURIO.

Now, what's the news?
Pen A pox of yond old rigel,[6]
The captain, the old captain!
Isab. What old captain?
Pen. Captain Courageous yonder, of the castle,
Captain, Don Diego, old Bartello.
Isab. Where is he?
Pen. He's coming in:
'Twould vex the devil that such an old potgun as this,
That can make no sport, should hinder them that can do't.
Isab. I would not have him see the gentleman
For all the world; my credit were undone then.
Pen. Shall I fling a piss-pot on's head as he comes in,
And take him into th' kitchen, there to dry him?

[6] *Rigel*] A *rigel*, or *ridgling*, is a ram half castrated.

Isab. That will not do. And he's so humorous too,
He will come in.

Clau. What is he?

Isab. One much troubles me.

Pen. And can do nothing, cannot eat.

Isab. Your sight now,
Out of a drivelling dotage he bears to me,
May make him tell my husband, and undo me.

Clau. What would you have me do?

Isab. But for a while, sir,
Step here behind this hanging; presently
I'll answer him, and then——

Clau. I will obey you.
[*Retires behind the arras.*

Enter Bartello.

Bart. Where's my rich jeweller? I have stones to set.

Pen. He is abroad, and sure, sir.

Bart. There's for your service!—
[*Gives him money. Exit* Penurio.
Where's the fair lady? All alone, sweet beauty?

Isab. She's never much alone, sir, that's acquainted
With such companions as good honest thoughts are.

Bart. I'll sit down by thee, and I'll kiss thy hand too,
And in thine ear swear, by my life, I love thee.

Isab. You are a merry captain.

Bart. And a mad one, lady.
By th' mass, thou hast goodly eyes, excellent eyes, wench!
Ye twinkling rogues! look what thy captain brings thee!

Thou must needs love me, love me heartily,
Hug me, and love me, hug me close.

Isab. Fy, captain!

Bart. Nay, I have strength, and I can strain you, sirrah,
And vault into my seat as nimbly, little one,
As any of your smooth-chinn'd boys in Florence.
I must needs commit a little folly with you;
I'll not be long; a bridling cast,[7] and away, wench!
The hob-nail thy husband's as fitly out o' th' way now—

Isab. Do you think he keeps a bawdy-house?

Bart. That's all one.

Isab. Or did you e'er see that lightness in my carriage,
That you might promise to yourself——

Bart. Away, fool!
A good turn's a good turn; I'm an honest fellow.

Isab. You have a handsome wife, a virtuous gentlewoman——

Bart. They are not for this time o' th' year.

Isab. A lady,
That ever bore that great respect to you,
That noble constancy——

Bart. That's more than I know.

Enter Maid and PENURIO.

Maid. Oh, mistress, you're undone! my master's coming.

Pen. Coming hard by here.

Bart. Plague consume the rascal!
Shall I make petty-patties of him?

[7] *A bridling cast.*] This is a phrase from drinking.—See vol. II. p. 177.

Isab. Now what love, sir?
Fear of your coming made him jealous first;
Your finding here will make him mad and desperate;
And what in that wild mood he will execute——
Bart. I can think of nothing; I have no wit left me;
Certain my head's a mustard-pot! [8]
Isab. I have thought, sir;
And, if you please to put in execution
What I conceive——
Bart. I'll do it; tell it quickly.
Isab. Draw your sword quickly, and go down enraged,
As if you had pursued some foe up hither,
And grumble to yourself extremely, terribly,
But not a word to him; and so pass by him.
Bart. I'll do it perfectly.

Enter LOPEZ.

Isab. Stand you still, good sir.
Bart. Rascal, slave, villain! take a house so poorly,
After thou hast wrong'd a gentleman, a soldier?
Base poltroon boy! you will forsake your nest, sirrah?
Lopez. The matter, good sweet captain?
Bart. Run-away rogue!
And take a house to cover thy base cowardice?
I'll whip you, I'll so scourge you—— [*Exit.*

[8] —— *I have no* wit *left me*
Certain my head's a mustard-pot.] So in the second part of Henry IV. act ii. sc. iv. Falstaff says, in answer to Doll Tearsheet's observation that Poins had a good wit, "He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his *wit* is as thick as Tewkesbury *mustard;* there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet."—*Reed.*

Lopez. Mercy upon me,
What's all this matter, wife?
Isab. Did you meet the madman?[*]
Lopez. I never saw the captain so provoked yet.
Isab. Oh he's a devil sure, a most bloody devil!
He follow'd a young gentleman, his sword drawn,
With such a fury—how I shake to think on't!
And foin'd, and slash'd at him, and swore he'd kill him;
Drove him up hither, follow'd him still bloodily,
And, if I had not hid him, sure had slain him.
A merciless old man! [CLAUDIO *appears.*
Clau. Most virtuous lady,
Even as the giver of my life, I thank you!
Lopez. This fellow must not stay here, he's too handsome.—
He is gone, sir, and you may pass now with all security;
I'll be your guide myself, and such a way
I'll lead you, none shall cross, nor none shall know you.—
The doors left open, sirrah? I'll starve you for this trick!
I'll make thee fast o' Sundays: And for you, lady,
I'll have your lodgings farther off, and closer;
I'll have no street-lights to you!—Will you go, sir?
Clau. I thank you, sir!—The devil take this fortune!—
And, once more, all my service to your goodness!
[*Exeunt* LOPEZ *and* CLAUDIO.
Pen. Now could I eat my very arms for madness!

* *Did you meet,* &c.] This scene was afterwards introduced by Ravenscroft, into a contemptible play written by him, which, however, hath been acted within these few years, called The London Cuckolds.—*Reed.*

Cross'd in the nick o' th' matter? Vengeance take
it,
And that old cavalier that spoil'd our cock-fight!
I'll lay the next plot surer.

Isab. I am glad, and sorry:
Glad that I got so fairly off suspicion;
Sorry, I lost my new-loved friend.

Pen. Not lost, mistress;
I'll conjure once again to raise that spirit.
In, and look soberly upon the matter!
We'll ring him one peal more; and if that fall,
The devil take the clappers, bells, and all!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duchess, Lords, and RODOPE.

Duch. Now, Rodope, how do you find my
daughter?

Rod. Madam, I find her now what you would
have her,
What the state wishes her; I urged her fault to
her,
Open'd her eyes, and made her see the mischief
She was running with a headlong will into;

Made her start at her folly, shake and tremble,
At the mere memory of such an ignorance.
She now contemns his love, hates his remembrance,
Cannot endure to hear the name of Silvio;
His person spits at——

Duch. I am glad to hear this.

Rod. And humbly now to your will, your care, madam,
Bends her affections, bows her best obedience;
Sienna's Duke with new eyes now she looks on,
And with a princely love, fit for his person,
Returns that happiness and joy he look'd for;
The general good of both the neighbour dukedoms,
Not any private end, or rash affection,
She aims at now. Hearing the Duke arrived too,
(To whom she owes all honour and all service)
She charged me kneel thus at your grace's feet,
And not to rise without a general pardon. [*Kneels.*

Duch. She has it, and my love again, my old love;
And with more tenderness I meet this penitence.
Than if she ne'er had started from her honour.
I thank you, Rodope, am bound to thank you,
And daily to remember this great service,
This honest faithful service! Go in peace,
And by this ring, deliver'd to Bartello,
Let her enjoy our favour, and her liberty;
And presently to this place, with all honour,
See her conducted.

Rod. Your grace has made me happy. [*Exit.*

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Sienna's noble Duke craves his admittance

Duch. Go, wait upon his grace!—

Enter Duke of Sienna, with Attendants.

Fair sir, you are welcome,
Welcome to her ever admired your virtues!
And now, methinks, my court looks truly noble.
You have taken too much pains, sir.
Duke. Royal lady,
To wait upon your grace is but my service.
Duch. Keep that, sir, for the saint you have vow'd it to.
Duke. I keep a life for her. Since your grace pleases
To jump so happily into the matter,
I come indeed to claim your royal promise,
The beauteous Belvidere in marriage:
I come to tender her my youth, my fortune,
My everlasting love.
Duch. You are like to win, sir.—

Enter BELVIDERE, BARTELLO, RODOPE, *and Attendants.*

All is forgot, forgiven too. No sadness,
My good child! you have the same heart still here.
The Duke of Sienna, child! Pray, use him nobly.
Duke. An angel beauty!
Bel. Your grace is fairly welcome!
And what in modesty a blushing maid may
Wish to a gentleman of your great goodness—
But wishes are too poor a pay for princes.
Duke. You have made me richer than all states and titles!
One kiss of this white hand's above all honours:
My faith, dear lady, and my fruitful service,
My duteous zeal——

Bel. Your grace is a great master,
And speak too powerfully to be resisted.
Once more, you are welcome, sir; to me you are welcome,
To her that honours you! I could say more, sir;
But in another's tongue 'twere better spoken.

Duke. As wise as fair! you have made your servant happy.—
I never saw so rich a mine of sweetness!

Duch. Will your grace please, after your painful journey,
To take some rest?—Are the Duke's lodgings ready?

Lord. All, madam.

Duch. Then wait upon his grace, all!—And to-morrow, sir,
We'll shew you in what high esteem we hold you:
Till then, a fair repose!

Duke. My fairest service!

[*Exeunt Duke and Attendants.*

Duch. You have so honour'd me, my dearest daughter,
So truly pleased me in this entertainment,
I mean your loving carriage to Sienna,
That both for ever I forget all trespasses,
And to secure you next of my full favour,
Ask what you will within my power to grant you,
Ask freely; and if I forget my promise—
Ask confidently!

Bel. You are too royal to me;
To me that have so foolishly transgress'd you,[9]
So like a girl, so far forgot my virtue,
Which now appears as base and ugly to me,
As did his dream, that thought he was in Paradise,

[9] *Transgress'd you.*] That is, transgressed your commands. See vol. VI. p. 86.

Awaked and saw the devil. How was I wander'd!
With what eyes could I look upon that poor, that coarse thing,
That wretched thing, call'd Silvio! that, now, despised thing!
And lose an object of that graceful sweetness,
That god-like presence, as Sienna is!
Darkness and cheerful day had not such difference.
But I must ever bless your care, your wisdom,
That led me from this labyrinth of folly:
How had I sunk else! what example given!
Duch. Pr'ythee, no more; and as thou art my best one,
Ask something that may equal such a goodness!
Bel. Why did you let him go so slightly from you,
More like a man in triumph, than condemn'd?
Why did you make his penance but a question,
A riddle, every idle wit unlocks?
Duch. 'Tis not so,
Nor do not fear it so; he will not find it:
I have given that (unless myself discover it)
Will cost his head.
Bel. 'Tis subject to construction?
Duch. That it is too.
Bel. It may be then absolved,
And then are we both scorn'd and laugh'd at, madam:
Beside the promise you have tied upon it,
Which you must never keep——
Duch. I never mean it.
Bel. For Heaven' sake, let me know it! 'tis my suit to you,
The boon you would have me ask: Let me but see it,
That, if there be a way to make't so strong
No wit nor powerful reason can run through it
For my disgrace, I may beg of Heaven to grant it.

Duch. Fear not! it has been put to sharper judgments
Than e'er he shall arrive at: My dear father,
That was as fiery in his understanding
And ready in his wit as any living,
Had it two years, and studied it, yet lost it:
This night you are my bedfellow; there, daughter,
Into your bosom I'll commit this secret,
And there we'll both take counsel.

Bel. I shall find
Some trick, I hope, too strong yet for his mind.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter PENURIO.

Pen. Methinks I am batten'd[2] well of late, grown lusty,
Fat, high, and kicking, thanks to the bounteous Rugio!
And, now, methinks, I scorn these poor repasts,
Cheese-parings, and the stinking tongues of pilchers:
But why should I remember these? they are odious,

[2] *Batten'd.*] That is, grown fat. So in Ford's Perkin Warbeck:
" *Astley.* Give me the hearts of England for my money!
Sketon. A man may *batten* there in a week only with hot loaves and butter, and a lusty cup of muscadine and sugar at breakfast, though he may make a meal all the month after."

They are odious in mine eyes; the full fat dish now,
The bearing dish, is that I reverence,
The dish an able serving-man sweats under,
And bends i' th' hams, as if the house hung on him,
That dish is the dish; hang your bladder banquets,
Of half a dozen of turnips and two mushrooms![3]
These, when they breed their best, hatch but two
belches:
The state of a fat turkey, the decorum
He marches in with, all the train and circumstance;
'Tis such a matter, such a glorious matter!
And then his sauce with oranges and onions,
And he display'd in all parts! for such a dish now,
And at my need, I would betray my father,
And, for a roasted conger, all my country.

Enter BARTELLO.

Bart. What, my friend Lean-gut! how does thy beauteous mistress?
And where's your master, sirrah? where's that horn-pipe?
Pen. My mistress, sir, does as a poor wrong'd gentlewoman
(Too much, Heaven knows, oppress'd with injuries)
May do, and live.
Bart. Is the old fool still jealous?
Pen. As old fools are and will be, still the same, sir.
Bart. He must have cause, he must have cause.
Pen. 'Tis true, sir;
And 'would he had with all my heart!

[3] ——— *Hang your bladder banquets,*
Or *half a dozen of turnips and two mushrooms!*] An ingenious amendment of Mason's has been adopted into the text, which does not require any defence.

Bart. He shall have.
Pen. For then he had salt to his saffron porridge.[4]
Bart. Why
Do not I see thee sometime? why, thou starved rascal?
Why do not you come to me, you precious bow-case?
I keep good meat at home, good store.
Pen. Yes, sir;
I will not fail you all next week.
Bart. Thou art welcome:
I have a secret I would fain impart to thee;
But thou'rt so thin, the wind will blow it from thee,
Or men will read it through thee.
Pen. Wrapt up in beef, sir,
In good gross beef, let all the world look on me!
The English have that trick to keep intelligence.
Bart. A witty knave! First, there's to tie your tongue up. [*Gives money.*
Pen. Dumb as a dog, sir.
Bart. Next, hark in your ear, sirrah! [*Whispers.*
Pen. Well, very well, excellent well! 'Tis done, sir;
Say no more to me.
Bart. Say, and hold.
Pen 'Tis done, sir.
Bart. As thou lov'st butter'd eggs, swear.
Pen. Let me kiss the book first:
But here's my hand, brave captain.
Bart Look you hold, sirrah. [*Exit.*
Pen. Oh, the most precious vanity of this world!
When such dry neats' tongues must be soak'd and larded

[4] Saffron *porridge.*] This passage supports a conjecture hazarded on a similar one in The Woman's Prize, vol. V. p. 412.

With young fat supple wenches? Oh, the devil,
What can he do? he cannot suck an egg off,
But his back's loose i' th' hilts: Go thy ways, captain!
Well may thy warlike name work miracles;
But if e'er thy founder'd courser win match more,
Or stand right but one train——

Enter Three Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Now, Signor Shadow,
What art thou thinking of? how to rob thy master?
Pen. Of his good deeds? The thief that undertakes that
Must have a hook will poze all hell to hammer.
Have you dined, gentlemen, or do you purpose?
2 *Gent.* Dined, two long hours ago.
Pen. Pray ye take me with ye.
3 *Gent.* To supper, dost thou mean?
Pen. To any thing
That has the smell of meat in't. Tell me true, gentlemen;
Are not you three now going to be sinful?
To jeopard a joint, or so? I have found your faces,[5]
And see *whore* written in your eyes.

[5] *To* iropard *a point.*] Mr Theobald and Mr Seward read with me, *jeopard*, and the oldest folio retains pretty near the same reading,

To jeabard *a point.*

But what are we to make of *I've found your faces*? The reader may put what sense he pleases to this place; but I cannot help thinking but we ought to read,

I've con'd *your faces,*

i. e. *consider'd, view'd, study'd* 'em.—*Sympson.*

Why Mr Sympson, in his quotations in this note, substitutes *point* for *joint* we are at a loss to know; and so we are to find out where the difficulty of *I've* FOUND *your faces*, lies: Penurio asks

1 *Gent.* A parlous rascal![6]
Thou art much upon the matter.
Pen. Have a care, gentlemen!
'Tis a sore age, very sore age, lewd age;
And women now are like old knights' adventures,
Full of enchanted flames, and dangerous.
2 *Gent.* Where the most danger is, there's the most honour.
Pen. I grant ye, honour most consists in sufferance;
And by that rule you three should be most honourable.
3 *Gent.* A subtle rogue! But canst thou tell, Penurio,
Where we may light upon——
Pen. A learned surgeon?
3 *Gent.* Pox take ye, fool! I mean good wholesome wenches.
Pen. 'Faith, wholesome women will but spoil ye too,
For you are so used to snap-haunces.[7]—But take my counsel;
Take fat old women, fat, and five and fifty;
The Dog-days are come in.
2 *Gent.* Take fat old women?
Pen. The fatter and the older, still the better!
You do not know the pleasure of an old dame,

them coarsely, *Are not you three going to be* sinful? and afterwards adds, *I've* FOUND *your faces*; i. e. "I have discovered the meaning of your looks, and see *whore* written in your eyes." This interpretation is unforced, and shews *found* to be the better, as well as the older reading. *Con'd* conveys a weaker sense.—Ed. 1778.

[6] *A* parlous *rascal.*] *i. e.* A cunning one.

[7] *Snap-haunces.*] So the former editions.—Ed. 1778.
And they read rightly. There is a pun between *snap-haunce*, the ancient name for a firelock, and a prostitute. The last editors read *snap-haunches.*

A fat old dame; you do not know the knack on't:
They're like our country grots, as cool as Christmas,
And sure i' th' keels.

1 *Gent.* Hang him, starved fool, he mocks us!

3 *Gent.* Penurio, thou know'st all the handsome wenches:
What shall I give thee for a merchant's wife now?

Pen. I take no money, gentlemen; that's base!
I trade in meat: A merchant's wife will cost ye—
A glorious capon, a great shoulder of mutton,
And a tart as big as a conjurer's circle.

3 *Gent.* That's cheap enough.

1 *Gent.* And what a haberdasher's?

Pen. Worse meat will serve for her; a great goose-pie—
(But you must send it out o' th' country to me,
It will not do else) with a piece of bacon,
And, if you can, a pot of butter with it.

2 *Gent.* Now do I aim at horse-flesh: What a parson's?[8]

Pen. A tithe-pig has no fellow, if I fetch her;
If she be Puritan,[9] plumb-porridge does it,

[8] *Now do I aim at* horse-flesh: *What a* parson's?] There is a vulgar proverb, that he who cuckolds a parson shall have good luck in horse-flesh.

[9] *If she be Puritan, plumb porridge*—] I read,
If she ben't Puritan, &c.
The Puritans have several of them very warmly opposed the observance of church festivals, and of consequence the feasting upon them, which Hudibras has finely burlesqued, in part i. canto i.—

> "*Rather than fail, they will defy*
> *That which they love most tenderly;*
> *Quarrel with* minced pies, *and disparage*
> *Their best and dearest friend* plum-porridge;
> *Fat* pig *and* goose *itself oppose,*
> *And blaspheme* custard *through the* nose."

From whence it will appear that a negative is wanting in the line above, which I have inserted. The reader will observe that in this

And a fat loin of veal, well sauced and roasted.
2 Gent. We'll meet one night, and thou shalt have all these,
O' that condition we may have the wenches.—
A dainty rascal!
Pen. When your stomachs serve ye,
(For mine is ever ready) I'll supply ye.
1 Gent. Farewell! and there's to fill thy paunch.
[*They give money*
Pen. Brave gentleman——
2 Gent. Hold, sirrah! there.
Pen Any young wench i' th' town, sir——
3 Gent. It shall go round. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*
Pen. Most honourable gentlemen!—
All these are courtiers; but they are mere coxcombs,
And only for a wench their purses open;
Nor have they so much judgment left to chuse her.
If e'er they call upon me, I'll so fit 'em—
I have a pack of wry-mouth'd mackrel ladies,
Stink like a standing ditch, and those dear damsels—
But I forgot my business; I thank you, monsieurs!
I have a thousand whimsies in my brains now.
[*Exit.*

and another banter on the fanatics, our poets have brought their scene back to England; for I believe there never was any sect of them that held these doctrines on the other side the Alps.
Seward.

What Seward says in the beginning of this note is true, that the Puritans warmly opposed the celebration of festivals, and the feasting attending them; but it does not follow from thence that the negative he contends for ought to be inserted. There is much more humour in the present reading; for the dishes Penurio mentions are not the bribes or inducements for the women to come, but the rewards he expects for bringing them, which he humourously contrasts with their inclinations and opinions.—*Mason.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace. A Banquet set out.

Enter Duchess, Duke of Sienna, Lords, and Attendants.

Duch. Your grace shall now perceive how much we honour you,
And in what dear regard we hold your friendship.
Will you sit, sir, and grace this homely banquet?
Duke. Madam, to your poor friend you are too magnificent.
Duch. To the Duke's health, and all the joys I wish him! [*They drink.*
Let no man miss this cup. Have we no music?
Duke. Your noble favours still you heap upon me
But where's my virtuous mistress? Such a feast,
And not her sparkling beauty here to bless it?
Methinks, it should not be; it shews not fully.
Duch. Young ladies, sir, are long and curious
In putting on their trims,[1] forget how day goes,
And then 'tis their good-morrow when they are ready.—

[1] *Trims.*] In our ancient writers, *trim* almost always signifies *dress.* It plainly does so here, and in another passage in act v. So, in Shakspeare's King John, a bride *undrest* is called an *untrimmed* bride. See act iii. sc. i.—*Reed.*

Another instance occurs in Titus Andronicus, act v. sc. i.:—

"*Aar.* And cut her hands off, and *trimm'd* her as thou saw'st.
Luc. O detestable villain! call'st thou that *trimming*?
Aar. Why, she was *wash'd,* and cut, and *trimm'd,*" &c.

Go some and call her, and wait upon her hither;
Tell her the Duke and I desire her company.—
I warrant you, a hundred dressings now
She has survey'd; this and that fashion look'd on,
For ruffs and gowns; cast this away, these jewels
Suited to these, and these knots: O' my life, sir,
She fears your curious eye will soon discover else.—
Why stand ye still? why gape ye on one another?
Did I not bid ye go, and tell my daughter?
Are you nail'd here? Nor stir, nor speak? Who am I?
And who are you?

1 *Lord.* Pardon me, gracious lady!
The fear to tell you that, you would not hear of,
Makes us all dumb: The princess is gone, madam.

Duch. Gone? whither gone? Some wiser fellow answer me!

2 *Lord.* We sought the court all over; and, believe, lady,
No news of where she is, nor how conveyed hence.

Duch. It cannot be, it must not be!

1 *Lord.* 'Tis true, madam;
No room in all the court, but we search'd through it.
Her women found her want first, and they cried to us.

Duch. Gone? stol'n away? I am abused, dishonour'd.

Duke. 'Tis I that am abused, 'tis I dishonour'd!
Is this your welcome? this your favour to me?
To foist a trick upon me? this trick too,
To cheat me of my love? Am I not worthy?
Or, since I was your guest, am I grown odious?

Duch. Your grace mistakes me; as I have a life, sir——

Duke. And I another, I will never bear this,
Never endure this dor![2]

Dor.] *i.e.* Disappointment. See vol. VIII. p. 227.

Duch. But hear me patiently!
Duke. Give me my love!
Duch. As soon as care can find her;
And all care shall be used.
Duke. And all my care too,
To be revenged: I smell the trick; 'tis too rank;
Fy, how it smells o' th' mother!
Duch. You wrong me, Duke.
Duke. For this disgrace, ten thousand Florentines
Shall pay their dearest bloods, and dying curse you!
And so I turn away, your mortal enemy! [*Exit.*
Duch. Since you're so high and hot, sir, you have half arm'd us.—
Be careful of the town, of all the castles,
And see supplies of soldiers every where,
And musters for the field when he invites us;
For he shall know, 'tis not high words can fright us
My daughter gone? Has she so finely cozen'd me?
This is for Silvio's sake sure; oh, cunning false one!
—Publish a proclamation through the dukedom,
That whosoe'er can bring to th' court young Silvio,
Alive or dead, beside our thanks and favour,
Shall have two thousand ducats for his labour!
See it dispatch'd and sent in haste.—Oh, base one!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Bed-room in the House of Lopez.

Enter ISABELLA, *and* PENURIO *with a Light.*

Isab. Wast thou with Rugio?
Pen. Yes, marry was I, closely.[3]
Isab. And does he still remember his poor mistress?
Does he desire to see me?
Pen. Yes, and presently;
Puts off all business else; lives in that memory;
And will be here according to directions.
Isab. But where's thy master?
Pen. Where a coxcomb should be;
Waiting at court with his jewels;
Safe for this night, I warrant you.
Isab. I am bound to thee.
Pen. I would you were, as close as I could tie you.
Isab. Thou art my best, my truest friend——
Pen. I labour,
I moil and toil for you; I am your hackney.
Isab. If ever I be able——
Pen. Steal the great cheese, mistress,
Was sent him out o' th' country.
Isab. Any thing——

[3] *Closely.*] Privately.

Pen. That's meat; 'tis lawful, mistress.[4] Where's the castle-custard,[5]
He got at court?
Isab. He has lock'd it in his study.
Pen. Get a warrant
To search for counterfeit gold.
Isab. Give me thy candle;
I'll find a time to be thy careful cater.[6]
Pen. And many a time I'll find to be his cook,
And dress his calf's head to the sweetest sauce, mistress!
Isab. To bed, Penurio! go; the rest is my charge:
I'll keep the watch out.
Pen. Now if you spare him—— [*Exit.*
Isab. Peace, fool!—
I hope my Rugio will not fail; 'twould vex me.
Now to my string! so; sure he cannot miss now;
And this end to my finger. I'll lie down,
For on a sudden I am wond'rous heavy;
'Tis very late too; if he come and find this,
And pull it, though it be with easy motion,
I shall soon waken, and as soon be with him.
[*She ties a String to her Finger, lays down, and falls asleep.*

Enter LOPEZ.

Lopez. Thou secret friend,[7] how am I bound to love thee!

[4] *That's meat; 'tis lawful, mistress.*] To steal food was vulgarly held to be without the censure of the law.

[5] *Castle-custard.*] Custards, as well as marchpanes and other confections, were formerly built up in the shape of castles and fortifications.

[6] *Cater.*] See above p. 283.

[7] *Thou secret friend.*] His private key.—*Sympson.*

And how to hug thee for thy private service!
Thou art the star all my suspicions sail by,
The fixed point my wronged honour turns to:
By thee I shall know all, find all the subtilties
Of devilish women, that torment me daily:
Thou art my conjurer, my spell, my spirit!—
All's hush'd and still, no sound of any stirring,
No tread of living thing! The light is in still;
And there's my wife; how prettily the fool lies,
How sweet, and handsomely; and in her clothes
too!
Waiting for me, upon my life! her fondness
Would not admit her rest till I came to her:
Oh, careful fool, why am I angry with thee?
Why do I think thou hat'st thy loving husband?
I am an ass, an over-doting coxcomb;
And this sweet soul the mirror of perfection.
How admirable fair and delicate!
And how it stirs me! I'll sing thy sweets a requiem,
But will not waken thee.

SONG.

Oh, fair sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright,
Twin stars in Heaven, that now adorn the night;
Oh, fruitful lips, where cherries ever grow,
And damask cheeks, where all sweet beauties blow;
Oh thou, from head to foot divinely fair!
Cupid's most cunning net's made of that hair;
And, as he weaves himself for curious eyes,
"Oh me, oh me, I'm caught myself," he cries:
Sweet rest about thee, sweet and golden sleep,
Soft peaceful thoughts, your hourly watches keep,
Whilst I in wonder sing this sacrifice,
To beauty sacred, and those angel eyes!

Now will I steal a kiss, a dear kiss from her,
And suck the rosy breath of this bright beauty.—
What a devil's this? tied to her finger too?
A string, a damned string, to give intelligence!
Oh, my loved key, how truly hast thou served me!
I'll follow this:—Soft, soft! to th' door it goes,
And through to th' other side! a damn'd string 'tis!
I am abused, topt, cuckolded, fool'd, jaded,
Ridden to death, to madness!—Stay; this helps not;
Stay, stay! and now invention help me!
I'll sit down by her, take this from her easily,
And thus upon mine own.—Dog, I shall catch you;
With all your cunning, sir, I shall light on you.—
I felt it pull, sure; yes, but wond'rous softly;
'Tis there again, and harder now: Have at you!
Now an thou 'scap'st, the devil's thy ghostly father!
[*Exit*

Isab. [*Awaking.*] Sure 'twas my husband's voice!
The string is gone too;
He has found the trick on't! I am undone, betray'd,
And, if he meet my friend, he perishes;
What fortune follows me, what spiteful fortune!
Hoa, Jaquenet!

Enter Jaquenet.

Jaq. Here, mistress; do you call me?
Isab. Didst thou hear no noise?
Jaq. I hear my master mad yonder,
And swears, and chafes——
Isab. Dar'st thou do one thing for me?
One thing concerns mine honour? all is lost else.
Jaq. Name what you will.
Isab. It can bring but a beating,
Which I will recompense so largely——

Jaq. Name it.

Isab. Sit here as if thou wert asleep.

Jaq. Is that all?

Isab. When he comes in, whate'er he do unto thee,
(The worst will be but beating) speak not a word,
Not one word, as thou lov'st me.

Jaq. I'll run through it.

Isab. I'll carry away the candle. [*Exit.*

Jaq. And I the blows, mistress. [*Lies down.*

Enter LOPEZ.

Lopez. Have you put your light out? I shall stumble to you,
You whore, you cunning whore! I shall catch your rogue too:
He has light legs, else I had so ferret-claw'd him!
Oh, have I found you? Do you play at dog-sleep still, whore?
Do you think that can protect you? Yes, I'll kill thee;
But first I'll bring thy friends to view thy villainies,
Thy whorish villainies: And first I'll beat thee,
Beat thee to pin-dust, thou salt whore, thou varlet,
Scratch out thine eyes: I'll spoil your tempting visage!— [*Beats her.*
Are you so patient? I'll put my nails in deeper.
Is it good whoring? whoring, ye base rascal?
Is it good tempting men with strings to ride you?
So! I will fetch your kindred, and your friends, whore;
And such a justice I will act upon thee——
[*Exit.*

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. What, is he gone?

Jaq. The devil go with him, mistress!
He has harrow'd me, plough'd land was ne'er so harrow'd;
I had the most ado to save mine eyes.
Isab. He has paid thee;
But I'll heal all again with good gold, Jaquenet.
He has damned nails.
Jaq. They are tenpenny nails, I think, mistress;
I'll undertake he shall strike 'em through an inch board.
Isab. Go up and wash thyself; take my pomatum;
And now let me alone to end the tragedy.
Jaq. You had best beware.
Isab. I shall deal stoutly with him;
Reach me my book, and see the door made fast, wench;
And so, good night!—Now to the matter politic!
[*Exit* Jaquenet. Lopez *knocks within.*
Lopez. [*Within.*] You shall see what she is, what a sweet jewel.
Isab. Who's there? what madman knocks? is this an hour,
And in mine husband's absence?
Lopez. [*Within.*] Will you open?
You know my voice, you whore! I am that husband.—
Do you mark her subtilty? But I have paid her,
I have so ferk'd her face—Here's the blood, gentlemen;
Ecce signum! I have spoil'd her goatish beauty;
Observe her how she looks now, how she's painted!
Oh, 'tis the most wicked'st whore,[8] and the most treacherous——

[8] *Oh, 'tis the most wicked'st whore.*] The putting the sign of the superlative degree to the superlative degree itself, as the comparative sign to the comparative degree a little above, is a practice in which our authors are not singular.—*Sympson.*

Enter LOPEZ, BARTELLO, *Gentlemen and two Gentlewomen.*

Gent. Here walks my cousin, full of meditation,
Arm'd with religious thoughts.
Bart. Is this the monster?
1 *Gentlew.* Is this the subject of that rage you talk'd of,
That naughty woman you had pull'd a-pieces?
Bart. Here's no such thing.
1 *Gentlew.* How have you wrong'd this beauty!
Are not you mad, my friend? What time o' th' moon is't?
Have not you maggots in your brains?
Lopez. 'Tis she, sure!
Gent. Where's the scratch'd face you spoke of, the torn garments,
And all the hair pluck'd off her head?
Bart. Believe me,
'Twere better far you had lost your pair of pebbles,
Than she the least adornment of that sweetness.
Lopez. Is not this blood?
1 *Gentlew.* This is a monstrous folly,
A base abuse!
Isab. Thus he does ever use me,
And sticks me up a wonder, not a woman:
Nothing I do, but subject to suspicion;
Nothing I can do, able to content him.
Bart. Lopez, you must not use this.
2 *Gentlew.* 'Twere not amiss, sir,
To give ye sauce to your meat; and suddenly——
1 *Gentlew.* You that dare wrong a woman of her goodness,
Thou have a wife? thou have a bear tied to thee,
To scratch thy jealous itch! Were all o' my mind,
I mean all women, we would soon disburthen you

Of that that breeds these fits, these dog-flaws[9]
in ye;
A sow-gelder should trim you.
Bart. A rare cure, lady,
And one as fit for him as a thief for a halter!—
You see this youth; will you not cry him quittance? [*Apart to* ISABELLA.
Body o' me, I would pine, but I would pepper him.
I'll come anon.—He, hang him, poor pompillion![1]
How like a wench bepist he looks!—I'll come,
lady.—
Lopez, the law must teach you what a wife is,
A good, a virtuous wife——
Isab. I'll ne'er live with him!
I crave your loves all to make known my cause,
That so a fair divorce may pass between us:
I am weary of my life; in danger hourly.
Bart. You see how rude you are—I will not
miss you— [*Apart to her.*
Unsufferable rude—I'll pay him soundly—
You should be whipt in Bedlam—I'll reward him—
2 Gentlew. Whipping's too good.
Lopez. I think I am alive still,
And in my wits!
Bart. I'll put a trick upon him—
And get his goods confiscate; you shall have 'em.
I will not fail at nine—— [*Apart to her.*
Lopez. I think I am here too;
And once I would have sworn I had taken her
napping;
I think my name is Lopez.

[9] *Flaws.*] This word, in our authors' time, signified *storms*, or *gusts*. Several instances might be produced.—*Reed.*

[1] *Pompillion.*] Cotgrave interprets *populeon*, "populeon, or pompillion, an ointment made of blacke poplar buds." The allusion in the text is perhaps to the artificial aids which Lopez was obliged to make use of, to conceal the effects of age.

Gent. Fy for shame, sir!
You see you have abused her, foully wrong'd her,
Hung scandalous and coarse opinions on her,
Which now you find but children of suspicion:
Ask her forgiveness, shew a penitence!
She is my kinswoman; and what she suffers
Under so base and beastly jealousies,
I will redress, else I'll seek satisfaction.

Bart. Why, every boy i' th' town will piss upon thee.

Lopez. I am sorry for't——

1 Gentlew. Down o' your marrow-bones!

Lopez. Even sorry from my heart: Forgive me, sweet wife! [*Kneels.*
Here I confess most freely I have wrong'd you;
As freely here I beg a pardon of you!
From this hour no debate, no cross suspicion——

Isab. To shew you, sir, I understand a wife's part,
Thus I assure my love, and seal your pardon. [*Kisses him.*

2 Gentlew. 'Tis well done: Now to bed, and there confirm it!

Gent. And so good night!

Bart. Aware relapses, Lopez. [*Exeunt.*

Lopez. Now, Isabella, tell me truth, and suddenly,
And do not juggle with me, nor dissemble,
(For, as I have a life, you die then! I am not mad,
Nor does the devil work upon my weakness)
Tell me the trick of this, and tell me freely.

Isab. Will then that satisfy you?

Lopez. If you deal ingenuously.

Isab. I'll tell you all, and tell you true and freely.
Bartello was the end of all this jealousy;
His often visitations brought by you, first
Bred all these fits, and these suspicions;

I knew your false key, and accordingly
I framed my plot, to have you take him finely,
Too poor a penance for the wrong his wife bears,
His worthy virtuous wife! I felt it sensibly
When you took off the string, and was much pleased in't,
Because I wish'd his importunate dotage paid well;
And, had you staid two minutes more, you had had him.

Lopez. This sounds like truth.

Isab. Because this shall be certain,
Next time he comes (as long he cannot tarry)
Yourself shall see, and hear, his lewd temptations.

Lopez. Till then I am satisfied: And if this prove true,
Henceforward mistress of yourself I give you,
And I to serve you. For my lusty captain,
I'll make him dance, and make him think the devil
Claws at his breech, and yet I will not hurt him.
Come now to bed; and prove but constant this way,
I'll prove the man you ever wish'd.

Isab. You have blest me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Country Village.

Enter Silvio.

Sil. What labour and what travel have I run
through,
And through what cities, to absolve this riddle!
Diviners, dreamers, schoolmen, deep magicians,
All have I tried; and all give several meanings,
And from all hope of any future happiness:
To this place am I come at length, the country;
The people simple, plain, and harmless witty,
Whose honest labours Heaven rewards with plenty
Of corn, wine, oil, which they again, as thankful,
To their new crops new pastimes celebrate,
And crown their joyful harvests with new voices.
By a rich farmer here I am entertain'd,
And rank'd among the number of his servants,
Not guessing what I am, but what he would have
me.
Here may be so much wit (though much I fear it)
To undo this knotty question; and 'would to Heaven
My fortunes had been hatch'd with theirs, as innocent,
And never known a pitch above their plainness!

Enter Soto, *dressed as a Morris-dancer, with a Proclamation, from a House.*

Soto. That it is, that it is—what's this word now?

This is a plaguy word! that it is—*r*, *e*, *a*, that it is, *reason*.
By your leave, Master Soto, by your leave, you are too quick, sir;
There's a strange parlous *T* before the *reason*,
A very tall *T*, which makes the word *high-treason*.

Sil. What treason's that? does this fellow understand himself?

Soto. Pitch will infect; I'll meddle no more with this geer.—
What a devil ails this fellow? this foolish fellow?
Being admitted to be one of us too,
That are the masters of the sports proceeding,
Thus to appear before me too, unmorris'd? [2]
——Do you know me, friend?

Sil. You are my master's son, sir.

Soto. And do you know what sports are now in season?

Sil. I hear there are some a-foot.

Soto. Where are your bells then?
Your rings, your ribbands, friend? and your clean napkins? [3]
Your nosegay in your hat, pinn'd up? Am not I here
My father's eldest son? and at this time, sir,
I would have you know it, though you be ten times his servant,
A better man than my father far, lord of this harvest, sir;
And shall a man of my place want attendance?

Sil. 'Twas want of knowledge, sir, not duty, bred this;
I would have made suit else for your lordship's service.

[2] *Unmorris'd.*] That is, not attired as a morris-dancer.

[3] *Napkins.*] A napkin formerly meant a handkerchief, as appears from Othello, and many other plays.—*Mason.*

Soto. In some sort I am satisfied now; mend your manners!
But thou art a melancholy fellow, vengeance melancholy,
And that may breed an insurrection amongst us:
Go to! I'll lay the best part of two pots now
Thou art in love, and I can guess with whom too;
I saw the wench that twired[4] and twinkled at thee,
The other day; the wench that's new come hither
The young smug wench.

Sil. You know more than I feel, sir.

Soto. Go to! I'll be thy friend, I'll speak a good word for thee,
And thou shalt have my lordship's countenance to her.
May be I have had a snap myself; may be ay, may be no;
We lords are allow'd a little more.

Sil. 'Tis fit, sir;
I humbly thank you! you are too, too tender of me.
But what, sir, I beseech you, was that paper
Your lordship was so studiously employ'd in,
When you came out a-doors?

Soto. Thou mean'st this paper?

Sil. That, sir, I think.

Soto. Why, 'tis a proclamation,
A notable piece of villainy, as ever thou heard'st in thy life;
By mine honour, 'tis.

Sil. How, sir? or what concerns it?

Soto. It comes you from the duchess, a plaguy wise woman,

[4] *Twired.*] So Ben Jonson, in his Sad Shepherd, act II. scene III.—

" *Which maids will* twire *at thro' their fingers.*"—Sympson.

To apprehend the body of one Silvio,
(As arrant a rascal as ever piss'd against post)
And this same Silvio, or this foresaid rascal,
To bring before her, live or dead; for which good service
The man that brings him has two thousand ducats:
Is not this notable matter now?

Sil. 'Tis so indeed.—
This proclamation bears my bane about it! [*Aside.*
Can no rest find me, no private place secure me,
But still my miseries like blood-hounds haunt me?
Unfortunate young man, which way now guides thee,
Guides thee from death? the country's laid round for thee.
Oh, Claudio, now I feel thy blood upon me;
Now it speaks loudly here, I am sure, against me;
Time now has found it out, and Truth proclaim'd it,
And Justice now cries out, I must die for it.

Soto. Hast thou read it?

Sil. Yes.

Soto. And dost thou know that Silvio?

Sil. I never saw him, sir.

Soto. I have, and know him too,
I know him as well as I know thee, and better;
And, if I light upon him, for a trick he play'd me once,
A certain kind of dog-trick, I'll so fiddle him!
Two thousand ducats? I'll so pepper him!
And with that money I'll turn gentleman,
Worth a brown baker's[5] dozen of such Silvios.

[5] *A brown baker.*] This epithet was commonly applied to a baker. So in Nice Valour, (vol. IV. p. 317.)

"Happy is he, say I, whose window opens
To a *brown* baker's chimney."

Sil. There is no staying here; this rogue will know me,
And for the money's sake betray me too:
I must bethink me suddenly and safely.

Enter BOMBY *as Hobby-horse, and other Morris-dancers.*

Soto. Mine own dear lady, have at thy honey-comb!
Now, for the honour of our town, boys, trace sweetly! [*Cry within of*, Arm, arm!
What a vengeance ails this whobub?[6] pox refuse 'em!
Cannot they let us dance in our defence here?

Enter Farmer and Captain.

Capt. Arm, honest friends, arm suddenly and bravely,
And with your ancient resolutions follow me!
Look how the beacons shew like comets; your poor neighbours
Run maddingly affrighted through the villages;
Sienna's duke is up, burns all before him,
And with his sword makes thousand mothers childless.
Soto. What's this to our morris-dancers?
Sil. This may serve my turn.
Soto. There's ne'er a duke in Christendom but loves a May-game.

It occurs again at the conclusion of this scene, p. 350. Possibly the epithet may have been derived from some conscientious baker being of the religious sect called the Brownists.

6 *Whobub.*] This was the old way of spelling and pronouncing *hubbub.*

Capt. At a horse you were always cess'd; put your son on him,
And arm him well! i' th' states name, I command you:
And they that dare go voluntary shall receive reward.

Soto. I dare go no way, sir. This is strange, Master Captain,
You cannot be content to spoil our sport here,
(Which I do not think your worship's able to answer)
But you must set us together by the ears, with I know not who too?
We are for the bodily part o' th' dance.

Capt. Arm him suddenly!
(This is no time to fool) I shall return you else
A rebel to the general state, and duchess;
And how you'll answer then——

Farmer. I have no more sons, sir;
This is my only boy; I beseech you, Master Captain—

Soto. I am a rank coward too, to say the truth, sir;
I never had good luck at buffets neither.

Farmer. Here's vorty shillings, spare the child.

Capt. I cannot.

Soto. Are you a man? will you cast away a May-lord?[7]
Shall all the wenches in the country curse you?

[7] *May-lord.*] It was usual at May-games to have a lord and a lady of the May. Both characters occur in the Two Noble Kinsmen; and the former is personated by Ralph, in the Knight of the Burning Pestle. In the text, Soto is lord of the May, and some female villager personated the lady, as he exclaims on the entrance of the Morris-dancers,—"Mine own dear lady, have at thy honeycomb." From the conclusion of the play, it appears probable that this May-lady was Belvidere, so disguised.

Sil. An't please you, captain, I'll supply his person;
('Tis pity their old custom should be frighted)
Let me have horse, and good arms, I'll serve willingly,
And, if I shrink a foot of ground, hell take me!

Capt. A promising aspèct, face full of courage.
I'll take this man, and thank you too——

Farmer. There's for thee;
'Tis in a clout, but good old gold.

Sil. I thank you, sir.

Farmer. Go, saddle my forehorse, put his feather on too,
(He'll praunce it bravely, friend; he fears no colours)
And take the armour down, and see him dizen'd.

Soto. Farewell! and if thou carriest thyself well in this matter—
I say no more but this, there must be more May-lords,
And I know who are fit.

Sil. Dance you; I'll fight, sir.

Capt. Away, away!

Sil. Farewell! I am for the captain. [*Exeunt.*

Farmer. Now to this matter again, my honest fellows!
For, if this go not forward, I foresee, friends,
This war will fright our neighbours out o' th' villages:
Cheer up your hearts! we shall hear better news, boys.

Bomby. Surely I'll dance no more,[8] 'tis most ridiculous:

[8] Hob. *Surely I'll dance, &c.*] As there is no such name as *Hob* in the *dramatis personæ*, and as he is called, and calls himself here, and through the scene, by the name of *Bomby*, methinks

I find my wife's instructions now mere verities,
My learned wife's; she often hath pronounced to me
My safety: "Bomby, defy these sports; thou art damn'd else."
This beast of Babylon I will never back again,
His pace is sure prophane, and his lewd *wi-hees*,
The songs of Hymyn[9] and Gymyn in the wilderness.

Farmer. Fy, neighbour Bomby, in your fits again,
Your zeal-sweats.[1] This is not careful, neighbour;

we ought to displace this nonsensical *Hob*, and insert *Bomby* in its place.—*Sympson.*

Mr Mason supposes *Hob* to stand for Hobbinal, of which he conjectures Bomby to have been the abbreviation. It is wonderful that neither he nor Sympson perceived that Bomby is the hobby-horse of the Morris, and that consequently the *Hob.* prefixed to his speeches is the abbreviation not of his name, but of the character he represented. The remainder of this scene is a very just and a highly humorous banter upon the absurd prejudices of the Puritans, who represented the innocent May-games as remains of popery. Mr Douce, in his curious dissertation already quoted in the notes on a similar passage in The Woman's Prize, (vol. V. p. 312,) makes the following extract from Thomas Hall's *Funebria Floræ*, the Downfall of May-games:—"Papists are forward to give the people May-poles; and the pope's holiness, with might and main, keeps up his superstitious festivals as a prime prop of his tottering kingdom." In the text, the same apprehensions of the Puritans are very justly ridiculed; but the poet commits a strange anachronism in putting this methodistical cant of his time into the mouth of an Italian peasant.

9 *The* sons *of, &c.*] Corrected by Theobald.

1 —— *in your fits, again,*
Your zeal sweats.] For the want only of a single hyphen, how difficult is it to understand the humour of the Farmer here? Sure we should write thus—

—— *your fits again,*
Your zeal-sweats?—Sympson.

The editors of 1778 say "the old reading is most easy and na-

The hobby-horse is a seemly hobby-horse——
Soto. And as pretty a beast on's inches, though I say it—
Bomby. The beast is an unseemly and a lewd beast,
And got at Rome by the pope's coach-horses;
His mother was the mare of Ignorance.
Soto. Cobler, thou liest, an thou wert a thousand coblers!
His mother was an honest mare, and a mare of good credit;
I know the mare, and, if need be, can bring witness;
And, in the way of honesty I tell thee,
Scorn'd any coach-horse the pope had; thou art foolish,
And thy blind zeal makes thee abuse the beast.
Bomby. I do defy thee, and thy foot-cloth too;[2]
And tell thee to thy face, this profane riding,
(I feel it in my conscience, and I dare speak it)
This unedified ambling hath brought a scourge upon us;
This hobby-horse Sincerity we lived in,
War, and the sword of Slaughter: I renounce it,
And put the beast off, thus, the beast polluted.
[*Throws down the hobby-horse.*
And now no more shall Hope-on-high Bomby[3]
Follow the painted pipes of worldly pleasures,
And, with the wicked, dance the devil's measures.

tural;" but I cannot help thinking, with Mason, that Sympson, in the present instance, is right; for the old copies very seldom join two words by a hyphen, though they evidently are intended to be connected.

[2] *Foot-cloth.*] It has been before observed that this was a common appellation for a horse caparisoned with a foot-cloth. See next page, note 5.

[3] *Hope-on-high Bomby.*] This is in ridicule of the absurd Chris-

Away, thou pamper'd jade of vanity,[4]
Stand at the livery of lewd delights now,
And eat the provender of prick-ear'd folly!
My dance shall be to the pipe of persecution.

Farmer. Will you dance no more, neighbour?

Bomby. Surely, no:
Carry the beast to his crib; I have renounced him,
And all his works.

Soto. Shall the hobby-horse be forgot then?[5]

tian names given by the Puritans to their children. Ben Jonson speaks of Zeal-of-the-land, and it is well known that the celebrated Barebone was baptized Praise-God, and his brothers, Christ came into the world to save Barebone, and If Christ had not died, thou hadst been damned, Barebone; the latter, by way of brevity, being generally called "Damned Barebone."

[4] *Away, thou* pamper'd jade *of vanity.*] Another slur on the line in Marlow's Tamerlane—

"Holla, ye *pamper'd jades* of Asia!"

[5] *The* hobby-horse.] "The hobby-horse," says Mr Douce, "was represented by a man equipped with as much pasteboard as was sufficient to form the head and hinder-parts of a horse, the quadrupedal defects being concealed by a long *mantle* or *foot-cloth* that nearly touched the ground. The former, on this occasion, exerted all his skill in burlesque horsemanship. In Sympson's play of The Vow-Breaker, 1636, a miller personates the hobby-horse, and being angry that the mayor of the city is put in competition with him, exclaims, 'Let the mayor play the hobby-horse among his brethren, an he will; I hope our town-lads cannot want a hobby-horse. Have I practised my reins, my careers, my prianckers, my ambles, my false trots, my smooth ambles and Canterbury-paces, and shall master mayor put me besides the hobby-horse? Have I borrowed the fore-horse bells, his plumes, and braveries; nay, had his mane new shorn and frizzled, and shall the mayor put me besides the hobby-horse?'—DOUCE's *Illustrations*, vol. II. p. 468. The line in the text is very similar to a number of others quoted by the commentators of Shakspeare, who suspect that it is an allusion to a ballad of the time. That the acting of the hobby-horse was a place of pre-eminence, will also appear from the following quotation:

1 *Boy.* Did he not dance the *hobby-horse* in *Hackney-Morrice* once?

2 *Boy.* Yes, and at Green-goose-fayr, as honest and as poor a man.—WEBSTER *and* ROWLEY's *Cure for a Cuckold.*

The hopeful hobby-horse, shall he lie founder'd?
If thou dost this, thou art but a cast-away cobler.
My anger's up; think wisely, and think quickly,
And look upon the *quondam* beast of pleasure!
If thou dost this (mark me, thou serious sowter,
Thou bench-whistler, of the old tribe of toe-pieces![6])
If thou dost this, there shall be no more shoe-mending;
Every man shall have a special care of his own soal,
And in his pocket carry his two confessors,
His lingel,[7] and his nawl. If thou dost this——

Farmer. He'll dance again, for certain.

Bomby. I cry out on't!
'Twas the fore-running sin brought in those tilt-staves
They brandish 'gainst the church, the devil calls May-poles.

Soto. Take up your horse again, and girth him to ye,
And girth him handsomely, good neighbour Bomby!

Bomby. I spit at him!

Soto. Spit in the horse' face, cobler?
Thou out-of-tune psalm-singing slave! Spit in his visnomy?

Bomby. I spit again; and thus I rise against him,
Against this beast, that signified destruction,[8]

---

[6] ——*thou serious* sowter,
Thou bench-whistler, of the old tribe of toe-pieces!] *Sowter* was the old term, as it is still in Scotland, for a cobler. In the latter line Mason very plausibly proposes to read—*toe-piecers*.

[7] *His* yugel.] Corrected by Sympson.

[8] ——*signify'd destruction,*
Fore-shew'd i' th' *falls of monarchies.*
Soto. *I' th' face of him.*] The *i' th'* in the second line is evidently crept in from the third, and spoils both sense and mea-

Fore-shew'd i' th' falls of monarchies.
Soto. I' th' face of him?
Spit such another spit, by this hand, cobler,
I'll make ye set a new piece o' your nose there.
Take't up, I say, and dance without more bidding,
And dance as you were wont; you have been excellent,
And art still, but for this new nicety,
And your wife's learned lectures: Take up the hobby-horse!
Come, 'tis a thing thou hast loved with all thy heart, Bomby,
And wouldst do still but for the round-breech'd brothers:
You were not thus i' th' morning. Take't up, I say;
Do not delay, but do't! You know I am officer;
And I know 'tis unfit all these good fellows
Should wait the cooling of your zealous porridge.
Chuse whether you will dance, or have me execute:
I'll clap your neck i' th' stocks, and there I'll make ye
Dance a whole day, and dance with these at night too.
You mend old shoes well, mend your old manners better;
And suddenly see you leave off this sincereness,
This new hot batch, borrow'd from some brown baker,
Some learned brother, or I'll so bait you for't[9]—

sure, for the third line completes the second verse. Hudibras took several hints from this passage.—*Seward.*

There is no occasion to alter the text, which means—"This beast which typifies *Destruction,* and which was fore-showed in the falls of the four monarchies."

[9] *This new hot batch, borrow'd from some brown baker,*
Or I'll so bait *ye for't*——] I do not discard the word *bait;*

Take it quickly up.
Bomby. I take my persecution,
[*Takes up the hobby-horse.*
And thus I am forced, a bye-word to my brethren.
Soto. Strike up, strike up, strike merrily!
Farmer. To it roundly. [*A Morris-dance.*
Now to the harvest-feast; then sport again, boys!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Open Country.

Enter SILVIO, *armed.*

Sil. What shall I do? Live thus unknown, and base still,
Or thrust myself into the head o' th' battle?
And there, like that I am, a gentleman,
And one that never fear'd the face of Danger,
(So in her angry eyes she carried Honour)
Fight nobly, and (to end my cares) die nobly?

but, to preserve that playing upon the words here, which the poet seems to have designed, I suspect we ought to read—

——— *or I'll so* bake *you for't.*

It is scarce worth observing, that the *Brownists* are the people against whom the satire here was principally levelled.—*Sympson.*

Sympson's conjecture has some ingenuity in it, but the text affords good sense.

SONG. [Within.]

Silvio, go on, and raise thy noble mind
To noble ends; fling coarse base thoughts behind!
Silvio, thou son of ever-living fame,
Now aim at virtue, and a noble name.
Silvio, consider, honour is not won,
Nor virtue reach'd, till some brave thing be done.
Thy country calls thee now, she burns and bleeds,
Now raise thyself, young man, to noble deeds!
Into the battle, Silvio! there seek forth
Danger, and blood; by them stands sacred Worth.

Sil. What heavenly voice is this that follows me?
This is the second time 't has waited on me,
Since I was arm'd, and ready for the battle:
It names me often, steels my heart with courage,
And in a thousand sweet notes comforts me.

Enter BELVIDERE, *deformed as an old Woman.*

What beldam's this? How old she is, and ugly!
Why does she follow me?
Bel. Be not dismay'd, son;
I wait upon thee for thy good and honour:
'Twas I that now sung to thee, stirr'd thy mind up,
And raised thy spirits to the pitch of nobleness.
Sil. Though she be old, and of a crooked carcase,
Her voice is like the harmony of angels.
Bel. Thou art my darling; all my love dwells on thee,
The son of Virtue! therefore I attend thee.
Inquire not what I am; I come to serve thee;
For if thou be'st inquisitive, thou hast lost me.
A thousand long miles hence my dwelling is,

Deep in a cave, where, but mine own, no foot treads;
There, by mine art, I found what dangèr, Silvio,
And deep distress of heart, thou wert grown into;
A thousand leagues I have cut through empty air,
Far swifter than the sailing rack[3] that gallops
Upon the wings of angry winds, to seek thee.
Sometimes o'er a swelling tide,
On a dolphin's back I ride;
Sometimes pass the earth below,
And through the unmoved centre go;
Sometimes in a flame of fire,
Like a meteor I aspire;
Sometimes in mine own shape, thus,
When I help the virtuous:
Men of honourable minds,
Command my art in all his kinds:
Pursue the noble thought of war;
From thy guard I'll not be far.
Get thee worship on thy foe;
Lasting fame is gotten so.
Single Sienna's Duke alone;
Hear thy friends, thy country groan,
And with thy manly arm strike sure;
Then thou hast wrought thine own free cure.

Sil. Some sybil sure, some soul Heaven loves, and favours,
And lends her their free powers to work their wonders!
How she incites my courage!

Bel. Silvio,
I knew thee many days ago;
Foresaw thy love to Belvidere,
The duchess' daughter, and her heir;

[3] *Rack.*] See a note on The Faithful Shepherdess, vol. IV. p. 131.

Knew she loved thee, and know what past,
When you were found i' th' castle fast
In one another's arms; foresaw
The taking of you, and the law;
And so thy innocence I loved,
The deepest of my skill I proved:
Be ruled by me; for, to this hour,
I have dwelt about thee with my power.

Sil. I will, and in the course of all observe thee;
For thou art sure an angel good sent to me.

Bel. Get thee gone then to the fight!
Longer stay but robs thy right:
When thou grow'st weary, I'll be near;
Then think on beauteous Belvidere!
For every precious thought of her
Will lend thine honour a new spur.[4]
When all is done, meet here at night;
Go, and be happy in the fight! [*Exit.*

Sil. I certainly believe I shall do nobly;
And that I'll bravely reach at too, or die.
[*Exeunt.*

[4] I'll *lend thine honour.*] The variation proposed by Sympson.

SCENE III.

Florence. A Room in the House of Lopez.

Enter CLAUDIO *with a Wallet, and* PENURIO.

Clau. Is she so loving still?
Pen. She is mad with love,
As mad as ever unworm'd dog was, signor;[5]
And does so weep, and curse, for your prevention,
Your crosses in your love—it frets me too;
I am fall'n away to nothing, to a spindle,
Grown a mere man of mat, no soul within me:
Pox o' my master! Sir, will that content you?
Clau. This rogue but cozens me, and she neglects me; [*Aside.*
Upon my life, there are some other gamesters,
Nearer the wind than I, and that prevents me.—
Is there no other holds acquaintance with her?
(Pr'ythee be true, be honest; do not mock me;
Thou know'st her heart) no former interest
She has vow'd a favour to, and cannot handsomely
Go off, but by regaining such a friendship?
There are a thousand handsome men, young, wealthy,
That will not stick at any rate, nor danger,
To gain so sweet a prize; nor can I blame her,

[5] *As mad as ever* unworm'd dog *was, signor.*] The vulgar practice of worming a dog (that is, cutting a vein under his tongue) to prevent his running mad, is not entirely obsolete.

If, where she finds a comfort, she deal cunningly:
I am a stranger yet.

Pen. You are all she looks for;
And, if there be any other, she neglects all,
And all for you: I would you saw how grievously
And with what hourly lamentations——

Clau. I know thou flatter'st me; tell me but truth:—
Look here, look well; the best meat in the dukedom,
The rarest, and the choicest of all diets!
This will I give thee, but to satisfy me,
(That is, not to dissemble) this rare lobster,
This pheasant of the sea, this dish for princes,
And all this thou shalt enjoy, eat all thyself;
Have good Greek wine, or any thing belongs to't,
A wench, if it desire one.

Pen. All this, signor?

Clau. All, and a greater far than this——

Pen. A greater?

Clau. If thou deserve by telling truth.

Pen. A wench too?

Clau. Or any thing; but if you play the knave now,
The cozening knave, besides the loss of this,
(In which thou hast parted with a paradise)
I ne'er will give thee meat more, not a morsel;
No smell of meat, by my means, shall come near thee,
Nor name of any thing that's nourishing;
But to thy old part, Tantalus, again
Thou shalt return, and there snap at a shadow!

Pen. Upon this point, had I intended treason,
Or any thing might call my life in question,
Follow'd with all the tortures time could think on,
(Give me but time to eat this lovely lobster,
This alderman o' th' sea, and give me wine to him)

I would reveal all; and if that all were too little,
More than I knew. Bartello holds in with her,
The captain of the citadel; but you need not fear
him,
His tongue's the stiffest weapon that he carries.
He's old and out of use: There are some other,
Men young enough, handsome, and bold enough,
Could they come to make their game once; but
they want, sir,
They want the *unde quare*, they're laid by then.
You only are the man shall knock the nail in — -

Enter BARTELLO.

Bart. How now, Penurio?
Pen. Your worship's fairly met, sir.—
You shall hear further from me: Steal aside, sir.
Clau. Remember your master for those chains.
[*Exit.*
Pen. They are ready, sir.
Bart. What young thing's this? By his habit
he's a merchant;
I fear he trades my way too.—You dried dog-fish,
What bait was that?
Pen. Who, sir? the thing went hence now?
A notable young whelp——
Bart. To what end, sirrah?
Pen. Came to buy chains and rings, is to be mar-
ried;
An ass, a coxcomb! has nothing in his house, sir.
I warrant, you think he came to see my mistress?
Bart. I doubt it shrewdly.
Pen. Away, away, 'tis foolish!
He has not the face to look upon a gentlewoman;
A poor skimm'd thing! his mother's maids are
fain, sir,

To teach him how to kiss; and, against he's married,
To shew him on which side the stirrop stands.

Bart. That is a fine youth.

Pen. Thou wouldst hang thyself, [*Aside.*
That thou hadst half his power, thou empty pot-gun.

Bart. Am I come fit, Penurio?

Pen As fit as a fiddle;
My master's now abroad about his business.

Bart. When thou camest to me home to-day, I half suspected
My wife was jealous, that she whisper'd to thee.

Pen. You deserve well the whilst.—There's no such matter;
She talk'd about some toys my master must bring to her,
You must not know of.

Bart. I'll take no note, Penurio.

Pen. No, nor you shall not, till you have it soundly. [*Aside.*
This is the bravest *capitano pompo!*
But I shall pump you anon, sir.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Oh, my Bartello!

Bart. You pretty rogue, you little rogue, you sweet rogue!—
Away, Penurio; go and walk i' th' Horse-Fair.

Isab. You do not love me.

Bart. Thou liest, thou little rascal!—
There, sirrah; to your centry! [*Gives money.*

Pen. How the colt itches!
I'll help you to a curry-comb shall claw you. [*Exit.*

Isab. And how much dost thou love me?

Bart. Let's go in quickly;
I'll tell thee presently, I'll measure it to thee.
Isab. No busses first? Sit o' my knee, my brave boy,
My valiant boy! Do not look so fiercely on me;
Thou wilt fright me with thy face. Come, buss again, chick!
Smile in my face, you mad thing!
Bart. I am mad, indeed, wench;
'Precious! I am all o' fire.
Isab. I'll warm thee better.
Bart. I'll warm thee too, or I'll blow out my bellows:
Ha, you sweet rogue, you loving rogue! a boy now,
A soldier I will get, shall prove a fellow.

Enter JAQUENET *and* PENURIO.

Jaq. Mistress, look to yourself; my master's coming!
Bart. The devil come and go with him!
Pen. The devil's come indeed; he brings your wife, sir.
Isab. We are undone, undone then!
Bart. My wife with him?
Why, this is a dismal day.
Pen. They are hard by too, sir.
Bart. I must not, dare not see her.
Isab. Nor my husband,
For twenty thousand pound.
Bart. That I were a cat now,
Or any thing could run into a bench-hole!
Saint Anthony's fire upon the rogue has brought her!
Where shall I be?—Just in the nick o' th' matter!

When I had her at my mercy!—Think, for Heaven's sake!
My wife? All the wild furies hell has——

Pen. Up the chimney!

Bart. They'll smoke me out there presently.

Isab. There, there, it must be there,
We are all undone else; it must be up the chimney.

Bart. Give me a ladder.

Isab. You must use your art, sir;
Alas, we have no ladders.

Bart. Pox o' thy husband!
Does he never mend his house?

Pen. No, nor himself neither.
Up nimbly, sir, up nimbly!

Bart. Thou know'st I am fat,
Thou merciless lean rogue.

Pen. Will you be kill'd?
For if he take you——

Bart. Lend me thy shoulder.

[*Creeps up the chimney.*

Pen. Soft, sir!
You'll tread my shoulder-bones into my sides else.
Have you fast hold o' th' bars?

Bart. A vengeance bar 'em!

Isab. Patience, good captain, patience; quickly quickly!

Bart. Do you think I am made of smoke?

Pen. Now he talks of smoke,
What if my master should call for fire?

Bart. Will you martyr me?

Isab. He must needs have it.

Bart. Will you make me bacon?

Isab. We'll do the best we can.—Are all things ready?

Pen. All, all; I have 'em all.

Isab. Go let 'em in then.[6] [*Exit* Penurio.

[6] Bar. *Go let 'em in, &c.*] The change of the speakers here is

Not a word now on your life!
Bart. I hang like a meteor.

Enter LOPEZ *and* RODOPE.

Lopez. You are welcome, lady.
Rod. You are too, too courteous;
But I shall make amends. Fair Isabella——
Isab. Welcome, my worthy friend, most kindly welcome!
Rod. I hear on't, and I'll fit him for his foolery.
Lopez. Some sweet-meats, wife; some sweet-meats presently!
Bart. Oh, my sour sauce!
Lopez. Away quick, Isabella. [*Exit* ISABELLA.
Did you hear him?
Rod. Yes, yes, perfectly; proceed, sir.
Lopez. Speak loud enough.—Dare you at length but pity me?
Rod. 'Faith, sir, you have used so many reasons to me,
And those so powerfully——
Lopez. Keep this kiss for me.
Bart. And do I stand and hear this?
Rod. This for me, sir.
This is some comfort now: Alas, my husband—
But why do I think of so poor a fellow,
So wretched, so debosh'd?[7]
Bart. That's I: I am bound to hear it.
Rod. I dare not lie with him, he is so rank a whore-master——

from Mr Theobald's margin. The reader will easily see the necessity of it.—*Sympson.*

[7] *Debosh'd.*] The old way of spelling and pronouncing *debauched*, which the modern editors silently substitute.

Lopez. And that's a dangerous point.

Rod. Upon my conscience, sir,
He would stick a thousand base diseases on me.

Bart. And now must I say nothing!

Lopez. I am sound, lady.

Rod. That's it that makes me love you.

Lopez. Let's kiss again then!

Rod. Do, do!

Bart. Do? the devil
And the grand pox do with you!

Lopez. Do you hear him? well——

Enter PENURIO *and* ISABELLA.

Now, what's the news with you?

Pen. The sound of war, sir,
Comes still along: The duke will charge the city;
We have lost, they say.

Lopez. What shall become of me, then,
And my poor wealth?

Bart. Even hang'd, I hope.

Rod. Remove your jewels presently and what
You have of wealth, into the citadel;
There all's secure.

Lopez. I humbly thank you, lady.—
Penurio, get me some can climb the chimney,
For there my jewels are, my best, my richest;
I hid 'em, fearing such a blow.

Pen. Most happily
I have two boys that use to sweep fouled chimnies;
Truly I brought 'em, sir, to mock your worship,
For the great fires you keep, and the full diet.

Lopez. I forgive thee, knave. Where are they?

Pen. Here, sir, here.

Enter two Boys.

Monsieur Black, will your small worship mount?
1 *Boy.* Madam, è be com to creep up into your chimney, and make you
Cleane as any lady in de world: Ma litla, litla frera, and è.
Chanta, frere, chanta. [*Boy sings.*
Pen. Come, monsieur, mountè, mountè! mount, Monsieur Mustard-pot![8] [*Boy sings.*
1 *Boy.* Monsieur, è have dis for votra barba, ple ta vou, monsieur.
Pen. Mountè, monsieur, mountè; dere be some fine tings——
1 *Boy.* Me will creep like de ferret, monsieur. [*Creeps up.*
Pen. Dere in de chimney. [*The Boy above singing.*
1 *Boy.* Here be de sheilde due shanson, madam. [*Boy goes in behind the arras.*
Pen. There's a bird's nest; I would have you climb it, monsieur:
Up, my fine singing monsieur. That's a fine monsieur!
Lopez. Watch him, he do not steal.
Pen. I warrant you, sir.
Lopez. These boys are knavish.
Pen. I'll look to him tithly.[9]
Boy. [*Within.*] Madam, here be de rat, de rat, madam!

[8] *Mustard-pot.*] See above, p. 312. From the present scene, it might be inferred that the chimney-sweepers in our authors' days were generally French,—an inference, however, for which we are not aware of any other authority.

[9] *Tithly.*] i. e. Tightly, as the latter editions read silently.

Enter Bartello, *with the Boy singing on his Shoulder.*

Lopez. Lord! what comes here?
A walking apparition?
Isab. Saint Christopher!
Rod. Mercy o' me, what is it?
How like my husband it looks!
Bart. Get you down, devil;
I'll break your neck else. Was ever man thus chimnied?
Lopez. Go, pay the boys well; see them satisfied.
Pen. Come, Monsieur Devils; come, my blackberries!
I'll butter you o' both sides.
Boy. Adieu, madame! adieu, madame!
[*Exeunt* Penurio *and Boys.*
Isab. Nay, even look, sir. Are you cool'd now, captain?
Bart. I am cuckolded, and fool'd to boot too!
Fool'd fearfully, fool'd shamefully.
Lopez. You are welcome, sir.
I am glad I have any thing within these doors, sir,
To make you merry. You love my wife, I thank you;
You have shew'd your love.
Bart. Wife, am I this? this odd matter,
This monstrous thing?
Rod. You ought, but yet you are not:
I have been bold with you, sir, but yet not basely;
As I have faith, I have not.
Lopez. Sir, believe it.
'Twas all meant but to make you feel your trespass:
We knew your hour, and all this fashion'd for it.

Bart. Were you o' th' plot too?
Isab. Yes, by my troth, sweet captain.
Bart. You will forgive me, wife?
Rod. You will deserve it?
Bart. Put that to th' venture.
Rod. Thus am I friends again then;
And, as you ne'er had gone astray, thus kiss you.
Bart. And I'll kiss you; and you, too, ask forgiveness.
Kiss my wife, Lopez; 'tis but in jest, remember.
And now, all friends together to my castle,
Where we'll all dine, and there discourse these stories;
And let him be chimney-swept, in's lust that glories! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Country.

Enter SILVIO *and* BELVIDERE, *severally.*

Sil. Hail, reverend dame! Heaven wait upon thy studies!
Bel. You are well met, son. What, is the battle ended?
Sil. Mother, 'tis done.
Bel. How has thy honour prosper'd?
Sil. The duchess has the day; Sienna's prisoner;
Arm'd with thy powerful art, this arm dismounted him,

Received him then on foot, and in fair valour
Forced him mine own: This jewel I took from him,
(It hung upon his casque)[1] the victor's triumph;
And to the duchess now a prisoner
I have rendered him; come off again unknown,
mother.

Bel. 'Tis well done: Let me see the jewel, son!
'Tis a rich one, curious set,
Fit a prince's burgonet.[2]
This rich token late was sent
By the duchess, with intent
The marriage next day to begin.
Dost thou know what's hid within?
[*Opens the jewel.*
Wipe thine eyes, and then come near;
See the beauteous Belvidere!
Now behold it.

Sil. Oh, my saint!

Bel. Wear it nobly; do not faint.

Sil. How blest am I in this rich spoil, this picture!
For ever will I keep it here, here, mother,

[1] —— *This jewel I took from him,*
It hung upon his casque.] This passage confirms Mr Gifford's observation, that "our ancestors gave the name of *jewel* not so much to a single stone as to a cluster of them set in order by the lapidary." In the present instance it contained the picture of Belvidere, which was only seen on touching a spring by which the cover opened, and was worn on the *casque* or helmet.

[2] *A princesse burgonet.*] Corrected by Sympson. A burgonet is a helmet. So in Heywood's Four Prentices of London:

"Whilst you intend the walls shall my bard horse
Give a brave onset, shivering all their pikes,
Armed with their grieves and maces and broad swords,
Proof cuirasses and open *burganets.*"

For ever honour it: How oft, how chastely
Have I embraced the life of this, and kiss'd it!

Bel. The day draws on that thou must home return,
And make thy answer to the duchess' question;
I know it troubles thee; for if thou fail in't——

Sil. Oh, I must die!

Bel. Fear not, fear not; I'll be nigh!
Cast thy trouble on my back!
Art nor cunning shall not lack,
To preserve thee, still to keep
What thy envious foemen seek.
Go boldly home, and let thy mind
No distrustful crosses find!
All shall happen for the best;
Souls walk through sorrows that are blest.

Sil. Then I go confident.

Bel. But first, my son,
A thankful service must be done:
The good old woman for her pain,
When every thing stands fair again,
Must ask a poor boon, and that granting,
There's nothing to thy journey wanting.

Sil. Except the trial of my soul to mischief,
And, as I am a knight, and love mine honour,
I grant it, whatsoever——

Bel. Thy pure soul
Shall never sink for me, nor howl.

Sil. Then any thing.

Bel. When I shall ask, remember!

Sil. If I forget, Heaven's goodness forget me!

Bel. On thy journey then awhile!
To the next cross-way and stile
I'll conduct thee; keep thee true,
To thy mistress and thy vow,

And, let all their envies fall!
I'll be with thee, and quench all. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Florence. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duchess, DUKE OF SIENNA *prisoner, and Lords.*

Duke. Lady, the stubborn war's more mild than you are.
That allows ransom, and, the prisoner taken——
Duch. We must not be too hasty: Remember, sir,
The wrong and violence you have offer'd us;
Burnt up our frontier towns, made prey before you
Both of our beasts and corn; slain our dear subjects;
Open'd the fountain eyes of thousand widows,
That daily fling their curses on your fury:
What ordinary satisfaction can salve this?
What hasty-thought-on ransom give a remedy?
You must excuse us yet; we'll take more counsel:
In the mean time, not as a prisoner,
But as a noble prince, we entertain you.
Duke. I am at your mercy, lady; 'tis my fortune,

My stubborn fate! the day is yours, you have me;
The valour of one single man has cross'd me,
Cross'd me and all my hope; for when the battles
Were at the hottest game of all their furies,
(And conquest ready then to crown me victor)
One single man broke in, one sword, one virtue,
(And by his great example thousands follow'd)
Oh, how I shame to think on't! how it shakes me!
Nor could our strongest head then stop his fury,
But, like a tempest, bore the field before him,
Till he arrived at me; with me he buckled;
A while I held him play; at length his violence
Beat me from my saddle, then on foot pursued me,
There triumph'd once again, then took me prisoner:
When I was gone, a fear possess'd my people.

Duch. One single arm, in a just cause, Heaven prospers.—
Is not this stranger-knight as yet discover'd,
That we may give his virtue a due honour?

Lord. Not yet, that we hear, madam; but to that purpose
Two days ago we publish'd proclamations

Enter SOTO *with a Trumpet, and* SILVIO.

Soto. Oh, dainty Duchess, here I bring that knight
Before thy fragrant face that warlike wight,
He that Sienna's duke, and all his louts,
Beat (as the proverb seemly says) to clouts;
He that unhorsed the man of fame to boot,
And bootless taught his grace to walk a-foot;
He that your writings, pack'd to every pillar,
Promised promotion to, and store of siller;
That very man I set before thy grace,
And once again pronounce, this man it was.

Duch. A pretty foolish squire! what must the knight be?
Duke. Some juggler, or some madman.
Sil. I was not so,
When thy faint troops in flocks I beat before me;
When, through the thickest of thy warlike horse,
I shot myself even to thy standard, Duke,
And there found thee, there singled thee, there shew'd thee
The temper of my sword. 'Tis true, thou stood'st me,
And, like a noble soldier, bidst me welcome;
And this I'll say, more honour in that arm
I found and tried, than all thy army carried;
What follows, thy imprisonment can tell thee.
Duke. His fair relation carries truth and virtue;
And by those arms I see, (for such were his,
So old, so rusty) this may be he that forced me.
Sil. Do you know this jewel? from your casque I rent it,
Even as I closed, and forced you from your saddle:
Do you now remember me?
Duke. This is the valour,
Madam; for certain he; it must be he;
That day I wore this jewel: You remember it?
Duch. Yes, very well: Not long before, I sent it
Duke. That day I lost this jewel, in fight I lost it:
I felt his strokes, and felt him take it from me;
I wore it in my casque. Take it again, sir;
You won it nobly, 'tis the prize of honour.
Soto. My father and myself are made for ever!
Duch. Kneel down, brave sir. Thus, my knight first I raise you;—
Gird on a sword—next, general of my army;—
Give him a staff—last, one in counsel near me.
Now, make us happy with your sight.—How! Silvio? [Silvio *discovers himself.*

Have I on thee bestow'd this love, this honour?
The treasons thou hast wrought set off with favours?
Unarm him presently!—Oh, thou foul traitor,
Traitor to me, mine honour, and my country,
Thou kindler of these wars—— [*They seize him.*

Sil. Mistake not, madam!

Duch. Away with him to prison,
See him safe kept.—The law shall shortly, sirrah,
Find fitter titles for you than I gave you.

Soto. This is the youth that kill'd me; I'll be quit with him.
What a blind rogue was I, I could never know him!
An't please your grace, I claim the benefit
Of the proclamation that proclaim'd him traitor,
I brought him in.

Duch. Thou shalt have thy reward for't.

Soto. Let him be hang'd or drown'd then.

Duch. Away with him!

Sil. Madam, I crave your promise first; you are tied to it,
You have pass'd your princely word.

Duch. Prove it, and take it.

Sil. This is the day appointed,
Appointed by your grace, for my appearance,
To answer to the question.

Duch. I remember it.

Sil. I claim it then.

Duch. If you perform it not,
The penalty you claim too.

Sil. I not repent it.
If I absolve the words——

Duch. Your life is free then.
You have drawn a speedy course, above my wishes,
To my revenge: Be sure you hit it right,

Or I'll be sure you shall not 'scape the danger.
Sil. My rest is up now, madam.[5]
Duch. Then play it cunningly.
Sil. Now, where's the hag? where now are all her promises
She would be with me, strengthen me, inform me?
My death will now be double death, ridiculous.
She was wont still to be near, to feel my miseries,
And with her art—I see her no where now!
What have I undertaken? Now she fails me;
No comfort now I find; how my soul staggers!
Till this hour never fear nor doubt possess'd me:
She cannot come, she will not come, she has fool'd me,
Sure she's the devil, has drawn me on to ruin,
And now to death bequeaths me in my danger!
Duke. He stands distracted, and his colour changes.
Duch. I have given him that will make his blood forsake him,
Shortly his life.
Duke. His hands and contemplation

[5] *My* rest *is up.*] From the duchess's answer, this appears to be a phrase used at some kind of game. So in Churchyard's Challenge, p. 62:—"On which resolution the souldier *sets up his rest*, and commonly hazards the winning or loosing of as great a thing as life may be worth," &c. Again, p. 115,

"Spoyle brings home plagues to wife and children both,
When husband hath at play *set up his rest*."—*Reed.*

The phrase is of double import, and both meanings may be alluded to. It applied sometimes to the *rest* of an ancient musquet, which was fixed in the ground, and on which the musqueteer, or arquebusier, leaned his piece during the action. This was probably the original meaning of the phrase, but it afterwards was used in the sense of "My stake is laid," at primero and other games. Both meanings have been already fully explained; the former, vol. II. p. 185, and the latter, vol. V. p. 274.

Have motion still; the rest is earth already.

Duch. Come, will you speak, or pray? Your time grows out, sir.—
How every where he looks! He's at last cast.

Enter BELVIDERE, *disguised, who secretly gives him a Paper, and exit.*

Duke. His colour comes again fresh.

Duch. 'Tis a flash, sir,
Before the flame burns out.—Can you yet answer?

Sil. Yes, madam, now I can.

Duch. I fear you'll fail in't.

Sil. And do not think my silence a presage,
Or omen to my end; you shall not find it;
I am bred a soldier, not an orator.
Madam, peruse this scroll; let that speak for me,
And, as you are royal, wrong not the construction!

Duch. By Heaven, you shall have fair play!

Sil. I shall look for't. [*Reads*

QUESTION.

Tell me what is that only thing,
For which all women long;
Yet having what they most desire,
To have it does them wrong?

ANSWER.

Tis not to be chaste, nor fair,
(Such gifts malice may impair)
Richly trimm'd,[6] *to walk or ride,*
Or to wanton unespied;

[6] *Richly* trimm'd.] i. e. *Richly dress'd.*—Ed. 1778. See p. 326 of this volume.

To preserve an honest name,
And so to give it up to fame;
These are toys. In good or ill,
They desire to have their will:
Yet, when they have it, they abuse it,
For they know not how to use it:

Duch. You have answer'd right, and gain'd your life; I give it.
Sil. Oh, happy hag!—But, my most gracious madam,
Your promise tied a nobler favour to me.
Duch. 'Tis true; my daughter too.
Sil. I hope you'll keep it.
Duch. 'Tis not in my power now; she is long since wander'd,
Stol'n from the court and me; and what I have not
I cannot give. No man can tell me of her,
Nor no search find her out; and if not Silvio,
Which strongly I believe——
Sil. Mock me not, lady!
For, as I am a servant to her virtue,
Since my first hour of exile, I ne'er saw her!
Lord. That she is gone, 'tis too, too true, and lamentable:
Our last hope was in you.
Sil. What do I hear then,
And wherefore have I life bestow'd and honour?
To what end do I walk, for men to wonder at,
And fight, and fool? Pray you take your honours from me,
(My sorrows are not fit companions for 'em)
And, when you please, my life.—Art thou gone, mistress?
And wander'st Heaven knows where? This vow I make thee,
That till I find thee out, and see those fair eyes,

Those eyes that shed their lights and life into me,
Never to know a friend, to seek a kindred,
To rest where pleasure dwells, and painted glory;
But through the world, the wide world, thus to wander,
The wretched world, alone, no comfort with me;
But the mere meditations of thy goodness!
Honour and greatness, thus adieu!

Enter BELVIDERE, *disguised as before.*

Bel. Stay, Silvio!
And, lady, sit again! I come for justice.
Sil. What would she now?
Bel. To claim thy promise, Silvio;
The boon thou swor'st to give me.
Duke. What may this be?
A woman or a devil?
Duch. 'Tis a witch, sure;
And by her means he came to untwist this riddle.
Sil. That I am bound to her for my life, mine honour,
And many other thousand ways for comfort,
I here confess; confess a promise too,
That what she would ask me to requite these favours,
Within the endeavour of my life to grant,
I would; and here I stand, my word's full master.
Bel. I wish no more!—Great lady, witness with me:
The boon I crave for all my service to thee,
Is now to be thy wife, to grant me marriage.
Sil. How! for to marry thee? Ask again, woman;—
Thou wilful woman, ask again!
Bel. No more, sir.
Sil. Ask land, and life!

Bel. I ask thee, for a husband.
Soto. Marry her, and beat her into gunpowder;
She would make rare crackers.
Sil. Ask a better fortune;
Thou art too old to marry; I a soldier,
And always married to my sword.
Bel. Thy word, fool!
Break that, and I'll break all thy fortunes yet!
Duch. He shall not;
I am witness to his faith, and I'll compel it.
Duke. 'Tis fit you hold your word, sir.
Sil. Oh, most wretched!
Duch. This was a fortune now beyond my wishes,
For now my daughter's free, if e'er I find her.
Duke. But not from me.
Duch. You are sharer in this happiness.
Myself will wait upon this marriage,
And do the old woman all the honour possible.
Duke. I'll lead the knight; and what there wants in dalliance,
We'll take it out in drink.
Sil. Oh, wretched Silvio! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of Lopez.

Enter LOPEZ *and* ISABELLA.

Lopez. Hast thou sent for him?
Isab. Yes.
Lopez. A young man, say'st thou?

Isab. Yes, very young, and very amorous.
Lopez. And handsome?
Isab. As the town affords.
Lopez. And dar'st thou
Be so far good, and mistress of thine honour,
To slight these?
Isab. For my husband's sake, to curse 'em:
And, since you have made me mistress of my fortune,
Never to point at any joy, but husband.
I could have cozen'd you; but so much I love you,
And now so much I weigh the estimation
Of an unspotted wife——
Lopez. I dare believe thee;
And never more shall doubt torment my spirit.

Enter PENURIO, *drunk.*

Isab. How now, Penurio?
Pen. The thing is coming, mistress.
Lopez. I'll take my standing. [*Exit.*
Pen Do, and I'll take mine.
Isab. Where didst thou leave him?
Pen. I left him in a cellar,
Where he has paid me tightly, paid me home, mistress;
We had an hundred and fifty healths to you, sweet mistress,
And threescore and ten damnations to my master.
Mistress, shall I speak a foolish word to you?
Isab. What's that, Penurio?—
The fellow's drunk.
Pen. I would fain know your body.
Isab. How's that? how's that, pr'ythee?
Pen. I would know it carnally;
I would conglutinate.
Isab. The reason, sirrah?

Pen. Lobster, sweet mistress, lobster!
Isab. Thy master hears.
Pen. Lobster, sweet master, lobster!
Isab. Thou'rt the most precious rogue.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Pen. Most precious lobster!
Isab. Do you see who's here? Go sleep, you drunken rascal!
Pen. Remember you refuse me, arm'd in lobster! [*Exit.*
Isab. Oh, my lost Rugio! welcome, welcome, welcome!
A thousand welcomes here I'll seal.
Clau. Pray you stay, lady:
Do you love me ever at this rate? or is the fit now,
By reason of some wrong done by your husband,
More fervent on you?
Isab. Can I chuse but love thee?
Thou art my martyr; thou hast suffered for me,
My sweet, sweet Rugio!
Clau. Do you do this seriously?
'Tis true, I would be entertain'd thus.
Isab. These are nothing,
No kisses, no embraces, no endearments,
To those——
Clau. Do what you will.
Isab. Those that shall follow,
Those I will crown our love withal. Why sigh you?
Why look you sad, my dear one?
Clau. Nay, 'faith, nothing;
But methinks so sweet a beauty as yours shews to me,
And such an innocence as you may make it,
Should hold a longer siege.
Isab. Ha! you speak truth, sir.

Clau. I would not have it so.
Isab. And now methinks,
Now I consider truly what becomes me,
I have been cozen'd, fearfully abused,
My reason blinded——
Clau. Nay, I did but jest with you.
Isab. I'll take you at your word, and thank you for't, sir;
And now, I see no sweetness in that person,
Nothing to stir me to abuse a husband,
To ruin my fair fame——
Clau. Good Isabella!
Isab. No handsome man, no any thing to dote on;
No face, no tongue to catch me; poor at all points,
And I an ass!
Clau. Why do you wrong me, lady?
If I were thus, and had no youth upon me;
My service of so mean a way to win you;
(Which you yourself are conscious must deserve you,
If you had thrice the beauty you possess, must reach you)
If in my tongue your fame lay wreck'd, and ruin'd
With every cup I drink; if in opinion[7]
I were a lost, defamed man—But this is common,
Where we love most, where most we stake our fortunes,
There least and basest we're rewarded! Fare you well!
Know now, I hate you too as much, contemn you,
And weigh my credit at as high a value——
Isab. May be I did but jest.

[7] *Opinion.*] *i. e.* Reputation. So in Middleton's A Mad World, my Masters:—

"Who gets the *opinion* of a virtuous name,
May sin at pleasure, and ne'er think of fame."

Clau. You are a woman;
And now I see your wants, and mine own follies
And task myself with indiscretion,
For doting on a face so poor!
Isab. Say you so, sir? [*Aside.*
I must not lose my end.—I did but jest with you,
Only fool'd thus to try your faith: My Rugio,
Do you think I could forget?
Clau. Nay, 'tis no matter.
Isab. Is't possible I should forsake a constancy,
So strong, so good, so sweet?
Clau. A subtle woman!
Isab. You shall forgive me, 'twas a trick to try you:
And, were I sure you loved me——
Clau. Do you doubt now?
Isab. I do not doubt; but he that would profess this,
And bear that full affection you make show of,
Should do——
Clau. What should I do?
Isab. I cannot shew you.
Clau. [*Apart.*] I'll try thee, damned'st devil!— Hark ye, lady!
No man shall dare do more, no service top me
I'll marry you.
Isab. How, sir?
Clau. Your husband's sentenced,
And he shall die——
Isab. Die?
Clau. Die for ever to you,
The danger is mine own.
Isab. Die, did you tell me?
Clau. He shall die; I have cast the way.
Isab. Oh, foul man,
Malicious, bloody man!

Enter LOPEZ.

Lopez. When shall he die, sir?
By whom, and how?
Clau. Hast thou betray'd me, woman?
Isab. Base man, thou wouldst have ruin'd me, my name too,
And, like a toad, poison'd my virtuous memory!
Further than all this, dost thou see this friend here,
This only friend?—Shame take thy lust and thee,
And shake thy soul!—His life, the life I love thus,
My life in him, my only life, thou aim'st at!
Clau. Am I catch'd thus?
Lopez. The law shall catch you better.
Isab. You make a trade of betraying women's honours,
And think it noble in you to be lustful!
Report of me hereafter——
Clau. Fool'd thus finely?
Lopez. I must entreat you walk, sir, to the justice;
Where, if he'll bid you kill me——
Clau. Pray stay a while, sir;
I must use a player's shift—[*Throws off his disguise.*]—Do you know me now, lady?
Lopez. Your brother Claudio, sure!
Isab. Oh me, 'tis he, sir!—
Oh, my best brother!
Clau. My best sister now too!
I have tried you, found you so; and now I love you,
Love you so truly, nobly——
Lopez. Sir, I thank you;
You have made me a most happy man.
Clau. Thank her, sir;
And from this hour preserve that happiness;
Be no more fool'd with jealousy!

Lopez, I have lost it;
And take me now, new-born again, new-natured!
Isab. I do; and to that promise tie this faith,
Never to have a false thought tempt my virtue.
Lopez. Enough, enough! I must desire your presence;
My cousin Rodope has sent in all haste for us:
I am sure you will be welcome.
Clau. I'll wait on you.
Lopez. What the project is——
Isab. We shall know when we are there, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duchess, SILENNA, *Lords, and* SILVIO.

Duch. Joy to you, Silvio, and your young fair bride!
You have stol'n a day upon us; you cannot woo, sir!
Sil. The joys of hell hang over me: Oh, mischief!
To what a fortune has the devil driven me!
Am I reserved for this?
Duke. Beshrew me, sir,
But you have gotten you a right fair bedfellow;
Let you alone to chuse!
Sil. I beseech your grace——
'Tis misery enough to have met the devil,
Not men's reproaches too.

Duke. How old is she?

Duch. A very girl; her eye delivers it.

Duke. Her teeth are scarce come yet.

Lord. What goodly children
Will they two have now! She is rarely made to breed on;
What a sweet-timber'd body!

Duch. Knotty i' th' back;
But will hold out the stronger. What a nose!

Duke. Ay, marry, such a nose, so rarely mounted!
Upon my conscience, 'twas the part he doted on.

Duch. And that fine little eye to it, like an elephant's!

Lord. Yes, if her feet were round, and her ears sachels——

Duke. For any thing we know——

Sil. Have ye no mercy?
No pity in your bloods, to use a wretch thus?
You princes, in whose hearts the best compassions,
Nearest to those in Heaven, should find fit places,
Why do you mock at misery? fling scorns and baseness
Upon his broken back, that sinks with sorrows?
Heaven may reward you too; and an hour come,
When all your great designs shall shew ridiculous,
And your hearts pinch'd like mine——

Duch. Fy, sir! so angry
Upon your wedding-day? go smug yourself;
The maid will come anon. What music's this?

[*Music in divers places.*

Duke. I warrant you some noble preparation.

Duch. Let's take our places then.

Sil. More of these devil's dumps?
Must I be ever haunted with these witchcrafts?

Enter two Presenters; then a Masquerade of several shapes, and dances; among the Masquers BARTELLO, LOPEZ, CLAUDIO, ISABELLA, RODOPE, SOTO, PENURIO, *and* JAQUENET.[8]

1 *Pre.* Room, room for merry spirits, room!
Hither on command we come,
From the good old beldam sent,
Cares and sorrows to prevent.
2 *Pre.* Look up, Silvio, smile, and sing!
After winter comes a spring.
1 *Pre.* Fear not, faint fool, what may follow;
Eyes, that now are sunk and hollow,
By her art may quick return
To their flames again, and burn.
2 *Pre.* Art commands all youth and blood,
Strength and beauty it makes good.
1 *Pre.* Fear not then, despair not, sing,
Round about as we do spring;
Cares and sorrows cast away!
This is the old wife's holiday.[9]
[*Dance here, then enter* BELVIDERE *in her proper figure, and disperses the masquers.*
Duch. Who's this?
Duke. The shape of Belvidere!
Bel. Now, Silvio,

[8] *Enter a masquerade of several shapes, and dances; after which enter Belvidere and disperses them: before the masquers enter two presenters, among which, &c.*] This is a most confused stage direction. The latter part was rectified by the last editors; but the further alteration in the text is necessary, as it is ridiculous to suppose that the masquers, immediately after their entrance, should be dispersed by Belvidere, then return and sing and dance over again, and finally, that Belvidere should again dismiss them.

[9] *This is the old wife's holiday.*] Mason proposes to read—"the old *wives'* holiday;" but the disguised Belvidere seems to be singly alluded to.

How dost thou like me now?

Sil. Thus I kneel to thee.

Bel. Stand up, and come no nearer: mark me well too;
For if thou troublest me, I vanish instantly:
Now chuse wisely, or chuse never,
One thou must enjoy for ever!
Dost thou love me thus?

Sil. Most dearly.

Bel. Take heed, fool, it concerns thee nearly;
If thou wilt have me young and bright,
Pleasing to thine eye and sight,
Courtly, and admired of all,
Take heed, lest thy [illegible] do fail
I shall then be full of scorn,
Wanton, proud, (beware the horn!)
Hating what I lov'd before,
Flattery apt to [illegible],
All consuming, nothing getting;
Thus thy fair name comes to setting.
But if old, and free from these,
Thou shalt chuse me, I shall please;
I shall then maintain thee still,
With my virtue and my skill,
Still increase and build thy name;
Chuse now, Silvio! here I am.

Sil. I know not what to say, which way to turn me;
Into thy sovereign will I put my answer.

Bel. I thank you, sir, and my will thus rewards you;
Take your old love, your best, your dearest, Silvio!
No more spells now, nor further shapes to alter me;
I am thy Belvidere indeed.—Dear mother,
There is no altering this, Heaven's hand is with it,
And now you ought to give me; he has fairly won me.

Sil. But why that hag?
Bel. In that shape most secure still,
I follow'd all your fortunes, served, and counsell'd you.
I met you at the farmer's first, a country wench;
Where, fearing to be known, I took that habit,
And, to make you laughing-sport at this mad marriage,
By secret aid of my friend Rodope,
We got this masque.
Sil. And I am sure I have you?
Bel. For ever now, for ever.
Duch. You see it must be;
The wheel of Destiny hath turn'd it round so.
Duke. It must, it is; and curs'd be he that breaks it!
Duch. I'll put a choice to you, sir: You are my prisoner——
Duke. I am so, and I must be so, till it please you——
Duch. Chuse one of these; either to pay a ransom
At what rate I shall set it, (which shall be high enough)
And so return a free-man, and a bachelor;
Or give me leave to give you a fit wife,
In honour every way your grace's equal,
And so your ransom's paid.
Duke. You say most nobly!
Silvio's example's mine; pray chuse you for me.
Duch. I thank you, sir! I have got the mast'ry too;
And here I give your grace a husband's freedom:
Give me your hand, my husband!
Duke. You much honour me;
And I shall ever serve you for this favour.
Bart. Come, Lopez, let us give our wives the breeches too!

For they will have 'em.
Lopez. Whilst they rule with virtue,
I'll give 'em, skin and all.
Isab. We'll scratch it off else.
Sil. [*Turning to* CLAUDIO.] I am glad you live; more glad you live to honour;
And from this hour a stronger love dwell with us!
Pray you take your man again.
Clau. He knows my house, sir.
Duch. 'Tis sin to keep you longer from your loves:
We'll lead the way. And you, young men, that know not
How to preserve a wife, and keep her fair,
Give 'em their sovereign wills, and pleased they are. [*Exeunt.*

THE

FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

BY

JOHN FLETCHER.

THE

FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

This Tragi-comedy was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert, for Blackfriars' theatre, and first acted January 22, 1625-6, being the sole production of Fletcher, and one of the last dramas he produced. Though in many respects a very amusing play, it seems to have been laid aside for a very long period. The plot, though perhaps not sufficiently probable, is very interesting; while the beauty of the versification, and the eloquence of some passages, are entitled to the highest praise. The characters also are drawn with considerable precision, and their peculiar passions exhibited with nature and ease. The two old naval heroes are excellent specimens of sailor-like roughness and boisterous honesty; and Cesario presents an admirable model of an honourable gallant of the times. Clarissa and Bianca are of that numerous class of female characters which Fletcher succeeds so remarkably in delineating. The scenes among the lower classes in the inn, prove that our poet's humour did not forsake him to the end. The juggler Forobosco is probably a portrait of some notorious cheat, who gulled the metropolis at the time, probably of the well-known Doctor Lambe. That character, and his clown, certainly remind us of some scenes in Ben Jonson's comedy of The Fox; but though they are not so inimitably finished as Volpone and Mosça, the imitation (if it can be called so) is done with a masterly hand. The faults in the present play lie chiefly in the plot. Mariana's disavowal of her son seems to be very injudiciously introduced. She explains the reason to have been, to prevent his falling by the hands of Baptista and Mentivole, whom he had insulted; but that danger was surely as much to be apprehended whether his enemies

conceived him to be the son of Alberto or of his falconer. It is probable that Fletcher, having been pleased with the story from Causin, which will be given immediately, determined to make use of it on the stage, and having set about writing the present tragicomedy, he chose to interweave it with the other tale, upon which he founded the principal part of the plot.

Langbaine has observed that Mariana's disowning Cesario, her son, was taken from a story in Causin's Holy Court,[1] introduced from thence by Wanley into his Wonders of the Little World, or A General History of Man, where it occurs in book III. ch 26. The story is thus given by Wanley:—"A Roman lady, left a widow by the death of her husband, had a son, born of this marriage, secretly stolen from her, and in servitude bred up in another province, where, being grown up to a young man, he had notice that he was the son of a lady in Rome, and was told the place of her abode, which caused him to go to Rome, with a purpose to make himself known to her, which he did by evident tokens, so that the mother received him in her house with joy and tears for the recovery of her loss. She was at this time betrothed to a man who often promised her marriage, yet never accomplished it; and this lover was then absent, detained by urgent affairs, from Rome. At the end of thirty days he returned, and finding this new guest in her house, demanded who he was? She freely answered, he was her son, but he plainly told her, that if she sent not away this found child from her lodging, she should never have any share in his affection. The unhappy woman, surprised with love, to serve his passion renounced her own child, and banished him from her house. The young man hastened to require justice of King Theoderic. The king sent for the lady, who stoutly denied all the pretensions of the young man, saying he was an ungrateful impostor, who, not content in having received charity in her house, would needs challenge the inheritance of a child. The son, on the other side, gave assurance she had acknowledged him for her own, and in a very lively manner represented all the proofs which passion and interest put into his mouth. The king sounded all passages to enter into the heart of the lady, and asked her whether she was not resolved to marry again? She answered, that if she met with a man suitable to her, she would do what God should inspire her. The king replied, 'Behold him here: since you have lodged this guest thirty days in your house, and have acknowledged him so freely, what is the cause you may not marry him?' She answered, that he had not any estate, and that she was worth a thousand crowns, (which was great riches in those times). 'Well,' said

[1] Tom. II. p. 285.

Theoderic, 'I will give this young man as much for his marriage, on this condition, that you shall marry him.' She, much amazed, began to look pale, blush, and tremble, seeking to excuse herself, but faultering in her speech. The king, to affright her more, swore deeply she should marry him, or tell the lawful cause of her impediment. The poor woman, condemned by the voice of nature, which cried in her heart, and having horror of the crime proposed to her, cast herself at the king's feet, with tears confessing her dissimulation and misfortunes. 'Then,' said the king, 'are not you a miserable woman, to renounce your own blood for a villain who hath deceived you? Get you to your house, forsake those fond affections, and live in the condition of a good widow, taking unto you such support from your son, as he by nature ought to afford you."

The origin of the principal part of the plot, which Langbaine has overlooked, is one of the twelve *Novelas Exemplares* of Cervantes, entitled *La Illustre Fregona*. In this instance Fletcher has not kept so closely to Cervantes as he has done in the Chances and Love's Pilgrimage, and it is to be lamented that he did not, as many of the most romantic incidents in the novel are not taken advantage of in the play. The following is a mere outline of the story of Cervantes:—"In Burgos dwelt two noble knights, Don Diego de Carriazo, and Don Juan de Avendano. The former had a son of his own name, and the latter one named Don Tomas. Young Carriazo, at the age of thirteen, showed a wandering disposition, and left the house of his father, living among thieves, and the lowest orders of society. After three years, he resolved to visit his parents, by whom he was received with great joy. His affections remained however with his thieving companions; and his friend Don Tomas de Avendano, perceiving his melancholy, extorted the secret from him, and consented to accompany him for one summer. They asked their parents to allow them to study at Salamanca, which was readily granted, and every thing necessary provided. At Valladolid the tutor was conveniently sent on before; and soon after the only remaining servant was dispatched with a letter to him. In Madrid they changed their attire, arrayed themselves completely *a lo picaro*, and took the road to Toledo. The tutor, having received the letter, in which they declared their intention to proceed to the wars in Flanders, immediately returned to their parents. At the gate of Toledo the truants overheard two boys speaking of an inn kept by a man of Seville, and rapturously extolling the beauty of Costanza, a maid in the house. This bred an unconquerable desire in Avendano to behold her. They soon found out the inn, and under the pretence of being servants of gentlemen of Burgos, expected there, they obtained admittance.

The beauty of Costanza had such an effect upon Avendano, that he resolved to remain some days, notwithstanding the importunities of Carriazo, who was impatient to join his company of thieves. In the night they were awaked by the sound of music and a song under the window, and found, by the conversation of the by-standers, that the son of the corregidor was serenading Costanza, of whom he was violently enamoured. In the morning Avendano was taken into the service of the host, to keep the accounts of hay and corn, and Carriazo was employed in bringing water from the well. On one of these occasions, his ass coming in contact with that of another water-carrier, a quarrel ensued, which ended in Carriazo's being dreadfully wounded and taken to prison, from which he was at last liberated by the gold of his companion, and at the intercession of the host. For a long time Avendano found no opportunity of declaring his passion to Costanza, but at last meeting her with her head bound up, and finding that she was tormented with the tooth-ache, he promised to give her a charm against it, exacting a promise from her not to communicate the secret to any other. He then wrote a letter, in which he acquainted her with his real condition, offering to marry her. When she had read the letter, she tore it into small pieces, and returned it, declaring that she did not mean to employ such magic for her cure. One evening the whole inn was put into confusion by the appearance of the corregidor, who demanded to see all the servants in the house, and when he did not find Costanza among the number, asked the reason of her not appearing, to which the host answered, that she was not his servant. The magistrate asked for an explanation, and the host related, that fifteen years ago a lady, accompanied by several servants, had come to his house on a pilgrimage to Guadalupe, being afflicted, as her servants said, with a dropsy; that she had privately sent for himself and his wife, and had declared to them that she was pregnant, and wished to leave the infant in their charge. She was delivered in the inn of a girl, who, by her desire, was named Costanza, and for whose education she left six hundred crowns of gold. She then proceeded on her pilgrimage, and after twenty days returned, when she gave further directions respecting her daughter, whom she directed to be educated as a servant; then writing some letters on parchment, she cut it across in a zigzag direction. One of the pieces she retained, and gave the other to the host. She then departed, promising to return in two years, which promise she had never fulfilled. The host concluded his narration with extolling the virtues of Costanza, and, at the desire of the corregidor, produced the parchment, upon which the following letters appeared: E, T, E, L, S, N, V, D, D, R. The corregidor took the parchment, and ordered the host to give

him notice whenever any thing should appear to clear up the mystery of Costanza's birth. The ensuing morning two old noblemen alighted at the inn, and when they beheld Costanza, one of them exclaimed, 'Surely, Don Diego, we have at last found the object of our search.' Young Avendano, having come to give hay to the horses, immediately recognised the strangers, who were no other than the fathers of himself and his companion. He put his hand on his face, and left the court. Meeting with Costanza, he informed her of the arrival of his father, and then hastened to his friend with the news. They both judged it expedient to conceal themselves carefully. Meanwhile Don Juan de Avendano had sent for the host, and producing the corresponding piece of parchment, demanded whether he had not the rest in his possession. The host immediately sent for the corregidor, who speedily came to the inn, and on his arrival recognised Don Juan as his cousin, and Don Diego as an old acquaintance. On the parchment of the former these letters were written, S, A, S, A, E, AL, ER, A, E, A ; and when the two pieces were joined, the following inscription was legible, '*Esta es la senal verdadera,*' (This is the true test). Don Diego now declared himself the father of Costanza, and related that one day having found her mother, a beautiful young widow, alone, he had forced her to comply with his desires ; that two years after a servant had arrived to acquaint him with her death, and to deliver a letter, in which she informed him that she had become the mother of a girl. The servant at the same time had delivered to him the marks how to discover the child, and thirty thousand crowns for her marriage portion. Don Diego had proceeded so far in his narration, when he was interrupted by the cries of the servants, that Lope, the young Asturian water-carrier, (under which name young Carriazo was disguised,) had been taken prisoner by the alguazils, who were carrying him to prison. By the command of the corregidor, the prisoner was brought in with his face bathed in blood, having had another quarrel in the streets. He hid his face with a handkerchief, which was forcibly removed, and Don Diego, to his astonishment, discovered his son under that disguise. The youth fell at the feet of his father ; and on the question of Don Juan, what was become of his companion, he informed him that he was ostler in the same inn. Young Avendano was discovered in his chamber, forcibly brought down, and recognised by his father. The corregidor now presented Costanza to Don Juan, who was not a little astonished at finding herself the daughter of a man of rank. The whole company proceeded to the house of the corregidor, where the two truant youths related their adventures. Don Tomas was rewarded for his love with the hand of Costanza ; the son of the corregidor was promised to be

indemnified for the loss of his love by marrying another daughter of Don Diego; and the water-carrier was espoused to a daughter of the corregidor."[1]

[1] Two Spanish comedies are founded on the same novel, viz. La ma Illustre Fregona, by Don Agustin de Moreto, and La Hija de Mesonero by Don Diego de Figueroa y Cordova.

PROLOGUE.

PLAYS have their fates, not as in their true sense
They're understood, but as the influence
Of idle custom madly works upon
The dross of many-tongued Opinion.
A worthy story, howsoever writ,
For language, modest mirth, conceit, or wit,
Meets oftentimes with the sweet commendation
Of "hang't! 'tis scurvy!" when for approbation
A jig[1] shall be clapt at, and every rhime
Praised and applauded by a clamorous chime.
Let Ignorance and Laughter dwell together!
They are beneath the muses' pity. Hither
Come nobler judgments, and to those the strain
Of our invention is not bent in vain.
The Fair Maid of the Inn to you commends
Her hopes and welcomes; and withal intends
In th' entertains to which she doth invite ye,
All things to please, and some things to delight ye.

[1] *A jig.*] That is, according to the ancient acceptation of the word—ballad.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke *of Florence.*
Alberto,[1] *admiral of Florence.*
Baptista, *a brave sea commander, ancient friend to Alberto.*
Cesário, *a young gentleman of a fiery nature, son to Alberto.*
Mentivole, *son to Baptista, lover of Clarissa.*
Prospero, *a noble friend to Baptista.*
Host, *the supposed father of Bianca.*
Forobosco, *a cheating mountebank.*
Clown, *the mountebank's man, and setter.*
Dancer,
Tailor,
Muleteer,
Pedant,
Clerk,
Coxcomb,
Six fools and knaves, who pretend love to Bianca.
Secretary *to the Duke.*
Two Magistrates *of Florence.*
Physician, Surgeon, Bishop, three Gentlemen, Sailors, Boys.

Mariana, *wife to Alberto, a virtuous lady.*
Clarissa, *Mariana's daughter, in love with Mentivole.*
Juliana, *niece to the Duke of Genoa, Baptista's second wife*
Bianca, *the* Fair Maid of the Inn, *beloved of Cesario, and daughter to Baptista and Juliana.*
Hostess, *the supposed mother of Bianca.*

SCENE—Florence.

[1] *Alberto.*] This character is sometimes called Alberto, at others Albertus. The former being the Italian name, I have preferred calling him so throughout.

THE

FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the House of Alberto.

Enter CESARIO *and* CLARISSA.

Ces. Interpret not, Clarissa, my true zeal
In giving you counsel, to transcend the bounds
That should confine a brother! 'tis your honour,
And peace of mind (which, honour lost,[1] will leave you)
I labour to preserve: And though you yet are
Pure and untainted, and resolve to be so,
Having a father's eye, and mother's care,
In all your ways to keep you fair and upright,
In which respects my best advices must
Appear superfluous; yet since love, dear sister,
Will sometimes tender things unnecessary,
Misconstrue not my purpose!

[1] *Which honour* last *will leave you.*] Amended by Seward.

Clar. Sir, I dare not;
But still receive it as a large addition
To the much that I already stand engaged for.
Yet, pardon me though I profess, upon
A true examination of myself,
Even to my private thoughts, I cannot find
(Having such strong supporters to uphold me)
On what slight ground the least doubt can be raised,
To render me suspected I can fall
Or from my fame or virtue.

Ces. Far be it from me
To nourish such a thought! and yet excuse me,
As you would do a lapidary whose whole fortunes
Depend upon the safety of one jewel,
If he think no case precious enough
To keep it in full lustre, nor no locks,
Though lending strength to iron doors, sufficient
To guard it, and secure him! You to me are
A gem of more esteem, and prized higher,
Than usurers do their muck, or great men title
And any flaw (which Heaven avert!) in you,
(Whose reputation, like a diamond
Cut newly from the rock, women with envy,
And men with covetous desires, look up at)
By prying eyes discover'd, in a moment
Would render what the braveries of Florence,
For want of counterpoise, forbear to cheapen,
Of little or no value.

Clar. I see, brother,
The mark you shoot at, and much thank your love:
But for my virgin jewel, which is brought
In comparison with your diamond, rest assured
It shall not fall in such a workman's hands,
Whose ignorance or malice shall have power
To cast one cloud upon it, but still keep
Her native splendour.

Ces. 'Tis well; I commend you;
And study your advancement with that care
As I would do a sister's, whom I love
With more than common ardour.[1]
Clar. That from me
I hope's return'd to you.
Ces. I do confess it.
Yet let me tell you, (but still with that love
I wish to increase between us) that you are
Observed, against the gravity long maintain'd
In Italy (where to see a maid unmask'd
Is held a blemish,) to be over frequent
In giving or receiving visits.
Clar How?
Ces. Whereas the custom's here to woo by picture,
And never see the substance. You are fair,
And beauty draws temptations on, you know it:
I would not live to see a willing grant
From you, to one unworthy of your birth,
Feature or fortune; yet there have been ladies
Of rank, proportion, and of means beyond you,
That have proved this no miracle.
Clar. One unworthy?
Why, pray you, gentle brother, who are they
That I vouchsafe these bounties to? I hope,
In your strict criticism of me and my manners,
That you will not deny they are your equals.
Ces. Angry?
Clar. I have reason! But, in cold blood, tell me,
Had we not one father?
Ces. Yes, and mother too.

[1] *Common* order.] The variation of Seward has been retained, though the old text may possibly mean, in a degree more than common.

Clar. And he a soldier?
Ces. True.
Clar. If I then borrow
A little of the boldness of his temper,
Imparting it to such as may deserve it,
(Howe'er indulgent to yourselves, you brothers
Allow no part of freedom to your sisters)
I hope 'twill not pass for a crime in me,
To grant access and speech to noble suitors,
And you escape for innocent, that descend
To a thing so far beneath you? Are you touch'd?
Why, did you think that you had Gyges' ring?
Or the herb that gives invisibility?
Or that Bianca's name had ne'er been mention'd?
The Fair Maid of the grand Osteria, brother?
Ces. No more!
Clar. A little, brother. Your night-walks,
And offer'd presents, which coy she contemn'd;
Your combats in disguises with your rivals,
Brave muleteers, scullions perfumed with grease,
And such as cry meat for cats,[3] must be remember'd:
And all this pother for a common trull!
A tempting sign, and curiously set forth,
To draw in riotous guests! a thing exposed
To every ruffian's rude assault! and subject,
For a poor salary, to a rich man's lust,
Though made up of diseases!
Ces. Will you end yet?

[3] *And such as* cry *meat for cats.*] The second folio reads *want;* but we apprehend the text to be right. In Massinger's Maid of Honour, act III. scene I., Gasparo, in mentioning the most ignoble employments, says—

> "I will *cry* brooms or *cats' meat* in Palermo,
> Turn porter, carry burdens, any thing,
> Rather than live a soldier!"—*Reed.*

Clar. And this a mistress for Alberto's son?
One that I should call sister?
Ces. Part not with
Your modesty in this violent heat! The truth is,
(For you shall be my confessor) I love her;
But virtuously: Report, that gives her out
Only for fair, and adds not she is chaste,
Detracts much from her; for indeed she is,
Though of a low condition, composed
Of all those graces dames of highest birth,
Though rich in Nature's bounties, should be proud of.
But leave her! and to you, my nearest care,
My dearest, best Clarissa! Do not think
(For then you wrong me) I wish you should live
A barren virgin life: I rather aim at
A noble husband, that may make you mother
Of many children; one that, when I know him
Worth your embraces, I may serve, and sue to:
And therefore scorn not to acquaint me with
That man, that happy man, you please to favour!
Clar. I ever purposed it; for I will like
With your allowance.
Ces. As a pawn of this,
Receive this ring; but, ere you part with it,
On any terms, be certain of your choice,
And make it known to me!
Clar. You have my hand for't.
Ces. Which, were it not my sister's, I should kiss
With too much heat.

Enter ALBERTO, BAPTISTA, MARIANA, MENTIVOLE, *and Servants with Lights.*

Clar. My father and his guests, sir!

Alb. Oh, my old friend, my tried friend, my Baptista!
These days of rest and feasting suit not with
Our tougher natures; those were golden ones,
Which were enjoy'd at sea! that's our true mother;
The land's to us a step-dame: There we sought
Honour and wealth through dangers; yet those dangers
Delighted more than their rewards, though great ones,
And worth the undertakers: Here we study
The kitchen arts, to sharpen appetite,
Dull'd with abundance; and dispute with Heaven
If that the least puff of the rough north wind
Blast our time's burden,[4] rendering to our palates
The charming juice less pleasing; whereas there,
If we had biscuit, powder'd flesh, fresh water,
We thought them Persian delicates; and, for music,
If a strong gale but made the main-yard crack
We danced to the loud minstrel.
Bapt. And fear'd less
(So far we were in love with noble action)
A tempest than a calm.
Alb. 'Tis true, Baptista:
There, there, from mutual aids lent to each other,
And virtuous emulation to exceed
In manly daring, the true school of friendship,
We learnt those principles which confirm'd us friends
Never to be forgot.
Bapt. Never, I hope.

[4] *Blast our time's burden.*] Seward reads,—our *vine's* burden, but without necessity; for *time* is not used in its usual acceptation, but means, as Mason says,—*season.*

Alb. We were married there: For bells, the roaring cannon
Aloud proclaim'd it lawful, and a prize
Then newly ta'en, and equally divided,
Served as a dowry to you, then styled my wife,
And did enable me to be a husband
Fit to encounter so much wealth, though got
With blood and horror.

Mar. If so got, 'tis fit, sir,
Now you possess it, that you should enjoy it
In peace and quiet: I, your son, and daughter,
That reap the harvest of your winter's labour,
Though debtors for it, yet have often trembled,
When, in way of discourse, you have related
How you came by it.

Alb. Trembled? How the softness
Of your sex may excuse you, I'll not argue;
But to the world, howe'er I hold thee noble,
I should proclaim this boy some coward's bastard,
And not the image of Alberto's youth,
If, when some wish'd occasion calls him forth
To a brave trial, one weak artery
Of his should shew a fever, though grim death
Put on a thousand dreadful shapes to fright him.
The elements, the sea, and all the winds
We number on our compass, then conspiring
To make the scene more ghastly! I must have thee,
Sirrah, I must, if once you grapple with
An enemy's ship, to board her, though you see
The desperate gunner ready to give fire,
And blow the deck up; or, like Cæsar's soldier,
Thy hands like his cut off, hang by the teeth,
And die undaunted.

Mar. I even die to hear you!
My son, my loved Cesario, run such hazards?
Bless'd saints forbid it! You have done enough

Already for one family, that rude way.
I'll keep him safe at home, and train him up
A complete courtier: May I live to see him,
By sweet discourse and gracious demeanour,
Win and bring home a fair wife, and a rich,
'Tis all I rest ambitious of.
Alb. A wife?
As if there were a course to purchase one
Prevailing more than honourable action!
Or any intercessors move so far,
To take a mistress of a noble spirit,
As the true fame of glorious victories,
Atchieved by sweat and blood! Oh, the brave dames
Of warlike Genoa! they had eyes to see
The inward man, and only from his worth,
Courage, and conquests, the blind archer knew
To head his shafts, or light his quenched torch;
They were proof against them else: no carpet-knight,[5]

[5] *Carpet knight.*] *Carpet knights* are frequently mentioned with great contempt by our ancient writers. The learned Sir James Burrows gives the following account of them:

"There was an order of knighthood of the appellation of KNIGHTS of the CARPET, though few, or no persons (at least among those whom I have consulted) seem to know any thing about it, or even to have heard of it. I have taken some memoranda concerning the institution, and know that William Lord Burgh (of Starborough Castle, in the county of Surry, father to Thomas Lord Burgh, deputy of Ireland, and to Sir John Burgh, who took the great Caracca ship in 1592) was made a *knight of the carpet*, at Westminster, on the 2d of October, 1553, the day after Queen Mary's coronation: And I met with a list of all who were made so at the same time, in Strype's Memorials, vol. III. Appendix, p. 11.

"See Anstis's Observations on the Knighthood of the Bath, (Lond. 1725) p. 50: 'Upon the accession of Queen Mary to the throne, a commission was granted to the Earl of Arundel, empowering him to make knights, but WITHOUT *any additional title*, within

That spent his youth in groves or pleasant bowers,
Or, stretching on a couch his lazy limbs,
Sung to his lute such soft and melting notes
As Ovid nor Anacreon ever knew,
Could work on them; nor once bewitch'd their sense,
Though he came so perfumed as he had robb'd
Sabæa or Arabia of their wealth,
And stored it in one suit. I still remember,
And still remember it with joy, Baptista,
When from the rescue of the Genoa fleet,
Almost surprised by the Venetian gallies,
Thou didst return, and wert received in triumph,
How lovely in thy honour'd wounds and scars
Thou didst appear; what worlds of amorous glances

two days after the date of that patent, which were the two days preceding her coronation. In pursuance hereof, we find the names of the knights created by him, according to the stated form of creating knights of the Bath, and the variety of the ceremonies used so distinctly related, that it particularly deserves to be consulted in the appendix.'

"So that Mr Anstis plainly considers them as being only a species of knights of the Bath, though *without* any additional title.

"If so, the appellation of *knights of the carpet* might be only *popular*, not their strict or proper title. This, however, was sufficient to induce Shakspeare (who wrote whilst they were commonly spoken of by such an appellation) *to use that term, in contrast* to a knighthood conferred upon a real soldier, as a reward of military valour."—*Reed.*

That a particular order of knights were denominated *carpet knights* may well be doubted. It was probably a mere term of contempt bestowed on such as received their knighthood not on the field, but in the palace of the king, generally on great occasions, such as baptisms and marriages; and the knights of the Bath being anciently created almost exclusively on the accession of a sovereign, or the knighting of an heir-apparent, the title might not be unaptly given to them.—Mr Gifford quotes a great part of the speech of Albertus in a note on the Maid of Honour, by Massinger, and points out its extreme beauty. Indeed, Fletcher employed his highest powers in the present scene.

The beauties of the city, where they stood,
Fix'd like so many of the fairest stars,
Shot from their windows at thee! How it fired
Their bloods to see the enemies' captive streamers[6]
Borne through the streets! nor could chaste Juliana,
The duke's fair niece, though guarded with her greatness,
Resist this gallant charge, but, laying by
Disparity of fortune from the object,
Yielded herself thy prisoner.

Bapt. Pray you choose
Some other theme.

Mar. Can there be one more pleasing?

Bapt. That triumph drew on me a greater torture,
And 'tis in the remembrance little less,
Than ever captive suffer'd.

Mar. How! To gain
The favour of so great a lady?

Bapt. Yes,
Since it proved fatal: To have been happy, madam,
Adds to calamity; and the heavy loss
Of her I durst not hope for, once enjoy'd,
Turns what you think a blessing to a curse,
Which grief would have forgotten.

Alb. I am sorry
I touch'd upon it.

Mar. I burn rather, sir,
With a desire to hear the story of
Your loves; and shall receive it as a favour,
Which you may grant.

Bapt. You must not be denied;

[6] *Captive streames.*] Corrected in 1750.

Yet with all brevity I must report it.
'Tis true, fair Juliana, Genoa's pride,
Enamour'd of my actions, liked my person;
Nor could I but with joy meet her affection,
Since it was lawful; for, my first wife dead,
We were closely[7] married, and for some few months
Tasted the fruits of't: But malicious Fate,
Envying our too-much happiness, wrought upon
A faithless servant, privy to our plot,
And cabinet counsellor to Juliana,
Who, either for hope, or reward, or fear,
Discovered us to the incensed duke,
Whose rage made her close prisoner, and pronounced
On me perpetual banishment. Some three years
I wander'd on the seas, since entertain'd
By the Great Duke of Florence; but what fate
Attended her, or Prospero my friend,
That stay'd at Genoa to expect the issue,
Is yet uncertain.

Enter a Gentleman.

Alb. From the duke?
Bapt. He's welcome,
To end my forced relation.
Alb. Signor Baptista,
The Great Duke's will commands your present ea.[8]
Gent. It points indeed at both of you.
Bapt. I wait it.

[7] *We were* closely *married.*] *Closely* here means privately.—*Mason.*

[8] *Your present* care.] So the second folio, and of course the subsequent copies. The first not very distinctly, but still sufficiently so to convince any reader, reads *eare*, and this affords by far the best reading.

Alb. In, Mariana; to your rest!

Bapt. Nay, leave us;
We must be private.

Mar. Stay not long, Cesario.

[*Exeunt all but* Cesario *and* Mentivole.

Ment. So! these old men vanish'd, 'tis allow'd
That we may speak; and howsoe'er they take
Delight in the discourse of former dangers,
It cannot hinder us to treat a little
Of present pleasures.

Ces. Which, if well enjoy'd,
Will not alone continue, but increase,
In us their friendship.

Ment. How shall we spend the night?
To snore it out, like drunken Dutchmen, would
Sort ill with us Italians: We are made
Of other metal, fiery, quick, and active.
Shall we take our fortune? and, while our cold fathers
(In whom long since their youthful heats were dead)
Talk much of Mars, serve under Venus' ensigns,
And seek a mistress?

Ces. That's a game, dear friend,
That does admit no rival in chase of it;
And either to be undertook alone,
Or not to be attempted.

Ment. I'll not press you.
What other sports to entertain the time with
The following morning?

Ces. Any that may become us.

Ment. Is the Neapolitan horse the viceroy sent you
In a fit plight to run?

Ces. So my groom tells me.
I can boast little of my horsemanship;
Yet, upon his assurance, I dare wager

A thousand crowns 'gainst any horse in Florence,
For an eight-mile course.
Ment. I would not win of you,
In respect you are impatient of loss;
Else I durst match him with my Barbary
For twice the sum.
Ces. You do well to excuse it,
Being certain to be beaten.
Ment. Tush! you know
The contrary.
Ces. To end the controversy,
Put it to trial; by my life, I'll meet you
With the next rising sun.

Enter CLARISSA.

Ment. A match!—But here
Appears a Cynthia, that scorns to borrow
A beam of light from the great eye of Heaven,
She being herself all brightness: How I envy
Those amorous smiles, those kisses, but sure chaste ones,
Which she vouchsafes her brother!
Clar. You are wanton:
Pray you think me not Bianca; leave, I pray you!
My mother will not sleep before she see you;
And since you know her tenderness, nay, fondness,
In every circumstance that concerns your safety,
You are not equal[9] to her.
Ces. I must leave you;
But will not fail to meet you.
Ment. Soft sleeps to you!
Mar. [*Within.*] Cesario!

[9] *Equal.*] i. e. *Just.* The word frequently occurs in that sense. —Ed. 1778.

Clar. You are call'd again.
Ces. Some sons
Complain of too much rigour in their mothers:
I of too much indulgence. You will follow?
Clar. You are her first care; therefore lead the way! [*Exit* CESARIO.
Ment. She stays; blest opportunity! she stays
As she invited conference! she was ever
Noble and free; but thus to tempt my frailty,
Argues a yielding in her; or, contempt
Of all that I dare offer. Stand I now
Consulting? No; I'll put it home.
Clar. Who waits there?
More lights!
Ment. You need them not; they are as useless
As at noon-day: Can there be darkness where
Nature, then wisely liberal, vouchsafed
To lend two suns?
Clar. Hyperboles!
Ment. No; truths,
Truths, beauteous virgin; so my love-sick heart
Assures me, and my understanding tells me
I must approach them wisely: Should I rashly
Press near their scorching beams, they would consume me;
And, on the contrary, should your disdain
Keep me at too much distance, and I want
Their comfortable heat, the frost of death
Would seize on all my faculties.
Clar. Pray you pause, sir!
This vehemency of discourse must else needs tire you:
These gay words take not me; 'tis simple faith,
Honest integrity, and lawful flames,
I am delighted with.
Ment. Such I bring with me;

And therefore, lady——
Clar. But that you took me off
Ere I came to a period, I had added
A long experience must be required
Both of his faith and trust, with whom a virgin
Trafficks for what is dearest in this life,
Her liberty and honour. I confess
I oft have view'd you with an eye of favour;
And, with your generous parts, the many tenders
Of doing me all fair offices, have won
A good opinion from me——
Ment. Oh, speak ever!
I never heard such music.
Clar. A plain tune, sir,
But 'tis a hearty one. When I perceive,
By evident proofs, your aims are truly noble,
And that you bring the engines of fair love,
Not of foul lust, to shake and undermine
My maiden fortress, I may then make good
What now I dare not promise.
Ment. You already,
In taking notice of my poor deservings,
Have been magnificent, and 'twill appear
A frontless impudence to ask beyond this:
Yet qualify, though not excuse, my error,
Though now I am ambitious to desire
A confirmation of it!
Clar. So it wrong not
My modesty to grant it.
Ment. 'Tis far from me;
I only am a suitor you would grace me
With some toy, but made rich in that you wore it,
To warrant to the world that I usurp not,
When I presume to style myself your servant!
A ribbon from your shoe.
Clar. You are too humble;

I'll think upon't, and something of more value
Shall witness how I prize you. It grows late;
I'll bring you to the door.
Ment. You still more bind me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Duke, Alberto, Baptista, *Magistrates, and Attendants.*

Duke. You find, by this assured intelligence,
The preparation of the Turk against us.
We have met him oft and beat him; now to fear him
Would argue want of courage; and I hold it
A safer policy for us and our signories,
To charge him in his passage o'er the sea,
Than to expect him here.
Alb. May it please your highness,
Since you vouchsafe to think me worthy of
This great employment, if I may deliver
My judgment freely, 'tis not flattery
Though I say my opinion waits on you;[1]
Nor would I give my suffrage and consent
To what you have proposed, but that I know it

[1] *My opinion waits on* you.] The small change of *you* to *yours*, takes all obscurity from this expression.—*Seward.*
We think the old reading more suitable to the context, more in our authors' style, and at least as free from obscurity.—Ed. 1778.

Worth the great speaker, though that the denial
Call'd on your heavy anger. For myself
I do profess thus much, if a blunt soldier
May borrow so much from the oil'd-tongued courtier,
(That echoes whatsoe'er the prince allows of)
All that my long experience hath taught me,
That have spent three parts of my life at sea,
(Let it not taste of arrogance that I say it)
Could not have added reasons of more weight
To fortify your affections, than such
As your grace out of observation merely
Already have propounded.
Bapt. With the honour
To give the daring enemy an affront
In being the first opposer, it will teach
Your soldiers boldness, and strike fear in them
That durst attempt you.
1 *Magis.* Victuals and ammunition,
And money too, the sinews of the war,
Are stored up in the magazine.
2 *Magis.* And the gallies
New rigg'd and train'd up, and at two days' warning
Fit for the service.
Duke. We commend your care;
Nor will we e'er be wanting in our counsels,
As we doubt not your action. You, Baptista,
Shall stay with us; that merchant is not wise,
That ventures his whole fortunes in one bottom.
Alberto, be our admiral! spare your thanks;
'Tis merit in you that invites this honour;
Preserve it such! Ere long you shall hear more.
Things rashly undertaken end as ill;
But great acts thrive when reason guides the will.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An open Place before the City.

Enter three Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* No question, 'twas not well done in Cesario
To cross the horse of young Mentivole
In the middest of this course.
2 *Gent.* That was not all;
The switching him dull'd him.
3 *Gent.* 'Would that both the jades
Had broke their necks, when they first started! 'Slight,
We stand here prating; give them leave to whisper,
And, when they have cut one another's throats,
Make in to part 'em!
2 *Gent.* There is no such hazard;
Their fathers' friendship and their love forbid it:
See where they come!

Enter MENTIVOLE *and* CESARIO.

1 *Gent.* With fury in their looks.
Ment. You have the wager; with what foul play got
I'll not dispute.
Ces. Foul play?

Ment. I cannot speak it
In a fairer language; and if some respects
Familiar to myself chain'd not my tongue,
I should say—no more!*—I should—but I'll sit
down
With this disgrace; howe'er, press me no further!
For, if once more provoked, you'll understand
I dare no more suffer an injury,
Than I dare do one.
Ces. Why, sir, are you injured
In that I take my right, which I would force,
Should you detain it?
Ment. Put it to judgment!
Ces. No;
My will in this shall carry it.
Ment. Your will?
Nay, farewell softness then!
3 Gent. This I foresaw.
[*They suddenly draw and fight.*
2 Gent. Hold, hold!
Ces. I am hurt.
2 Gent. Shift for yourself; 'tis death.
Ment. As you respect me, bear him off with care!
If he miscarry, since he did the wrong,
I'll stand the shock of't.
2 Gent. Gently! he will faint else——
Ment. And speedily, I beseech you!
[*Exeunt Gentlemen with* CESARIO.
My rage over,
That pour'd upon my reason clouds of error,

* *I should say* no *more.*] Seward, tacitly and arbitrarily, reads, *I should say more.* The present punctuation gives a spirit to the old text.—Ed. 1778.

Though Mason defends Seward's reading, there can be little doubt that the regulation of the old text, introduced by the editors of 1778, perfectly suits Mentivole's agitation of mind, and is by no means "exceedingly embarrassed."

I see my folly, and at what dear loss
I have exchanged a real innocence
To gain a mere fantastical report,
Transported only by vain popular wind,
To be a daring, nay, fool-hardy man.
But, could I satisfy myself within here,
How should I bear my father's frowns?

Enter Baptista.

They meet me;
My guilt conjures him hither.
Bapt. Sirrah!
Ment. Sir.
Bapt. I have met the trophies of your ruffian sword:
Was there no other anvil to make trial
How far thou durst be wicked, but the bosom
Of him, which, under the adulterate name
Of friendship, thou hast murder'd?
Ment. Murder'd, sir?
My dreams abhor so base a fact: True valour,
Employ'd to keep my reputation fair,
From the austerest judge, can never merit
To be branded with that title. You begot me
A man, no coward: And but call your youth
To memory! when injured, you could never
Boast of the ass's fortitude, slave-like patience;
And you might justly doubt I were your son,
If I should entertain it. If Cesario
Recover, as I hope his wound's not mortal,
A second trial of what I dare do
In a just cause, shall give strong witness for me
I am the true heir to Baptista's courage,
As to his other fortunes.
Bapt. Boy, to neither,
But on this strict condition, which entreaties

From saints, nay angels, shall not make me alter.
A friendship so began, and so continued
Between me and Alberto my best friend,
Your brawls shall not dissolve: It is my will,
And as I am thy father I command thee,
That instantly, on any terms, how poor
Soe'er it skills not, thou desire his pardon,
And bring assurance to me he has sign'd it,
Or by my father's soul I'll never know thee,
But as a stranger to my blood: Perform it,
And suddenly, without reply! I have said it.

Ment. And in it given a heavier sentence on me
Than the most cruel death: You are my father,
And your will to be served, and not disputed
By me, that am your son: But I'll obey,
And though my heart-strings crack for't, make it known,
When you command, my faculties are your own.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in the House of Alberto.

Enter ALBERTO, *Physician, and a Surgeon.*

Phys. Have patience, noble sir! your son Cesario
Will recover, without question.

Surg. A slight wound;
Though't pierced his body, it hath miss'd the vitals.
Phys. My life for't, he shall take the air again
Within these ten days!
Alb. Oh, but from a friend!
To receive this bloody measure from a friend!
If that a man should meet a violent death,
In a place where he had taken sanctuary,
Would it not grieve him? Such all Florence held
Their friendship; and 'tis that which multiplies
The injury.
Phys. Have patience, worthy signor!
Alb. I do protest, as I am man and soldier,
If I had buried him in a wave at sea,
(Lost in some honourable action)
I would not to the saltness of his grave
Have added the least tear: But these quarrels,
Bred out of game and wine! I had as lief
He should have died of a surfeit.

Enter Mariana *and* Clarissa.

Mar. Oh, what comfort?
How is it with our son, sir?
Alb. His work-masters
Bear me in hand here, (as my lawyer does
When I have a crack'd title, or bad suit in law)
All shall go well.
Mar. I pray you, gentlemen,
What think you of his wound?
Phys. 'Tis but a scratch;
Nothing to danger.
Clar. But he received it from a friend;
And the unkindness ta'en at that may kill him.
Mar. Let me see him.
Phys. By no means; he slumbers.

Mar. Then I cannot believe you when you tell me
There is hope of him.
Alb. Yet many ladies
Do give more faith to their physician
Than to their confessor.
Clar. Oh, my poor lost brother!
And friend, more dear than brother!
Alb. More loud instruments
To disturb his slumbers? Go, go, take caroch!
And, as you love me, you and the girl retire
To our summer-house i' th' country: I'll be with you
Within these two days.
Mar. I am yours in all things,
Though with much sorrow to leave him.
[*Exeunt* MARIANA *and* CLARISSA.
Alb. I pray you, gentlemen,
With best observance tend your patient:
The loss of my heir male lies now a-bleeding;
And think what payment his recovery
Shall shower upon you.
[*Exeunt Physician and Surgeon.*

Enter MENTIVOLE.

Of all men breathing,
Wherefore do you arrive here? are you mad?
My injury begins to bleed afresh
At sight of you. Why, this affront of yours
I receive more malicious than the other.
Your hurt was only danger to my son;
But your sight to me is death! Why come you hither?
Do you come to view the wounds which you have made,
And glory in them?

Ment. Rather, worthy sir,
To pour oil into them.
Alb. I am a soldier, sir,
Least part of a courtier; and understand
By your smooth oil, your present flattery——
Ment. Sir, for my father's sake, acknowledge me
To be born a gentleman, no slave; I ever
Held flatterers of that breed: Do not misconstrue,
In your distaste of me, the true intent
Of my coming hither, for I do protest
I do not come to tell you I am sorry
For your son's hurt.
Alb. Not sorry?
Ment. No, not sorry:
I have to the lowest ebb lost all my fury,
But I must not lose my honesty. 'Twas he
Gave heat unto the injury, which return'd,
Like a petar[3] ill lighted, into th' bosom
Of him gave fire to't: Yet, I hope his hurt
Is not so dangerous but he may recover;
When, if it please him call me to account
For the loss of so much blood, I shall be ready
To do him noble reason.
Alb. You are arm'd
Methinks with wond'rous confidence.
Ment. Oh, with the best, sir;
For I bring penitence and satisfaction.
Alb. Satisfaction? Why, I heard you say but now,
You were not sorry for his wounds.
Ment. Nor am I;
The satisfaction which I bring, sir, is to you.
You are a gentleman ne'er injured me;

[3] *Petar.*] A *petard*, or *petarre*, an engine (made like a bell or mortar) wherewith strong gates are burst open.—COTGRAVE'S *Dictionary*.—*Reed*.

One ever loved my father, the right way,
And most approved of noble amity;
Yet I have run my sword quite through your heart,
And slightly hurt your son; for't may be fear'd,
A grief ta'en at these years, for your son's loss,
May hazard yours: And therefore I am sent
By him that has most interest in your sorrow,
Who having chid me almost to the ruin
Of a disheritance, for violating
So continued and so sacred a friendship
Of fifty winters' standing; such a friendship,
That ever did continue like the spring,
Ne'er saw the fall o' th' leaf; by him I am sent
To say the wrong I have done, sir, is to you,
And that I have quite lost him for a father,
Until I find your pardon. Nay, there follows
A weightier deprivation: His estate
I could with a less number of sighs part with;
Fortune might attend my youth and my deservings
In any climate; but a father's blessing,
To settle and confirm that fortune, no where
But only here. Your pardon! give me that;
And when you have done, kill me; for 'tis that
Takes from me the effect of excommunication,
A father's heavy curse.

Alb. Nay, may that curse
Light on himself, for sending thee in this minute,
When I am grown as deaf to all compassion
As the cruellest sea-fight, or most horrid tempest!
That I had drowned i' th' sea a thousand ducats,
Thou hadst not made this visit! Rash young man,
Thou takest me in an ill planet, and hast cause
To curse thy father; for I do protest,
If I had met thee in any part o' th' world,
But under my own roof, I would have kill'd thee.—
Within there!—

Enter Physician, Surgeon, and Servants.

Look you! Here's a triumph sent for
The death of your young master.
Serv. Shall we kill him?
Alb. No;
I'll not be so unhospitable.—But, sir,
By my life, I vow to take assurance from you,
That right hand never more shall strike my son.
Ment. That will be easily protested.
Alb. Not easily,
When it must be exacted, and a bloody seal to't.—
Bind him, and cut off his right hand presently:
Fair words shall never satisfy foul deeds.
Chop his hand off!
Ment. You cannot be so unrighteous
To your own honour.
Phys. Oh, sir, collect yourself,
And recall your bloody purpose!
Alb. My intents
Of this nature do ever come to action.
Surg. Then I
Must fetch another stickler.[4] [*Exit.*
Alb. Yet I do grieve at heart;
And I do curse thy father heartily,
That's the cause of my dishonour, sending thee
In such an hour, when I am apt for mischief,
Apt as a Dutchman after a sea-fight,
When his enemy kneels afore him.—Come, dispatch!

[4] *I must fetch another* stickler.] A *stickler* was what we now call a sidesman, one who parted the combatants when the victory could be adjudged without bloodshed. Ritson observes, that in Cornwall sticklers are still chosen at popular games to decide disputes.

Phys. Entreat him, noble sir.
Ment. You shall excuse me;
Whatsoever he dares do, that I dare suffer.

Enter CESARIO *and Surgeon.*

Ces. Oh, sir, for honour's sake, stay your foul purpose;
For if you do proceed thus cruelly,
There is no question, in the wound you give him,
I shall bleed to death for't!
Alb. Thou art not of my temper;
What I purpose, cannot be alter'd.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the duke
With all speed expects you: You must instantly
Ship all your followers, and to sea.
Alb. My blessing
Stay with thee upon this condition,
Take away his use of fighting; as thou hopest
To be accounted for my son, perform it! [*Exit.*
Ces. You hear what I'm enjoin'd to.
Ment. Pray thee, take it!
Only this ring, this best-esteemed jewel,
I will not give 't to th' hangman chops it off;
It is too dear a relic: I'll remove it
Nearer my heart.
Ces. Ha! that ring's my sister's; [*Apart.*
The ring I enjoin'd her never part withal
Without my knowledge.——Come, sir, we are friends.
Pardon my father's heat and melancholy;
Two violent fevers which he caught at sea,
And cannot yet shake off: Only one promise

I must enjoin you to, and seriously;
Hereafter you shall never draw a sword
To the prejudice of my life.

Ment. By my best hopes,
I shall not!

Ces. I pray deliver me your sword
On that condition.

Ment. I shall, sir: May it hereafter
Ever fight on your part!

Ces. Noble sir, I thank you:
But, for performance of your vow, I entreat
Some gage from you.

Ment. Any, sir.

Ces. Deliver me that ring.

Ment. Ha! this ring? indeed this jewel binds me,
If you knew the virtue of it, never more
To draw my sword against you.

Ces. Therefore I
Will have it.

Ment. You may not.

Ces. Come, you must: [*Takes the ring.*
I that by violence could take your hand,
Can enforce this from you. This is a token, sir,
That we may prove friends hereafter. Fare you well!

Phys. Why did you seize his sword, sir?

Ces. To perform
What my father bade me; I have for the present
Ta'en away his use of fighting.

Phys. Better so,
Than take that which your father meant!

[*Exeunt all but* MENTIVOLE.

Ment. Was ever the like usage? Oh, that ring,
Dearer than life! whither is honour fled?
Cesario, thou'rt unmanly in each part,
To seize my sword first, and then split my heart.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Inn.[5]

Enter Host and Clown.

Host. Thy master, that lodges here in my Osteria, is a rare man of art; they say he's a witch.

Clown. A witch? nay, he's one step of the ladder to preferment higher; he is a conjurer.

Host. Is that his higher title?

Clown. Yes, I assure you; for a conjurer is the devil's master, and commands him; whereas a witch is the devil's prentice, and obeys him.

Host. Bound prentice to the devil?

Clown. Bound and enroll'd I assure you, he cannot start; and therefore I would never wish any gentleman to turn witch.

[5] Seward turns this, and all other low scenes, into the most ridiculous verse, and of course very liberally employs contractions, omissions, and additions. The last editors follow his example. Any reader who wishes to have his ear tormented, and his metrical faculties put to the test, is referred to the editions of 1750 and 1778. One or two lines may be quoted from the former to prove Seward's uncommon powers of enunciation:—

H' must go to the herald for new arms, believe it.—
I' a gallery: a milliner has choice—
To b' seen (that's woman) but her upper part.—
'Twas less sin f'r us to cozen him with money.—
T' Geneva!

Ohe, jam satis!

Host. Why, man?

Clown. Oh, he loses his gentility by it; the devil in this case cannot help him; he must go to the herald for new arms, believe it.

Host. As I am true innkeeper, yet a gentleman born, I'll ne'er turn witch for that trick! And thou hast been a great traveller?

Clown. No, indeed, not I, sir.

Host. Come, you are modest.

Clown. No, I am not modest; for I told you a lie, that you might the better understand I have been a traveller.

Host. So, sir! They say your master's a great physician too?

Clown. He was no fool told you that, I assure you.

Host. And you have been in England? But they say ladies in England take a great deal of physic.

Clown. Both ways, on my reputation.

Host. So 'tis to be understood: But they say ladies there take physic for fashion.

Clown. Yes, sir, and many times die to keep fashion.

Host. How! Die to keep fashion?

Clown. Yes; I have known a lady sick of the small-pox, only to keep her face from pit-holes, take cold, strike them in again, kick up the heels, and vanish.

Host. There was a kicking up the heels with a witness!

Clown. No, sir; I confess a good face has many times been the motive to the kicking up of the heels with a witness, but this was not.

Enter Hostess and BIANCA.

Host. Here come my wife and daughter.

Clown. You have a pretty commodity of this night-worm.

Host. Why, man?

Clown. She is a pretty lure to draw custom to your ordinary.

Host. Dost think I keep her to that purpose?

Clown. When a dove-house is empty, there is cumin-seed used to purloin from the rest of the neighbours; in England you have several adamants[6] to draw in spurs and rapiers;[7] one keeps silk-worms in a gallery; a milliner has choice of monkies and paraketoes; another shews bawdy East Indian pictures, worse than ever were Aretine's; a goldsmith keeps his wife wedged into his shop like a mermaid, nothing of her to be seen (that's woman) but her upper part.

Host. Nothing but her upper part?

Clown. Nothing but her upper bodice, and he lives at the more heart's ease.

[6] *Adamants.*] That is, magnets. In A Midsummer-Night's Dream. Helen says—

> "You draw me, you hard-hearted *adamant;*
> But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
> Is true as steel."

[7] *To draw in spurs and rapiers.*] In Ben Jonson's Alchemist is the same idea: Subtle says to Abel Drugger,—

> "Beneath your threshold bury me a *loadstone,*
> To draw in gallants that wear *spurs.*"—Ed. 1778.

In the Clown's speech we have a curious description of the outlandish wonders with which shopkeepers attracted the notice of customers, by exhibiting them in the windows. The snakes and crocodiles in apothecaries' shops, (and perhaps also the golden birds of paradise over those of mercers) are the only remnants of the practice.

Host. What's the reason?

Clown. Because her nether part can give no temptation. By your leave, sir, I'll tend my master, and instantly be with you for a cup of cherally[8] this hot weather. [*Exit.*

Host. A nimble-pated rascal!—Come hither, daughter;
When was Cesario here?

Bian. Sir, not this fortnight.

Host. I do not like his visits; commonly
He comes by owl-light; both the time and manner is
Suspicious; I do not like it.

Bian. Sir, the gentleman
Is every way so noble, that you need not
Question his intent of coming: Though you did,
Pray, sir, preserve that good opinion of me,
That, though the custom of the place I was born in
Makes me familiar to every guest,
I shall in all things keep myself a stranger
To the vices they bring with them.

Hostess. Right, my daughter!
She has the right strain of her mother.

Host. Of her mother?
An I would speak, I know from whence she took it.
When I was as young, I was as honest.

Hostess. Leave your prating, and study to be drunk, and abuse your guests over and over!

[8] *Cherally.*] With the nature of this liquor I am utterly unacquainted. A conjecture has however occurred, that *cherally* may be a parting cup, formed from the French words, *cher* and *aller*. In Scotch, *bonalais* has the same meaning, and is a corruption from *bon allez*. The conjecture is made at hazard, and by no means offered as an incontrovertible explanation.

Enter FOROBOSCO *and Clown.*

Host. Peace, wife; my honourable guest!

For. My endear'd landlord, and the rest of the compliments o' the house!

Host. Breakfast is ready, sir; it waits only the tide of your stomach.

Clown. And mine gapes for't, like a stale oyster.

Host. Ere you go to bed,[9] fail not of that I pray.

[*Exeunt all but* FOROBOSCO *and Clown.*

For. We will instantly be with you —Now we are all fellows: Nine o'clock, and no clients come yet? Sure thou dost not set up bills enough.

Clown. I have set up bills in abundance.

For. What bills?

Clown. Marry, for curing of all diseases, recovery of stolen goods, and a thousand such impossibilities.

For. The place is unlucky.

Clown. No, certain 'tis scarcity of money; do not you hear the lawyers complain of it? Men have as much malice as e'er they had to wrangle, but they have no money.—Whither should this money be travell'd?[1]

For. To the devil, I think.

Clown. 'Tis with his cofferer I am certain, that's the usurer.

[9] *Ere you go to bed, fail not of that, I pray.*] These words have hitherto been made a continuation of the *Clown's* speech; but from him they seem devoid of meaning. If spoken by the *Host, aside,* we may very well understand by them that the Clown *gapes for his breakfast even before he goes to bed.*—Ed. 1778.

The supposition of Mason is more probable, that the words allude to some directions which the Host is giving to his wife.

[1] *Traulaunct.*] Corrected in the second folio.

For. Our cheating does not prosper so well as it was wont to do.

Clown. No, sure. Why, in England we could cozen 'em as familiarly, as if we had travell'd with a brief, or a lottery.

For. In the Low-Countries we did pretty well.

Clown. So, so, as long as we kept the mop-headed butter-boxes sober; marry, when they were drunk, then they grew buzzards: You should have them reel their heads together, and deliberate! Your Dutchman, indeed, when he is foxed,[2] is like a fox; for when he's sunk in drink, quite earth to a man's thinking, 'tis full exchange-time with him, then he's subtlest. But your Switzer, 'twas nothing to cheat him.

For. Nothing

Clown. No, nor conscience to be made of it; for since nature aforehand cozen'd him of his wit, 'twas the less sin for us to cozen him of his money.

For. But these Italians are most nimble-pated; we must have some new trick for them. I protest, but that our Hostess' daughter is a sweet lass, and draws great resort to th' house, we were as good draw teeth a-horseback.

Clown. I told 'em in the market-place you could conjure, and nobody would believe me; but, ere long, I will make 'em believe you can conjure with such a figuary![3]

For. What language shall's conjure in? High-Dutch, I think, that's full in the mouth.

[2] *Your Dutchman, indeed, when he is foxed.*] A cant phrase for drunk. So in Middleton's comedy, Any Thing for a Quiet Life,—"Such a day I got *foxed* with foolish metheglin, in the company of certain Welsh chapmen."

[3] *Figuary.*] This is the old word for *vagary.*

Clown. No, no, Spanish; that roars best; and will appear more dreadful.

For. Pr'ythee tell me thy conceit thou hast to gull them.

Clown. No, no, I will not stale it;[4] but, my dear jews-trump, for thou art but my instrument, I am the plotter and when we have cozen'd 'em most tightly, thou shalt steal away the innkeeper's daughter, I'll provide myself of another moveable, and we will most purely retire ourselves to Geneva.

For. Thou art the compass I sail by. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter BAPTISTA *and* MENTIVOLE.

Bapt. Was ever expectation of so noble
A requital answered with such contumely!
A wild Numidian that had suck'd a tigress,
Would not have been so barbarous: Did he threat
To cut thy hand off?
Ment. Yes, sir, and his slaves
Were ready to perform't.
Bapt. What hinder'd it?
Ment. Only his son's entreaty.
Bapt. Noble youth!

[4] *No, no, I will not* steal *it.*] Corrected in 1750.

I wish thou wert not of his blood; thy pity
Gives me a hope thou art not.
Ment. You mistake, sir;
The injury that follow'd from the son
Was worse than the father's: He did first disarm,
And took from me a jewel, which I prize
Above my hand or life.
Bapt. Take thy sword from thee?
He stole it like a thief rather; he could not
I' th' field deprive thee of it.
Ment. He took it from me,
And sent me forth so thin, and so unmade-up,
As if I had been a footboy.
Bapt. Oh, my fury!
I must now ask thee forgiveness, that my rashness,
Bred out of too much friendship, did expose thee
To so imminent a danger; which I vow
I will revenge on the whole family.
All the calamities of my whole life,
My banishment from Genoa, my wife's loss,
Compared to this indignity, is nothing;
Their family shall repair't; it shall be to them
Like a plague, when the dog-star reigns most hot!
An Italian's revenge may pause, but is ne'er forgot. [*Exit.*
Ment. I would I had conceal'd this from my father,
For my interest in Clarissa! My care now
Must be to untangle this division,
That our most equal flames may be united:
And from these various and perturbed streams,
Rise, like a sweet morn, after terrible dreams.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the House of Alberto.

Enter CLARISSA *and* CESARIO.

Clar. Brother, I am happy in your recovery.
Ces. And I, sister,
Am ever best pleased in your happiness.
But I miss a toy should be on your finger.
Clar. My ring!
This morning when I wash'd, I put it off;
'Tis in my window.
Ces. Where's your looking-glass?
Clar. Here, sir.
Ces. 'Tis a fair one.
Clar. 'Tis pure crystal.
Ces. Can a diamond cut in crystal? Let me see;
I'll grave my name in't.
Clar. Oh, you'll spoil my glass.[5]
Ces. Would you not have your brother in your eye?
I had thought he had been planted in your heart.

[5] Clar. *Oh, you'll spoil my glass.*
Would you not have your brother in your eye?
Ces. *I'd thought, &c.*] This second line evidently belongs to *Cesario,* though given in the former editions to *Clarissa.* Mr Sympson and Mr Theobald concurred in this correction.—*Seward.*
It must be recollected that looking-glasses were worn at the girdle at the time. In Massinger's City-Madam, Lady Frugal, Anne, Mary, and Millisent, enter "with looking-glasses at their girdles." Clarissa, in the text, was evidently provided with one also.

Look you; the diamond cuts quaintly; you are cozen'd,
Your crystal is too brittle.
Clar. 'Tis the ring [*Aside.*
I gave unto Mentivole! sure, the same!—
You put me to amazement, sir, and horror:
How came you by that ring?
Ces. Does the blood rise?
Clar. Pray, sir, resolve me, (oh, for pity do)
And take from me a trembling at the heart,
That else will kill me! for I too much fear
Nothing but death could ravish it from his hand
That wore it.
Ces. Was it given to Mentivole
On that condition?
Clar. Tell me of his health first,
And then I'll tell you any thing.
Ces. By my life, he's well;
In better health than I am.
Clar. Then, it was, sir.
Ces. Then shall I ever hate thee, oh, thou false one!
Hast thou a faith to give unto a friend,
And break it to a brother? Did I not,
By all the ties of blood, importune thee
Never to part with it without my knowledge?
Thou might'st have given it to a muletteer,
And made a contract with him in a stable,
At as cheap a price of my vengeance! Never more
Shall a woman's trust beguile me: You are all
Like relics; you may well be look'd upon,
But come a man to th' handling of you once,
You fall in pieces!
Clar. Dear sir, I have no way
Look'd either beneath reason, or myself,
In my election: There's parity in our blood,
And in our fortunes; ancient amity
Betwixt our parents; to which wants nothing, but

The fruit of blessed marriage between us,
To add to their posterities. Nor does now
Any impeachment rise, except the sad
And unexpected quarrel, which divided
So noble and so excellent a friendship,
Which, as I ne'er had magic to foresee,
So I could not prevent.
Ces. Well, you must give me leave
To have a hand in your disposing; I shall,
In the absence of my father, be your guardian;
His suit must pass through my office. Mentivole?
He has too much of my blood already; he has,
And he gets no more of't.—Wherefore weep you,
mother?

Enter MARIANA *and a Sailor.*

Mar. 'Tis occasion'd by a sorrow
Wherein you have a child's part, and the mainest;
Your father's dead.
Ces. Dead?
Mar. There is one can relate the rest.
Sailor. I can, sir; your father's drown'd,
Most unfortunately drown'd.
Ces. How? in a tempest?
Sailor. No, sir, in a calm,
Calm as this evening: The gunner, being drunk,
Forgot to fasten the ordnance to their ports,
When came a sudden gust, which tumbled them
All to the starboard side, o'erturn'd the ship,
And sunk her in a moment; some six men
That were upon the deck were saved; the rest
Perish'd with your father.
Clar. Oh, my dearest father!
Ces. I pray thee, leave us. [*Exit Sailor.*
Mar. I have a sorrow of another nature
Equal to the former.

Ces. And most commonly
They come together.
Mar. The family of the Baptisti
Are grown to faction, and upon distaste
Of the injury late offer'd in my house,
Have vow'd a most severe and fell revenge
'Gainst all our family, but especially
'Gainst you, my dear Cesario.
Ces. Let them threat;
I am prepared to oppose them.
Mar. And is your loss then
Of so easy an estimation? What comfort
Have I but in your life? and your late danger
Presents before me what I am to suffer,
Should you miscarry: Therefore I'll advise you,
When the funeral is over, you would travel;
Both to prevent their fury, and wear out
The injury.
Ces. No, mother, I will not travel—
So in my absence he may marry my sister—
[*Aside.*
I will not travel, certain. [*Exit.*
Mar. Oh, my Cesario,
Whom I respect and love 'bove my own life,
Indeed with a kind of dotage! he shall never
Go forth o' doors, but the contrary faction will
Endanger his life; and then am I most wretched!
I am thinking of a strange prevention,
Which I shall witness with a bleeding eye;
Fondness sometimes is worse than cruelty. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Inn.

Enter Host, Hostess, and Bianca.

Host. Haunted, my house is haunted with goblins! I shall be frighted out of my wits, and set up a sign only to invite carriers and foot-posts, scarecrows to keep off the cavalry,[6] and gentry of the best rank. I will nail up my doors, and wall up my girl, wife, like an anchoress, or she will be ravished before our faces by rascals and cacafugoes,[7] wife, cacafugoes!

Hostess. These are your incomes! Remember your own proverb, The savour of every gain smelt sweet: Thank nobody but yourself for this trouble!

Host. No galling, dear spouse, no galling! every day's new vexation abates me two inches in the waist; terrible penance for an host!—Girl, girl, which of all this gallimaufry[8] of man's flesh ap-

[6] *Cavalrie*] This word is here evidently used in the original sense of knighthood, the cavaliers, from *caballeria*, Sp.; *chevalerie*, Fr.

[7] *Cacafugoes.*] From the Spanish *cacafuego*; similar to our phrase, *spitfire*. Hence the name of Cacafogo in Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.

[8] *Gallimaufry.*] i. e. Medley. So in Lily's Alexander and Campaspe—"Thus with sayings, not with meat, he maketh a *gallimafrey*."

pears tolerable to thy choice? speak shortly, and speak truly! I must and will know, must and will! hear you that?

Bian. Sir, be not jealous of my care and duty!
I am so far from entertaining thoughts
Of liberty, that much more excellent objects
Than any of such coarse contents as these are,
Could not betray mine eye to force my heart
Conceive a wish of any dearer happiness
Than your direction warrants. I am yours, sir.

Hostess. What thinks the man now? Is not this strange at thirteen?

Host. Very good words; there's a tang[9] in 'em, and a sweet one; 'tis music, wife; and now I come t'ye. Let us a little examine the several conditions of our paragraphistical suitors! The first a travelling tailor, who, by the mystery of his needle and thimble, hath survey'd the fashions of the French and English; this Signor Gingerbread, stitch'd up in the shreds of a gaudy outside, sows linings with his cross-legg'd compliment, like an ape doing tricks over a staff, cringes, and crouches, and kisses his fore-finger.

Hostess. Out upon him!

Host. A second, a lavoltetere, a saltatory, a dancer with a kit[1] at his bum; one that, by teaching great madonnas to foot it, has miraculously purchased a ribanded waistcoat, and four clean pair of socks; a fellow that skips as he walks, and in-

[9] *There's a* tang *in 'em.*] This was the ancient manner of spelling and pronouncing *twang*.

[1] *A second, a* lavoltetere, *a saltatory, a dancer with a* kit.] A *kit* is a small violin. The term of *lavoltetere* is derived from the favourite dance *lavolta,* which Sir John Davies thus describes—

stead of sensible discourse, vents the curious conceit of some new tune stolen from a masque, or a bawdy ditty, elevated for the pole arctick of a lady's chamber; in that file stands another of your inamoratoes.

Hostess. Hang him and his fiddle together! he never fiddles any child of ours.

Host. The third, a mongrel, got by a Switzer on an Italian; this puppy, being left well estated, comes to Florence, that the world may take notice how impossible it is for experience to alter the course of nature; a fool, wife! and, indeed, a clown turn'd gallant seldom or never proves other than a gallant fool; this toy prates to little purpose other than—*What's o'clock? Shall's go drink? D'ye forsooth?* and *Thank ye heartily.* I fear no art in him to catch thee; and yet we must be tormented with this buzzard amongst the rest.

Hostess. 'Tis your own folly; forbid him the house.

Host. The fourth, a mule-driver, a stubborn and a harsh knave; the fifth, a schoolmaster, a very amorous pedant, run almost mad with study of sonnets,[a] and compliments out of old play-ends;

"Yet is there one, the most delightful kind,
A lofty jumping or a leaping round,
Where arm in arm, two dancers are entwin'd,
And whirl themselves in strict embracements round,
And still their feet an anapest do sound:
An anapest is all their music-song,
Whose first two feet are short, and third is long."

The dance is certainly similar to the German *waltz*, but by no means identical with it, as Mr Gifford has imagined. The leaps seem to have been higher, and the music, as described in the last three lines, which that commentator does not quote, is of a very different nature.

[a] *Run almost mad with study of sonnets.*] All the Host's part in

the last, an advocate's clerk, that speaks pure fustian in law-terms: Excellent courtiers all, and all as neat as a magnifico's post new painted, at his entrance to an office! Thou shalt have none of 'em. Laugh at 'em, do! I say, thou shalt have none of 'em.

this scene, as the conjuror's in others, has been hitherto printed as prose; but the reader will see, that without any strain (for I have scarce added or struck out a single expletive) it runs into an affected hobbling verse, which to me seems to add great humour to almost every sentiment, giving a comic dignity to the whole, which is of all drollery the most laudable. In this line a monosyllable seems evidently dropt, for the epithet *new* not only fills the measure, but makes a proper antithesis to the *old* in the next line, which is a proof of its having been originally a verse.—*Seward.*

Though this note is just in the main, yet there are two things in it which call for animadversion. In the first place, the word *new* is not necessary to the measure, nor have we a right to CREATE *an antithesis* In the second, though Mr Seward says he has not used *any strain*, he has here (as in all other parts of his edition) *interpolated*, *omitted*, and *slaughtered* words (similar instances see at the end of Wit without Money) in a manner unprecedented and unparalleled.—Ed. 1778.

We have here the most extraordinary avowal by Seward, which, however, is so far erroneous, that what he calls metrifying the prose of the old book "without any strain," is in fact such as must prove the most complete disregard of authority in his mind, and the most unmusical composition of his auricular organs. In a previous page, the reader has had an opportunity to judge of these little innocent freedoms; but there are a few lines in his copy which are such delectable instances of harmonious contractions, that I must submit them to the trial of the reader's risible faculties—

"T' keep off th' cavalry, and gentry of the best rank.—
Before our faces b' rascals and cacafugoes—
Cringes and crouches, 'nd kisses his forefinger."—

That Mr Colman could have suffered these speeches to remain in metre, contrary to authority and common sense, must appear wonderful to any one who reads them in his edition.

Bian. Still your command to me shall stand a law.

Host. Now they throng like so many horse-courses at a fair, in clusters about the man of art, for love-powders, ingredients, potions, counsels, postures, compliments, philters, the devil and the—How now? tumults, batteries, noise?

[*Clown cries within.*

For. [*Within.*] Ha, get from my sight![3]

Enter FOROBOSCO, *and Clown with his Head bloody.*

Clown. Murder me, do; pound me to mummy, do! see what will come on't.

For. Dog, leave thy snarling, or I'll cut thy tongue out!
Thou unlick'd bear, darest thou yet stand my fury,
My generous rage? yet? By the sulphurous damps
That feed the hungry and incessant darkness,
Which curls around the grim Alastor's back,
Mutter again, and with one powerful word,
I'll call an host up from the Stygian lakes,
Shall waft thee to the Acherontic fens;
Where, choak'd with mists as black as thy impostures,
Thou shalt live still a-dying!

Clown. Conjure me to the devil, an you can! I live in hell upon earth already: An you had any mercy, you would not practise upon a kind heart thus.

Host. You have drawn blood from him, signor; is his offence unpardonable?

[3] *Ha, get from my sight.*] This has been made the conclusion of the *Host's* speech, which evidently belongs to *Forobosco* as he enters.—*Seward.*

For. A lump of ignorance, (pray speak not for him)
A drowsy grossness! In all Christian kingdoms,
The mention of my art, my name, my practice,
Merit, and glory, hath begot at once
Delight and wonder.—I'll not be entreated;
Spare intercession for him!—Oh, thou scorn
Of learning, shame of duty, must thy sloth
Draw my just fame in question? I discharge
Thee from my service; see me no more henceforth!

Clown. Discharge me? Is that my year's wages? I'll not be so answered.

For. Not, camel? sirrah, I am liberal to thee,
Thou hast thy life; be gone!

Clown. Vengeance, sweet vengeance!

For. Do ye mumble?

Clown. I'll be revenged, monstrously, suddenly, and insatiably: My bulk begins to swell.

For. *Homotolenton, Pragmatophoros, Heliostycorax!*

Clown. Call up your spirits! I defy 'em! Well, I'll have law for my broken pate, (twelve ounces of pure blood, troy-weight) in despite of thee my master, and thy master the grand devil himself: *Vindicta, vindicta!* [*Exit.*

Host. Signor, you are exceeding moved.

Hostess. Mercy upon us, what terrible words thou talk'st!

For. A slave, a cur!—But be not you affrighted,
Young virgin! 'twere an injury to sweetness,
Should any rough sound draw from your cheeks
The precious tincture which makes Nature proud
Of her own workmanship.

Host. Wife, mark; mark that, wife!

Bian. Shake then your anger off, sir.

For. You command it,
Fair one. Mine Host and Hostess, with your leaves,
I have a motion jointly to you all.

Hostess. An honest one I hope.

Host. Well put in, wife!

For. A very necessary one: The mess
And half of suitors, that attend to usher
Their love's sir-reverence to your daughter, wait
With one consent, which can best please her eye
In offering at a dance: I have provided
Music; and 'twill be something, I dare promise,
Worthy your laughter. Shall they have admittance?

Host. By any means; for I am persuaded the manner will be so ridiculous, that it will confirm the assurance of their miserable fooleries: But no longer trouble with 'em here, than they are in these May-games!

For. So I am resolved.

Hostess. Nor any wise word of senseless love!

For. Not any; I have charm'd them. Did you see how they prepared themselves, how they stroke up their foretops, how they justle for the looking-glass to set their faces by it, (see, they muster!) you would look for some most impossible antic.

Enter Tailor, Dancer, Muletteer, Schoolmaster, Clerk,[5] *Coxcomb; all with several Papers, and present them to* FOROBOSCO.

Host. So, so, so, so! here flutter the nest of hornets, the hotch-potch of rascality: Now, now,

[5] *Schoolmaster, Clerk.*] I have added the *Coxcomb* to the number, Mr Sympson having justly observed that the *mess and a half of suitors* were evidently six, and as the Coxcomb is one of them in the next scene in which they appear, and is the second in Forobosco's list, he ought evidently to have a place here.

now, now! The dunghill of corruption hath yawn'd forth the burden of abomination. I am vex'd, vex'd to the soul; will rid my house of this unchristen'd fry, and never open my doors again.

For. Some other time; I'll give no answer now,
But have preferred your suits; here shew your cunning.
First, every one in order do his honour
To the fair mark you shoot at; courtly, courtly,
Convey your several loves in lively measure:
Come, let us take our seats. Some sprightly music!

Host. Dance all and part; 'tis a very necessary farewell. [*Music.*

They all make ridiculous congees to BIANCA, *rank themselves, and dance in several postures; during the dance, enter* CESARIO, *and stands off.*

Host. Well done, my lusty bloods, preciously well done! One lusty rouse of wine, and take leave on all sides!

Ces. Thanks for your revels, gentlemen! accept
This gold, and drink as freely as you danced.

Host. My noble Lord Cesario? Clear the rooms, sirs!

For. Away; attend your answers.
[*Exeunt* FOROBOSCO *and suitors.*

Ces. With your favour,
Rolando, I would change a word or two
With your fair daughter.

Host. At your lordship's pleasure.—Come, wife, no muttering! Have a care, girl!—My love, service, and duty to your good lordship!
[*Exeunt Host and Hostess.*

Ces. My often visits, sweet Bianca, cannot
But constantly inform thy judgment wherein

Thy happiness consists: For to steal minutes
From great employments, to converse with beauty,
Lodged in so mean a fortune; to lay by
Consideration of the unequal distance
Between my blood and thine; to shun occasions
Of courtship with the ladies of the time,
Noble and fair, only for love to thee;
Must of necessity invite a tenderness,
As low as Nature could have stamp'd a bondwoman's,
To entertain quick motions of rare gratitude
For my uncommon favours.

Bian. 'Deed, my lord,
As far as my simplicity can lead me,
I freely thank your courtesies.

Ces. To thank them
Is to reward them, pretty one.

Bian. Then teach me
How I may give them back again: In truth
I never yet received a pair of gloves,
A trifling ring, from any that expected
An equal satisfaction, but as willingly
I parted with the gift unto the owner,
As he bestow'd it.

Ces. But I pour before thee
Such plenties, as it lies not in the ability
Of thy whole kindred to return proportionable,
One for a thousand.

Bian. You, my lord, conclude
For my instruction: To engage a debt
Beyond a possibility of payment,
I ever thought a sin; and therefore justly,
Without conceit of scorn, or curious rudeness,
I must refuse your bounty.

Ces. Canst thou love?

Bian. Love! is there such a word in any language

That carries honest sense?

Ces. Never dwelt Ignorance [*Aside.*
In so sweet-shaped a building!—Love, Bianca,
Is that firm knot which ties two hearts in one:
Shall ours be tied so?

Bian. Use a plainer word,
My lord; instead of *ties*, say *marries* hearts;
Then I may understand.

Ces. Their hearts are married,
Whose interchange of pleasures and embraces,
Soft kisses, and the privacies of sweets,
Keeps constant league together; when temptation
Of great men's oaths and gifts shall urge contempt,
Rather than batter resolution: Novelty
Of sights, or taste of new delights in wantonness,
Breeds surfeit more than appetite in any
Reserved to noble vows: My excellent maid,
Live thou but true to me, and my contents,
Mine only, that no partner may partake
The treasure of those sweets thy youth yet glories in,
And I will raise thy lowness to abundance
Of all varieties; and more triumph
In such a mistress, than great princes doting
On truth-betraying wives.

Bian. Thus to yield up then
The cottage of my virtue, to be swallow'd
By some hard-neighbouring landlord, such as you are,
Is in effect to love? A lord so vicious?
Oh, where shall Innocence find some poor dwelling,
Free from Temptation's tyranny

Ces. Nay, pr'ythee!

Bian. Gay clothes, high feeding, easy beds of lust,
Change of unseemly sights, with base discourse,
Draw curses on your palaces: For my part,
This I will be confirm'd in; I will eat
The bread of labour, know no other rest
Than what is earn'd from honest pains, ere once more
Lend ear to your vile toils![6] Sir, 'would you were
As noble in desires, as I could be
In knowing virtue! Pray do not afflict
A poor soul thus.

Enter a Gentleman.

Ces. I swear——To me? [BIANCA *goes off.*
Gent. The duke, my lord, commands your speedy presence,
For answering aggrievances late urged
Against you by your mother.
Ces. By my mother?
Gent. The court is near on sitting.
Ces. I wait on it, sir. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *To your vile* toils.] Mr Sympson would read *tales* for *toils*, which I cannot assent to; for small inconsistencies in metaphor are too common with all nervous writers, to be supposed corruptions of the press.—*Seward.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Duke, Magistrates, Secretary, and Baptista, *discovered sitting,* Mentivole *standing by, with Attendants.*

Duke. What waste of blood, what tumults, what divisions,
What outrages, what uproars in a state,
Factions, though issuing from mean springs at first,
Have (not restrain'd) flowed to, the sad example
At Rome, between the Ursins and Colonnas,
Nay, here at home, in Florence, 'twixt the Neri
And the Bianchi, can too mainly witness.
I sit not at the helm, my lords, of sovereignty,
Deputed pilot for the commonwealth,
To sleep whilst others steer, as their wild fancies
Shall counsel, by the compass of disorders.
Baptista, this short preface is directed
Chiefly to you: The petty brawls and quarrels
Late urged betwixt the Alberti and your family,
Must (yes and shall) like tender unknit joints,
Fasten again together of themselves;
Or, like an angry surgeon, we will use
The roughness of our justice, to cut off
The stubborn rancour of the limbs offending!
Bapt. Most gracious Florence——
Duke. Our command was signified,

That neither of the followers of each party
Should appear here with weapons.

Bapt. 'Tis obey'd, sir,
On my side

Duke. We must leave the general cause
Of state employments, to give ear to brawls
Of some particular grudges; politic government·
For tutor'd princes! But no more! henceforth
Our frown shall check presumption, not our clemency.

Enter MARIANA *and* CLARISSA *at one Door,* CESARIO *at the other.*

Mar. All blessings due to unpartial princes
Crown Florence with eternity of happiness!
[*They kneel.*

Ces. If double prayers can double blessings, great sir,
Mine join for your prosperity with my mother's.

Duke. Rise both! Now briefly, lady, without circumstance,
Deliver those aggrievances, which lately
Your importunity possess'd[7] our counsel
Were fit for audience, wherein you petition'd
You might be heard without an advocate,
Which boon you find is granted.

Mar. Though divided
I stand between the laws of Truth and Modesty,
Yet let my griefs have vent! yet the clearness
Of strange necessity requires obedience
To nature and your mercy! In my weeds
Of mourning, emblems of too-dear misfortunes,

[7] *Possess'd.*] That is, informed, acquainted. So in Twelfth Night:—" *Possess* us, *possess* us, tell us something of him."

Badges of griefs, and widowhood, the burden
Of my charged soul must be laid down before you;
Wherein, if strict opinion cancel shame,
My frailty is my plea.[8]—Stand forth, young man,
And hear a story that will strike all reason
Into amazement!

Ces. I attend.

Mar. Alberto,
(Peace dwell upon his ashes! still the husband
Of my remembrance and unchanging vows)
Has, by his death, left to his heir possession
Of fair revenue, which this young man claims
As his inheritance. I urged him gently,
Friendly, and privately, to grant a partage[9]
Of this estate to her who owns it all,
This his supposed sister.

Bapt. How! supposed?

Ces. Pray, madam, recollect yourself.

Mar. The relish
Of a strange truth begins to work like physic
Already: I have bitterness to mingle
With these preparatives, so deadly loathsome
It will quite choak digestion; shortly hear it:
Cesario, (for I dare not rob unjustly
The poor soul of his name) this, this Cesario,
Neither for father had Alberto, me
For mother, nor Clarissa for his sister.

Clar. Mother, oh, mother!

Ment. I am in a dream sure!

[8] *Wherein, if strict* opinion *cancel shame,*
My frailty is my plea.] The meaning of this sentence appears to me to be this: If the strictness of my principles gets the better of my shame, and induces me to reveal what I should blush to confess, let my frailty plead my excuse.—*Mason.*

[9] *Partage.*] *Fr.* A share, a division. The word is now obsolete.

Duke. No interruptions!—Lady, on.[1]
Mar. Mistake not,
Great Duke of Tuscany, or the beginning
Or process of this novelty: My husband,
The now deceased Alberto, from his youth
Inured to an impatiency and roughness
Of disposition, when not many months
After our marriage were worn out, repined
At the unfruitful barrenness of youth,
Which, as he pleased to term it, cut our hopes off
From blessing of some issue: To prevent it,
I grew ambitious of no fairer honour
Than to preserve his love; and as occasions
Still call'd him from me, studied in his absence
How I might frame his welcome home with comfort.
At last I feign'd myself with child; the message
Of freedom, or relief, to one half starved
In prison, is not utter'd with such greediness
Of expectation and delight, as this was
To my much-affected lord: His care, his goodness,
(Pardon me, that I use the word) exceeded
All former fears. The hour of my deliverance,
As I pretended, drawing near, I fashion'd
My birth rites[2] at a country garden house,
Where then my falconer's wife was brought a-bed

[1] *No interruptions, lady, on.*] After this the two following speeches occur in the first folio:

Maria. However.
Bap. A faulkners sonne.

As Mariana had not yet declared the parent of Cesario, Baptista could not have been acquainted with it, and the speeches must therefore either be omitted or transferred. I suspect they were crossed in the author's autograph of the play, and injudiciously restored in the first folio.

[2] *My birth*-rights.] The spelling rectified by Seward.

Of this Cesario: Him I own'd for mine,
Presented him unto a joyful father——
Duke. Can you prove this true?
Mar. Proofs I have most evident.
But oh, the curse of my impatience! shortly,
Ere three new moons had spent their borrow'd lights,
I grew with-child indeed; so just is Heaven!
The issue of which burden was this daughter.
Judge now, most gracious prince, my lords, and you,
What combats then, and since, I have endured,
Between a mother's piety, and weakness
Of a soul-trembling wife! To have reveal'd
This secret to Alberto, had been danger
Of ruin to my fame, besides the conflict
Of his distractions; now to have suppress'd it,
Were to defeat my child, my only child,
Of her most lawful honours, and inheritance.—
Cesario, thou'rt a man still; education
Hath moulded thee a gentleman; continue so!
Let not this fall from greatness sink thee lower
Than worthy thoughts may warrant! yet disclaim
All interest in Alberto's blood; thou hast not
One drop of his or mine.
Duke. Produce your witness!
Mar. The falconer's wife his mother, and such women
As waited then upon me, sworn to the privacy
Of this great secret.
Duke. Give them all their oaths.
Ces. Oh, let me crave forbearance, gracious sir!
Vouchsafe me hearing!
Duke. Speak, Cesario.
Ces. Thus long
I have stood silent, and with no unwillingness
Attended the relation of my fall
From a fair expectation: What I fear'd

(Since the first syllable this lady utter'd
Of my not being hers) benevolent fates
Have eased me of: For to be basely born,
If not base-born, detracts not from the bounty
Of Nature's freedom, or an honest birth.
Nobility claimed by the right of blood
Shews chiefly, that our ancestors deserved [3]
What we inherit; but that man whose actions
Purchase a real merit to himself,
And ranks him in the file of Praise and Honour,
Creates his own advancement: Let me want
The fuel which best feeds the fires of greatness,
Lordly possessions! yet shall still my gratitude,
By some attempts, of mention not unworthy,
Endeavour to return a fit acquittance
To that large debt I owe your favours, madam,
And great Alberto's memory and goodness.
Oh, that I could as gently shake off passion
For the loss of that great brave man,[4] as I can
shake off
Remembrance of what once I was reputed!
I have not much to say; this princely presence
Needs not too strictly to examine further
The truth of this acknowledgment: A mother
Dares never disavow her only son;
And any woman must come short of piety,
That can or disinherit her own issue,
Or fears the voice of rumour for a stranger.—
Madam, you have confess'd my father was
A servant to your lord and you: By interest
Of being his son, I cannot but claim justly
The honour of continuing still my service
To you and yours; which granted, I beg leave

[3] *That our ancestors* desired.] Amended in 1750.

[4] ——— *of* what *great brave* ———
——— *of* that *once I*———] Corrected by Seward.

I may for this time be dismiss'd.

Duke. Bold spirit!

Bapt. I love thee now with pity.

Duke. Go not yet!—
A sudden tempest that might shake a rock,
Yet he stands firm against it; much it moves me!—
He not Alberto's son, and she a widow?
And she a widow? Lords, your ear!

All. Your pleasure? [*Whisper.*

Duke. So, lady; what you have avouch'd is truth?

Mar. Truth only, gracious sir.

Duke. Hear then our sentence:
Since from his cradle you have fed and foster'd
Cesario as your son, and trained him up
To hopes of greatness, which now in a moment
You utterly again have ruin'd, this way
We with our counsel are resolved; you, being
A widow, shall accept him for a husband.

Mar. Husband to me, sir?

Duke. 'Tis in us to raise him
To honours; and his virtues will deserve 'em.

Mar. But, sir, 'tis in no prince, nor his prerogative,
To force a woman's choice against her heart.

Duke. True; if then you appeal to higher justice,
Our doom includes this clause upon refusal:
Out of your lord's revenues shall Cesario
Assure to any, whom he takes for wife,
The inheritance of three parts; the less remainder
Is dowry large enough to marry a daughter;
And we, by our prerogative, which you question,
Will publicly adopt him into the name
Of your deceased Alberto, that the memory
Of so approved a peer may live in him
That can preserve his memory: 'Less you find out

Some other means, which may as amply satisfy
His wrong, our sentence stands irrevocable.—
What think you, lords?

All. The Duke is just and honourable.

Bapt. Let me embrace Cesario! henceforth ever
I vow a constant friendship.

Ment. I remit
All former difference.

Ces. I am too poor
In words to thank this justice.—Madam, always
My studies shall be love to you, and duty.

Duke. Replies we admit none. Cesario, wait on us!

[*Exeunt all but* MENTIVOLE, BAPTISTA, MARIANA, *and* CLARISSA.

Bapt. Mentivole!

Ment. My lord.

Bapt. Look on Clarissa;
She's noble, rich, young, fair.

Ment. My lord, and virtuous.

Bapt. Mentivole, and virtuous.—Madam!

Mar. Tyranny
Of justice! I shall live report's derision,
That am compell'd to exchange a graceful widowhood
For a continual martyrdom in marriage,
With one so much beneath me.

Bapt. I'll plead for ye
Boldly and constantly, let your daughter only
Admit my son her servant: At next visit,
Madam, I'll be a messenger of comfort.—
Mentivole, be confident and earnest! [*Exit.*

Mar. Married again? to him too? better it had been
The young man should have still retain'd the honours
Of old Alberto's son, than I the shame

Of making him successor of his bed:
I was to blame.
Ment. Indeed, without offence,
Madam, I think you were.
Clar. You urge it fairly,
And like a worthy friend.
Mar. Can you say any thing
In commendation of a mushroom, withered
As soon as started up?
Ment. You scorn an innocent
Of noble growth; for whilst your husband lived
I have heard you boast, Cesario in all actions
Gave matter of report, of imitation,
Wonder, and envy; let not discontinuance
Of some few days estrange a sweet opinion
Of virtue, chiefly when in such extremity!
Your pity, not contempt, will argue goodness.
Mar. Oh, sir!
Clar. If you would use a thriving courtship,
You cannot utter a more powerful language,
That I shall listen to with greater greediness,
Than the argument you prosecute: This speaks you
A man complete and excellent.
Ment. I speak not;
They are his own deserts.
Mar. Good sir, forbear!
I am now fully sensible of running
Into a violent lethargy, whose deadliness
Locks up all reason: I shall never henceforth
Remember my past happiness!
Ment. These clouds
May be dispersed.
Mar. I fear continual night
Will overshroud me! Yet, poor youth, his trespass
Lies in his fortune, not the cruelty
Of the duke's sentence.

Clar. I dare think it does.

Mar. If all fail, I will learn then to conquer
Adversity with sufferance.

Ment. You resolve nobly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Alberto's *House.*

Enter CESARIO *and a Servant.*

Ces. Let any friend have entrance.

Serv. Sir, he shall.

Ces. Any, I except none.

Serv. We know your mind, sir. [*Exit.*

Ces. Pleasures admit no bounds. I am pitch'd so high,
To such a growth of full prosperities,
That to conceal my fortunes were an injury
To gratefulness, and those more liberal favours
By whom my glories prosper. He that flows
In gracious and swoln tides of best abundance,[5]
Yet will be ignorant of his own fortunes,
Deserves to live contemn'd, and die forgotten:

[5] *Tides of* best *abundance.*] Former editions. Mr Sympson concurred with me in the correction.—*Seward.*

The editors of 1750 and 1778 read, *blest* abundance; but the

The harvest of my hopes is now already
Ripen'd and gather'd; I can fatten youth
With choice of plenty, and supplies of comforts;
My fate springs in my own hand, and I'll use it.

Enter two Servants and Bianca.

1 *Serv.* 'Tis my place.
2 *Serv.* Yours?—Here, fair one; I'll acquaint
My lord.
1 *Serv.* He's here; go to him boldly.
2 *Serv.* Please you
To let him understand how readily
I waited on your errand!
1 *Serv.* Saucy fellow!—
You must excuse his breeding.
Ces. What's the matter?—
Bianca? my Bianca?—To your offices!—
[*Exeunt Servants.*
This visit, sweet, from thee, my pretty dear,
By how much more 'twas unexpected, comes
So much the more timely: Witness this free welcome,
Whate'er occasion led thee!
Bian. You may guess, sir;
Yet indeed 'tis a rare one.
Ces. Pr'ythee speak it,
My honest virtuous maid.
Bian. Sir, I have heard
Of your misfortunes; and I cannot tell you
Whether I have more cause of joy or sadness,

old text is good sense, and conformable to the language of the age. So in the prologue to The Loyal Subject, speaking of Fletcher:

"When they would commend him, their *best* praise
Ruins the buildings which they strive to raise
To his *best* memory."

To know they are a truth.
Ces. What truth, Bianca?
Misfortunes? how? wherein?
Bian. You are disclaim'd
For being the Lord Alberto's son, and publicly
Acknowledged of as mean a birth as mine is:
It cannot chuse but grieve you.
Ces. Grieve me? Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Is this all?
Bian. This all?
Ces. Thou art sorry for't,
I warrant thee: Alas, good soul, Bianca!
That which thou call'st misfortune is my happiness;
My happiness, Bianca!
Bian. If you love me,
It may prove mine too.
Ces. May it? I will love thee,
My good, good maid, if that can make thee happy,
Better and better love thee.
Bian. Without breach then
Of modesty, I come to claim the interest
Your protestations, both by vows and letters,
Have made me owner of: From the first hour
I saw you, I confess I wish'd I had been
Or not so much below your rank and greatness,
Or not so much above those humble flames
That should have warmed my bosom with a temperate
Equality of desires in equal fortunes.
Still as you uttered language of affection,
I courted Time to pass more slowly on,
That I might turn more fool to lend attention
To what I durst not credit, nor yet hope for;
Yet still as more I heard, I wish'd to hear more.
Ces. Didst thou in troth, wench?
Bian. Willingly betray'd
Myself to hopeless bondage.

Ces. A good girl!
I thought I should not miss, whate'er thy answer
was.
Bian. But as I am a maid, sir, (and i'faith
You may believe me, for I am a maid)
So dearly I respected both your fame
And quality, that I would first have perish'd
In my sick thoughts, than e'er have given consent
To have undone your fortunes, by inviting
A marriage with so mean a one as I am:
I should have died sure, and no creature known
The sickness that had kill'd me.
Ces. Pretty heart!
Good soul, alas, alas!
Bian. Now since I know
There is no difference 'twixt your birth and mine,
Not much 'twixt our estates, (if any be,
The advantage is on my side) I come willingly
To tender you the first-fruits of my heart,
And am content to accept you for my husband,
Now when you are at lowest.
Ces. For a husband?
Speak sadly;[6] dost thou mean so?
Bian. In good deed, sir,
'Tis pure love makes this proffer.
Ces. I believe thee.
What counsel urged thee on? tell me; thy father?
My worshipful smug Host? Was't not he, wench?
Or mother Hostess? ha?
Bian. Do you mock my parentage?
I do not scorn yours: Mean folks are as worthy
To be well spoken of, if they deserve well,

[6] *Speak* sadly.] i. e. *Seriously*. So in Much Ado about Nothing, act ii. scene iii.—"This can be no trick: The conference was *sadly* borne." Again, in Promos and Cassandra, 1578, quoted by Mr Steevens—"The king feigneth to talk *sadly* with some of his counsel."—*Reed*.

As some whose only fame lies in their blood.
Oh, you're a proud poor man! all your oaths falsehood,
Your vows deceit, your letters forged and wicked!

Ces. Thou'dst be my wife, I dare swear.

Bian. Had your heart,
Your hand and tongue been twins, you had reputed
This courtesy a benefit.

Ces. Simplicity,
How prettily thou mov'st me! Why, Bianca,
Report has cozened thee; I am not fallen
From my expected honours or possessions,
Though from the hope of birth-right.

Bian. Are you not?
Then I am lost again! I have a suit too;
You'll grant it, if you be a good man.

Ces. Any thing.

Bian. Pray do not talk of aught what I have said to you.

Ces. As I wish health, I will not!

Bian. Pity me; [*She weeps.*
But never love me more!

Ces. Nay, now you are cruel:
Why all these tears?—Thou shalt not go.

Bian. I'll pray for you,
That you may have a virtuous wife, a fair one;
And when I am dead——

Ces. Fy, fy!

Bian. Think on me sometimes,
With mercy for this trespass!

Ces. Let us kiss
At parting, as at coming! [*Kisses her.*

Bian. This I have
As a free dower to a virgin's grave.
All goodness dwell with you! [*Exit.*

Ces. Harmless Bianca!

Unskill'd! what handsome toys are maids to play with!
How innocent!—But I have other thoughts
Of nobler meditation.—

Enter Mariana *and* Clarissa.

My felicity,
Thou com'st as I could wish: Lend me a lip
As soft, as melting, as when old Alberto,
After his first night's trial, taking farewell
Of thy youth's conquest, tasted!

Mar. You are uncivil!

Ces. I will be lord of my own pleasures, madam;
You are mine, mine freely: Come, no whimpering henceforth!
New-con the lessons of Love's best experience,
That our delights may meet in equal measure
Of resolutions and desires! this sullenness
Is scurvy; I like it not.

Mar. Be modest;
And do not learn, Cesario, how to prostitute
The riot of thy hopes to common folly.
Take a sad woman's word! howe'er thou dot'st
Upon the present graces of thy greatness,
Yet I am not fallen so below my constancy
To virtue, nor the care which I once tender'd
For thy behoof, that I prefer a sentence
Of cruelty before my honour.

Ces. Honour?

Mar. Hear me: Thou seest this girl, now the comfort
Of my last days! she is the only pledge
Of a bed truly noble: She had a father
(I need not speak him more than thou remember'st)
Whom to dishonour by a meaner choice

Were injury and infamy.
Clar. To goodness,
To time, and virtuous mention.
Mar. I have vowed,
(Observe me now, Cesario!) that howe'er
I may be forced to marry, yet no tyranny,
Persuasions, flattery, gifts, intreats, or tortures,
Shall draw me to a second bed.
Clar. 'Tis just too.
Mar. Yes, and 'tis just, Clarissa.—I allow
The duke's late sentence, am resolved, young man,
To be thy wife; but when the ceremony
Of marriage is performed, in life I will be,
Though not in name, a widow.
Ces. Pray a word to you!
Shall I in earnest never be your bedfellow?
Mar. Never, oh, never! and 'tis for your good too.
Ces. Prove that.
Mar. Alas, too many years are number'd
In my account to entertain the benefit
Which youth in thee, Cesario, and ability,
Might hope for and require: It were injustice
To rob a gentleman deserving memory,
Of issue to preserve it.
Ces. No more! Herein
You are an excellent pattern of true piety.
Let me now turn your advocate. Pray look into
The order of the duke enjoined; admit
I satisfy the sentence, without marriage
With you? how then?
Mar. Cesario!
Ces. If I know
How to acquit your fears, yet keep th' injunction
In every clause whole and entire, your charity
Will call me still your servant?
Mar. Still my son.

Ces. Right, madam, now you have it, still your
son:
The genius of your blessings hath instructed
Your tongue oraculously: We will forget
How once I and Clarissa interchanged
The ties of brother and of sister; henceforth
New-style us man and wife.

Clar. By what authority?

Ces. Heaven's great appointment. Yet, in all
my dotage
On thy perfections, when I thought, Clarissa,
We had been pledges of one womb, no loose,
No wanton heat of youth desired to claim
Priority in thy affections, other
Than Nature might commend; chastely I tender'd
Thy welfare as a brother ought: But since
Our bloods are strangers, let our hearts contract
A long life-lasting unity! for this way
The sentence is to be observed, or no way.

Mar. Then no way!

Ces. I expected other answer,
Madam, from you.

Mar. No; every age shall curse me,
The monster and the prodigy of Nature!
Horrors beyond extremity——

Clar. Pray, mother,
Confine the violence of grief!

Ces. Yes, mother,
Pray do!

Mar. Thus some catch at a matron's honour
By flying lust, to plot incestuous witchcrafts,
More terrible than whoredoms: Cruel mercy!
When, to preserve the body from a death,
The soul is strangled!

Ces. This is more than passion;
It comes near to distraction.

Mar. I am quieted.

Cesario, thou mayst tell the duke securely,
Alberto's titles, honours, and revenues,
The duke may give away; enjoy them thou!
Clarissa's birth-right, Mariana's dower,
Thou shalt be lord of; turn us to the world
Unpitied and unfriended; yet my bed
Thou never sleep'st in. As for her, (she hears me)
If she as much as in a thought consent,
That thou mayst call her wife, a mother's curse
Shall never leave her.
Clar. As a brother once
I loved you, as a noble friend yet honour you;
But for a husband, sir, I dare not own you:
My faith is given already.
Ces. To a villain;
I'll cut his throat.
Mar "Why this is more than passion;
It comes near a distraction."
Clar. Call to mind, sir,
How much you have abated of that goodness
Which once reign'd in you, which appear'd so lovely,
That such as friendship led to observation,
Courted the great example!
Ces. Left, and flatter'd
Into a broad derision?
Mar. Why d'ye think so?—

Enter BAPTISTA *and* MENTIVOLE.

My lord Baptista, is your son grown cold
In hasting on the marriage, which his vows
Have seal'd to my wrong'd daughter?
Bapt. We come, lady,
To consummate the contract.
Ces. With Mentivole?
Is he the man?

Ment. Clarissa's troth and mine,
Cesario, are recorded in a character
So plain and certain, that except the hand
Of Heaven, which writ it first, would blot it out
again,
No human power can raze it.
Ces. But say you
So too, young lady?
Clar. I should else betray
My heart to falsehood, and my tongue to perjury.
Ces. Madam, you know the sentence.
Bapt. From the duke
I have particular comforts, which require
A private ear.
Mar. I shall approve it gladly.—
We are resolved, Cesario.
Bapt. Be not insolent
Upon a prince's favour!
Clar. Lose no glory,
Your younger years have purchased!
Ment. And deserved too;
You have many worthy friends.
Bapt. Preserve and use them!
[*Exeunt all but* Cesario.
Ces. Good, very good! why, here's a compliment
Of mirth in desperation! I could curse
My fate: Oh, with what speed men tumble down
From hopes that soar too high! Bianca now
May scorn me justly too; Clarissa married,
Alberto's widow resolute, Bianca
Refused, and I forsaken. Let me study!—
I can but die a bachelor, that's the worst on't.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Inn.

Enter Host, Tailor, Muleteer, Dancer, Pedant, Coxcomb.

Host. Come, gentlemen; this is the day that our great artist hath promised to give all your several suits satisfaction.

Dancer. Is he stirring?

Host. He hath been at his book these two hours.

Pedant. He's a rare physician.

Host. Why, I'll tell you; were Paracelsus the German now living, he'd take up his single rapier against his terrible long sword: He makes it a matter of nothing to cure the gout; sore eyes he takes out as familiarly, washes them, and puts them in again, as you'd blanch almonds.

Tailor. They say he can make gold.

Host. Ay, ay, he learnt it of Kelly in Germany.[7]

[7] Kelly.] *Edward Kelly*, otherwise *Talbot*, an intimate friend of the famous Dr John Dee, and concerned with him in his chemical processes and experiments. It is said they were in possession of the elixir, and actually made projection upon several metals, and converted them into gold. His history may be met with in Wood's Athenæ Oxon. vol I. p. 279, and in Weaver's Funeral Monuments, p. 45, where are some incredible stories about him. He is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in the Alchemist, act iv. sc. i.:

"——— A man the emp'ror
Has courted above *Kelly;* sent his medals
And chains t' invite him."—*Reed.*

There's not a chemist in Christendom can go beyond him for multiplying.

Pedant Take heed then he go not up your daughter's belly, my host!

Host. You are a merry gentleman, and the man of art will love you the better.

Dancer. Does he love mirth and crotchets?

Host Oh, he's the most courteous physician! you may drink or drab in's company freely; the better he knows how your disease grows, the better he knows how to cure it.

Dancer. But I wonder, my Host, he has no more resort of ladies to him.

Host. Why, sir?

Dancer. Oh, divers of 'em have great belief in conjurors: Lechery is a great help to the quality.

Host. He's scarce known to be in town yet; ere long we shall have 'em come hurrying hither in feather-beds.

Dancer. How! bed-ridden?

Host. No, sir; in feather beds that move upon four wheels, in Spanish caroches.

Pedant. Pray acquaint him we give attendance.

Host. I shall, gentlemen.—I would fain be rid of these rascals, but that they raise profit to my wine-cellar. When I have made use of them sufficiently, I'll entreat the conjuror to tie crackers to their tails, and send them packing.

Enter Forobosco *as studying.*

For. Come hither, mine Host! Look here.

Host. What's that?

For. A challenge from my man.

Host. For breaking's pate?

For. He writes here, if I meet him not i' th'

field within this half-hour, I shall hear more from him.

Host. Oh, sir, mind your profit; ne'er think of the rascal: Here are the gentlemen.

For. 'Morrow, my worthy clients! what, are you all prepared of your questions, that I may give my resolution upon them?

All. We are, sir.

Pedant. And have brought our money.

For. Each then in order! and differ not for precedency.

Dancer. I am buying of an office, sir, and to that purpose I would fain learn to dissemble cunningly.

For. Do you come to me for that? you should rather have gone to a cunning woman.

Dancer. Ay, sir, but their instructions are but like women; pretty well, but not to the depth, as I'd have it: You are a conjuror, the devil's master, and I would learn it from you so exactly——

For. That the devil himself might not go beyond you?

Dancer. You are i' th' right, sir.

For. And so your money for your purchase might come in again within a twelvemonth?

Dancer. I would be a graduate, sir, no freshman.

For. Here's my hand, sir: I will make you dissemble so methodically, as if the devil should be sent from the Great Turk, in the shape of an ambassador, to set all the Christian princes at variance.

Dancer. I cannot with any modesty desire any more. There's your money, sir!

For. For the art of dissembling. [*Writes.*

Coxc. My suit, sir, will be news to you when I tell it.

For. Pray, on!

Coxc. I would set up a press here in Italy, to write all the corantoes for Christendom.

For. That's news indeed; and how would you employ me in't?

Coxc. Marry, sir, from you I would gain my intelligence.

For. I conceive you: You would have me furnish you with a spirit to inform you.

Coxc. But as quiet a devil as the woman the first day and a half after she's married; I can by no means endure a terrible one.

For. No, no, I'll qualify him; he shall not fright you: It shall be the ghost of some lying stationer, a spirit shall look as if butter would not melt in his mouth; a new *Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus!*[8]

Coxc. Oh, there was a captain was rare at it.

For. Ne'er think of him. Though that captain writ a full hand-gallop, and wasted indeed more harmless paper than ever did laxative physic, yet will I make you to out-scribble him; and set down what you please, the world shall better believe you.

[8] *Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus.*] This was one of the first newspapers which appeared in England. It is frequently mentioned by contemporary writers; among others, by Thomas May, in act i. scene i. of his comedy of the Heir, 1633:—

> " ——— 'Tis believed,
> And told for news, with as much confidence
> As if 'twere writ in *Gallo-Belgicus.*"—Reed.

This newspaper was already in existence towards the end of Queen Elizabeth, as it is mentioned in Carew's Survey of Cornwall, printed in 1602. I do not know who was the captain alluded to in the text as the principal writer of it. From Cleveland's Character of a London Diurnal, it would seem that the original editor was Dutch.—" The original sinner of this kind was Dutch, *Gallo-belgicus*, the Protoplast, and the modern Mercuries but *Hans en Kelders.*"

Coxc. Worthy sir, I thank you! there's money!

For. A new office for writing pragmatical corantoes. [*Writes.*

Pedant. I am a schoolmaster, sir, and would fain confer with you about erecting four new sects of religion at Amsterdam [9]

For. What the devil should new sects of religion do there?

Pedant. I assure you I would get a great deal of money by it.

For. And what are the four new sects of religion you would plant there?

Pedant. Why, that's it I come about, sir; 'tis a devil of your raising must invent 'em; I confess I am too weak to compass it.

For. So, sir! Then you make it a matter of no difficulty to have them tolerated?

Pedant. Trouble not yourself for that; let but your devil set them a-foot once, I have weavers, and gingerbread-makers, and mighty aquavitæ-men, shall set them a-going.

For. This is somewhat difficult; and will ask some conference with the devil.

Pedant. Take your own leisure, sir. I have another business too, because I mean to leave Italy,

[9] *Amsterdam.*] At the time our authors wrote, *Amsterdam* appears to have been the place of refuge for sectaries of all denominations. See Ben Jonson's Alchemist.—*Reed.*

So in Alexander Brome's humorous ballad of the Holy Pedlar—

"I the pedlar am,
That came from *Amsterdam*
With a pack of new religions;
I did every one fit,
According to's wit,
From the tub to Mahomet's pigeons."

and bury myself in those nether parts of the Low-Countries.[1]

For. What's that, sir?

Pedant. Marry, I would fain make nine days to the week,[2] for the more ample benefit of the captain.

For. You have a shrewd pate, sir!

Pedant. But how this might be compass'd——

For. Compass'd easily; it is but making a new almanack, and dividing the compass of the year into larger penny-worths, as a chandler with his compass makes a geometric proportion of the Holland cheese he retails by stivers. But, for getting of it licensed?

Pedant. Trouble not yourself with that, sir; there's your money.

For. For four new sects of religions, and nine days to the week. [*Writes.*

Pedant. To be brought in at general pay-days,[3] write, I beseech you.

For. At general pay-days.

Tailor. I am by profession a tailor; you have heard of me.

For. Yes, sir, and will not steal from you the

[1] *Those nether parts of the Low Countries.*] Former editions. The poets meant to call the *Low Countries* the nether parts of the world.—*Seward.*

Did Seward never hear the Low Countries called the Netherlands? He omits the word *of.*

[2] *Nine days to the week.*] See vol. VIII. p. 162. The pay of the soldiers in the Netherlands may be gathered from Kirke's Seven Champions of Christendom, 1638.—"They that in the Low Country garrisons kill men for three shillings a-week, are princes to us."

[3] *To be brought in at general pay-days.*] That is, to be reckoned so at general pay-days. This interpretation is for Mr Mason, who would have us read—*as* general pay-days.

least part of that commendation I have heard uttered.

Tailor. I take measure of your worth, sir; and because I will not afflict you with any large bill of circumstances, I'll snip off particulars: I would fain invent some strange and exquisite new fashions.

For. Are you not travell'd, sir?

Tailor. Yes, sir, but have observed all we can see, or invent, are but old ones with new names to 'em; now I would some way or other grow more curious.

For. Let me see; to devise new fashions!—Were you never in the moon?

Tailor. In the Moon tavern? Yes, sir, often.

For. No, I do mean in the new world, in the world that's in the moon yonder.

Tailor. How! A new world i' th' moon?

For. Yes, I assure you.

Tailor. And peopled?

For. Oh, most fantastically peopled.

Tailor. Nay, certain then there's work for tailors?

For. That there is, I assure you.

Tailor. Yet I have talked with a Scotch tailor[4]

[4] *A Scotch tailor.*] It appears that Scotland furnished the most fashionable tailors in the metropolis during the seventeenth century. So in a curious old tract it is said, that after the destruction of the debtors' asylums in the Friars, "the commanders of the city were onely content upon treaty to article and agree with those of the Blacke Friers, that notwithstanding they so entred by conquest, yet the old companions, especially the English feather-makers, the Dutch jewellers, *the Scotch tailors*, and the French shoemakers, with some forraigne forces, should have and enjoy their antient priviledges, without molestation or interruption of any kind."—POWELL's *Mystery and Misery of Lending and Borrowing.* Lond. 1636, 12. p. 194.

that never discovered so much to me, though he has travelled far, and was a pedlar in Poland.

For. That was out of his way; this lies beyond China. You'd study new fashions, you say? Take my counsel, make a voyage, and discover that new world.

Tailor. Shall I be a moon-man?

For. I am of opinion, the people of that world, if they be like the nature of that climate they live in, do vary the fashion of their clothes oftener than any quick-silver'd nation in Europe.

Tailor. Not unlikely; but what should that be we call the man in the moon, then?

For. Why, it is nothing but an Englishman that stands there stark naked, with a pair of sheers in one hand, and a great bundle of broad-cloth in t'other, (which resembles the bush of thorns) cutting out of new fashions.[5]

[5] *An Englishman that standeth there stark naked, with, &c.*] Andrew Borde, a physician, in the reign of Henry VIII., published a book intitled, "The Introduction of Knowledge, the whiche doth teache a Man to Speake Part of all Maner of Languages, and to know the Usage and Fashion of all Maner of Countries. Dedycated to the Right Honourable and Gracious Lady Mary, Daughter of King Henry the Eyght." B. L. Printed by W. Coplande. No date. Before the first chapter, in which he has characterized an Englishman, is a wooden print of a naked man, with a piece of cloth hanging on his right arm, and a pair of sheers in his left hand. Under the print is an inscription in verse, of which the following are the first four lines:

"I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musying in my mynde what rayment I shall were;
For now I were thys, and now I will were that,
And now I will were I cannot tell what," &c.

This is evidently the print alluded to by our author.—*Reed.*

The ridiculous imitation of foreign fashions which prevailed in his time, Bishop Hall thus satirizes, (Book III. satire I.)—

"—— Thou canst maske in garish gauderie,
To suite a fool's far-fetched liverie.

Tailor. I have heard somewhat like this; but how shall I get thither?

For. I'll make a new compass shall direct you.

Tailor. Certain?

For. Count me else for no man of direction.

Tailor. There's twenty ducats in hand; at my return I'll give you a hundred.

For. A new voyage to discover new fashions. [*Writes.*

Mulet. I have been a traveller too, sir, that have shew'd strange beasts in Christendom, and got money by them, but I find the trade to decay; your camelion, or East-Indian hedgehog, gets very little money; and your elephant devours so much bread, brings in so little profit, his keeper were better every morning cram fifteen tailors with white manchet:[6] I would have some new spectacle, and one that might be more attractive.

For. Let me see! Were you ever in Spain?

Mulet. Not yet, sir.

For. I would have you go to Madrill;[7] and against some great festival, when the court lies there, provide a great and spacious English ox, and roast him whole, with a pudding in's belly; that would be the eighth wonder of the world in those parts, I assure you.

Mulet. A rare project without question!

For. Go beyond all their garlick *olla podridas*,

A French head joyn'd to neck Italian:
Thy thighs from Germanie, and brest from Spain!
An Englishman in none, a foole in all:
Many in one, and one in severall."

[6] *White manchet.*] A small loaf of white bread.

[7] *Madrill.*] This, which the modern editors reduce to the present orthography, was the usual way of spelling Madrid.

though you sod one in Gargantua's cauldron![8] Bring in more money than all the monsters of Afric!

Host. Good sir, do your best for him; he's o' my acquaintance, and one, if you knew him——

For. What is he?

Host. He was once a man of infinite letters.

For. A scholar?

Host. No, sir, a packet-carrier, which is always a man of many letters, you know; then he was a mule-driver; now he's a gentleman, and feeds monsters.

For. A most ungrateful calling!

Mulct. There's money for your direction! The price of the ox, sir?

For. A hundred French crowns, for it must be a Lincolnshire ox, and a prime one.—For a rare and monstrous spectacle, to be seen at Madrill.

[*Writes.*

Enter Clown, Hostess, and Bianca.

Hostess. Pray forbear, sir! We shall have a new quarrel.

Clown. You durst not meet me i' th' field! I am therefore come to spoil your market.

For. What's the news with you, sir?

Clown. Gentlemen, you that come hither to be most abominably cheated, listen, and be as wise as your planet will suffer you: Keep your money, be not gulled, be not laughed at!

Pedant. What means this? 'would I had my money again in my pocket!

Host. The fellow is full of malice; do not mind him.

[8] *In* Gargantua's *cauldron.*] See Rabelais.

Clown. This professed cheating rogue was my master, and I confess myself a more preternotorious rogue than himself, in so long keeping his villainous counsel.

For. Come, come, I will not hear you.

Clown. No, cozener, though thou wouldest not hear me; I do but dare thee to suffer me to speak, and then thou and all thy devils spit fire, and spout aquafortis!

For. Speak on; I freely permit thee.

Clown. Why then, know, all you simple animals, you whose purses are ready to cast the calf, if they have not cast it already, if you give any credit to this juggling rascal, you are worse than simple widgeons, and will be drawn into the net by this decoy-duck, this tame cheater.

For. Ha, ha, ha! Pray mark him!

Clown. He does profess physic, and conjuring; for his physic, he has but two medicines for all manner of diseases; when he was in the Low Countries, he used nothing but butter'd beer, coloured with Alligant,[9] for all kinds of maladies, and that he called his Catholic medicine: Sure the Dutch smelt out it was buttered beer,[1] else they would never have endured it, for the name's sake! Then does he minister a grated dog's turd

[9] *Alligant.*] That is, the wine of Alicant, which was in great request in those days.

[1] —— *smelt out 'twas butter'd beer.*] Mr Sympson seems to have mistaken the drollery of this passage. He says, that the reason given requires us to read—*smelt not out.* But the true intent of the passage seems plainly this: The Dutch would never have endured a medicine called *Catholic*, for the antipathy they bore to the most *Catholic King*, as well as the religion falsely so called, had not they by some instinct smelt out the *butter'd beer* which they are so fond of.—*Seward.*

instead of rhubarb, many times of unicorn's horn,[2] which, working strongly with the conceit of the patient, would make them bescummer to the height of a mighty purgation.

For. The rogue has studied this invective.

Clown. Now for his conjuring, the witches of Lapland are the devil's chairwomen to him, for they will sell a man a wind to some purpose; he sells wind, and tells you forty lies over and over.

Hostess. I thought what we should find of him.

Host. Hold your prating; be not you an heretic!

Clown. Conjure? I'll tell you; all the devils' names he calls upon are but fustian names, gather'd out of Welsh heraldry; in brief, he is a rogue of six reprieves, four pardons of course, thrice pilloried, twice sung *Lacrymæ* to the virginals of a cart's tail,[3] he has five times been in the gallies, and will never truly run himself out of breath till he comes to the gallows.

For. You have heard, worthy gentlemen, what this lying, detracting rascal has vomited.

Tailor. Yes, certain; but we have a better trust in you; for you have ta'en our money.

For. I have so. Truth is, he was my servant, and for some chastisement I gave him, he does

[2] *Then does he minister a grated dog's turd instead of rhubarb, many times of* unicorn's horn.] That is, instead of unicorn's horn. —*Mason.*

The unicorn's horn was anciently supposed to be a most efficacious counter-poison. So valuable was this fictitious preparation, that we are informed of a pound having been sold for 1536 crowns, when a pound of gold was worth only 148.

[3] *Twice sung* Lachrymæ *to the* virginals *of a cart's tail.*] The term *Lachrymæ* has been already sufficiently explained, (vol. VII. p. 151.) The virginal was an instrument similar to the spinnet,

practise thus upon me. Speak truly, sirrah, are you certain I cannot conjure?

Clown. Conjure? Ha, ha, ha!

For. Nay, nay, but be very sure of it.

Clown. Sure of it? why, I'll make a bargain with thee, before all these gentlemen, use all thy art, all thy roguery, and make me do any thing before all this company I have not a mind to, I'll first give thee leave to claim me for thy bond-slave, and, when thou hast done, hang me!

For. 'Tis a match; sirrah, I'll make you caper i' th' air presently.

Clown. I have too solid a body; and my belief is like a Puritan's on Good-Friday, too high fed with capon.

For. I will first send thee to Greenland[4] for a haunch of venison, just of the thickness of thine own tallow.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha! I'll not stir an inch for thee!

For. Thence to Amboyna i' th' East Indies, for pepper to bake it.

Clown. To Amboyna? so I might be pepper'd.[5]

For. Then will I convey thee stark naked to Develing, to beg a pair of brogs, to hide thy mountainous buttocks.[6]

Clown. And no doublet to 'em?

[4] *Greenland.*] The first folio reads *Greekland.*

[5] *To* Amboyna? *so I might be pepper'd.*] Alluding to the massacre of the English in the settlement of *Amboyna*, in the East Indies, in the year 1622, by the Dutch. See "A True Relation of the unjust, cruel, and barbarous Proceedings against the English at *Amboyna*, in the East Indies, by the Netherlandish Governor there;" 4to. Dryden has written a play upon this event.—*Reed.*

[6] *Then will I convey thee stark naked to* Develing *to beg a pair of* brogs, *to hide thy mountainous buttocks.*] *Develing* means Dublin; but it should seem that Fletcher considered *brogs* as a species of breeches, not of shoes.—*Mason.*

For. No, sir; I intend to send you of a sleeveless errand: But before you vanish, in regard you say I cannot conjure, and are so stupid and opinionated a slave, that neither I nor my art can compel you to do any thing that is beyond your own pleasure, the gentlemen shall have some sport: You cannot endure a cat, sirrah?[7]

Clown. What's that to thee, juggler?

For. Nor you'll do nothing at my entreaty?

Clown. I'll be hanged first.

For. Sit, gentlemen; and whatsoever you see, be not frighted.

Hostess. Alas, I can endure no conjuring.

Host. Stir not, wife!

Bian. Pray let me go, sir; I am not fit for these fooleries.

Host. Move not, daughter!

For. I will make you dance a new dance, called leap-frog.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha!

For. And as naked as a frog.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha! I defy thee!

[Forobosco *looks in a book, strikes with his wand, music plays.*

Enter four Boys, shaped like Frogs, and dance.

Pedant. Spirits of the water in the likeness of frogs!

Tailor. He has fished fair, believe me.

Mulet. See, see! he sweats and trembl

For. Are you come to your quavers?

Clown. Oh, ho, ho!

[7] —— *cannot endure a* cat, *sirrah?*] One would think, from the sequel, that *cat* here should have been *frog;* I have known several changes as great as this.—*Seward.*

If there is any error, it most probably proceeded from the poet's inadvertency.

For. I'll make you run division on those O's, ere I leave you![8] Look you, here are the play-fellows that are so endeared to you: Come, sir, first uncase, and then dance; nay, I'll make him dance stark naked.

Host. Oh, let him have his shirt on, and his mogul's breeches;[9] here are women i' th' house.

For. Well, for their sakes he shall.

[*Clown tears off his doublet, making strange faces as if compelled to it, falls into the dance.*

Tailor. He dances! what a lying rogue was this to say the gentleman could not conjure!

For. He does prettily well; but 'tis voluntary, I assure you, I have no hand in't.

Clown. As you are a conjurer, and a rare artist, free me from these couplets! Of all creatures I cannot endure a frog.

For. But your dancing's voluntary; I can compel you to nothing.

Hostess. Oh, me, daughter, let's take heed of this fellow! he'll make us dance naked, an we vex him. [*Exeunt Hostess and* BIANCA.

For. Now cut capers, sirrah! I'll plague that chine of yours.

Clown. Ho, ho, ho! my kidnies are roasted! I drop away like a pound of butter roasted!

Tailor. He'll dance himself to death.

For. No matter; I'll sell his fat to the 'pothecaries, and repair my injury that way.

Host. Enough, in conscience!

For. Well, at your entreaty—Vanish! [*Exeunt Boys.*] And now I will only make him break his

[8] *I'll make you* run division *on* that or *e'er I leave you.*] So the second folio. First folio exhibits, *that* o's *ere I leave you;* we have therefore altered *that* to *those*.—Ed. 1778.

[9] *Mogul's breeches.*] So called, I suppose, on account of the portentous size of the Clown's slops. See The Pilgrim, vol. V. p. 458.

neck in doing a somersault, and that's all the revenge I mean to take of him.

Clown. Oh, gentlemen, what a rogue was I to belie so an approved master in the noble dark science! You can witness, this I did only to spoil his practice, and deprive you of the happiness of enjoying his worthy labours: Rogue that I was to do it! Pray, sir, forgive me!

For. With what face canst thou ask it?

Clown. With such a face as I deserve, with a hanging look, as all here can testify.

For. Well, gentlemen, that you may perceive the goodness of my temper, I will entertain[1] this rogue again, in hope of amendment; for, should I turn him off, he would be hanged.

Clown. You may read that in this foul copy.

For. Only with this promise, you shall never cozen any of my patients.

Clown. Never.

For. And remember henceforward, that though I cannot conjure, I can make you dance, sirrah. Go, get yourself into thy cottage again.[2]

Clown. I will never more dance leap-frog.—Now I have got you into credit, hold it up, and cozen them in abundance. [*Aside to* FOROBOSCO.

For. Oh, rare rascal! [*Exit Clown.*

Enter CESARIO.

Ces. How now? a Fankford mart here?[3] a mountebank

[1] *Entertain.*] That is, employ him as a servant.

[2] *Get yourself into* the *cottage again.*] What cottage? The sense requires that we should read—*thy* cottage. That is, put on thy clothes [doublet.]—*Mason.*

[3] *A Frankford mart.*] At *Frankford*, in Germany, two famous

And his worshipful auditory?
Host. They are my guests, sir.
Ces. A pox upon them! Shew your juggling tricks
In some other room.
Host. And why not here, sir?
Ces. Hence,
Or, sirrah, I shall spoil your figure-flinging,
And all their radical questions!
All. Sir, we vanish.
[*Exeunt all but Host and* CESARIO.
Host. Signor Cesario, you make bold with me,
And somewhat, I must tell you, to a degree
Of ill-manners: They are my guests, and men I live by,
And I would know by what authority
You command thus far.
Ces. By my interest in
Your daughter.
Host. Interest, do you call't? As I remember,
I never put her out to usury
On that condition.
Ces. Pray thee be not angry;
I am come to make thee happy, and her happy.

Enter BIANCA *and Hostess.*

She's here: Alas, my pretty soul! I am come
To give assurance that's beyond thy hope,

marts, or fairs, were [are] held every year, which used to be resorted to by trading people and others from every part of Europe: One was kept in the month of March, the other in September, and they each continued fourteen days. It happened that the famous Thomas Coriat was there at the autumnal fair in 1608, and he has very particularly described it in his Crudities, p. 561.—*Reed.*

Or thy belief; I bring repentance 'bout me,
And satisfaction: I will marry thee.

Bian. Ha!

Ces. As I live, I will; but do not entertain it
With too quick an apprehension of joy,
For that may hurt thee; I have heard some die of't.

Bian. Do not fear me.

Ces. Then thou think'st I feign
This protestation? I will instantly,
Before these, testify my new alliance,
Contract myself unto thee; then I hope
We may be more private.

Host. But thou shalt not, sir;
For so has many a maidenhead been lost,
And many a bastard gotten.

Ces. Then to give you
The best of any assurance in the world,
Entreat thy father to go fetch a priest,
We will instantly to bed, and there be married.

Bian. Pride hath not yet forsaken you I see,
Though prosperity has.

Host. Sir, you are too confident
To fashion to yourself a dream of purchase,
When you're a beggar.

Ces. You are bold with me!

Hostess. Do we not know your value is cried down
Fourscore i' th' hundred?

Bian. Oh, sir, I did love you
With such a fixed heart, that in that minute
Wherein you slighted, or contemn'd me rather,
I took a vow to obey your last decree,
And never more look up at any hope
Should bring me comfort that way; and though, since,
Your foster-mother and the fair Clarissa
Have, in the way of marriage, despised you,

That hath not any way bred my revenge,
But compassion rather. I have found
So much sorrow in the way to a chaste wedlock,
That here I will sit down and never wish
To come to th' journey's end: Your suit to me
Henceforth be ever silenced!

Ces. My Bianca!

Hostess. Henceforward, pray, forbear her and my house!
She's a poor virtuous wench; yet her estate
May weigh with yours in a gold balance.

Host. Yes, and her birth in any herald's office
In Christendom.

Hostess. It may prove so; when you'll say,
You have leap'd a whiting.[4]

[*Exeunt all but* CESARIO.

Enter BAPTISTA *and* MENTIVOLE.

Ces. How far am I
Grown behind-hand with fortune!

Bapt. Here's Cesario!—
My son, sir, is to-morrow to be married
Unto the fair Clarissa.

Ces. So!

Ment. We hope
You'll be a guest there.

Ces. No; I will not grace
Your triumph so much.

Bapt. I'll not tax your breeding,
But it alters not your birth, sir; fare you well!

Ment. Oh, sir, do not grieve him;

[4] *You have leaped a whiting.*] This is probably a proverbial expression of the time. The intended drift of the Hostess's speech is plain; she refers to the real condition of Bianca, then a secret. I cannot, however, produce another instance where the same expression occurs.

He has too much affliction already. [*Exeunt.*

Ces. Every way scorn'd and lost! Shame follow you!
For I am grown most miserable.

Enter a Sailor.

Sailor. Sir, do you know
A lady's son in town here, they call Cesario?

Ces. There's none such, I assure thee.

Sailor. I was told
You were the man.

Ces. What's that to thee?

Sailor. A pox on't!
You are melancholy; will you drink, sir?

Ces. With whom?

Sailor. With me, sir; despise not this pitch'd canvas!
The time was we have known them lined with Spanish ducats.
I have news for you.

Ces For me?

Sailor. Not unless you'll drink:
We are like our sea provision,
Once out of pickle, we require abundance
Of drink. I have news to tell you,
That, were you prince, would make you send your mandate
To have a thousand bonfires made i' th' city,
And piss'd out again with nothing but Greek wine.

Ces. Come, I will drink with thee howsoever.

Sailor. And upon these terms I will utter my mind to you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in the Inn.

Enter ALBERTO, PROSPERO, JULIANA, *and Sailors.*

Sailor. Shall we bring your necessaries ashore, my lord?

Alb. Do what you please; I am land-sick worse by far
Than e'er I was at sea.

Pros. Collect yourself.

Alb. Oh, my most worthy Prospero, my best friend,
The noble favour I received from thee,
In freeing me from the Turks, I now account
Worse than my death; for I shall never live
To make requital.—What do you attend for?

Sailor. To understand your pleasure.

Alb. They do mock me!—
I do protest I have no kind of pleasure
In any thing i' th' world, but in thy friendship;
I must ever except that.

Pros. Pray leave him, leave him!

[*Exeunt Sailors.*

Alb. The news I heard related since my landing,
Of the division of my family,
How is it possible for any man
To bear it with a set patience?

Pros. You have suffer'd,
Since your imprisonment, more weighty sorrows.

Alb. Ay, then I was a man of flesh and blood;
Now I am made up of fire, to the full height
Of a deadly calenture: Oh, these vile women,
That are so ill preservers of men's honours,
They cannot govern their own honesties!
That I should thirty and odd winters feed
My expectation of a noble heir,
And by a woman's falsehood find him now
A fiction, a mere dream of what he was!
And yet I love him still.

Pros. In my opinion,
The sentence on this trial, from the duke,
Was noble, to repair Cesario's loss
With the marriage of your wife, had you been
dead.

Alb. By your favour, but it was not! I conceive
'Twas disparagement to my name, to have my
widow
Match with a falconer's son: And yet, believe it,
I love the youth still, and much pity him.
I do remember, at my going to sea,
Upon a quarrel, and a hurt received
From young Mentivole, my rage so far
O'er-topt my nobler temper, I gave charge
To have his hand cut off; which since I heard,
And to my comfort, brave Cesario
Worthily prevented.

Pros. And 'twas nobly done.

Alb. Yet the revenge for this intent of mine
Hath bred much slaughter in our families;
And yet my wife (which infinitely moans me)[5]

[5] (*Which infinitely* moans *me.*) *Moans* here is used actively, *causes me to moan*, as *grieves*, a word of the like import, often is; but perhaps this is a single instance of using *moans* in this manner, for which reason Mr Sympson proposes to read, *moves me*.—Seward.

Verbs passive were continually used actively by our poet, as well as other old authors.

Intends to marry my sole heir, Clarissa,
To the head branch of the other faction.
Pros. It is the mean to work reconcilement.
Alb. 'Tween whom?
Pros. Yourself and the worthy Baptista.
Alb. Never.
Pros. Oh, you have been of a noble and remarkable friendship;
And, by this match, 'tis generally in Florence
Hoped, will fully be reconciled; to me
'Twould be absolute content.
Jul. And to myself;
I have main interest in it.
Alb. Noble sir,
You may command my heart to break for you,
But never to bend that way. Poor Cesario,
When thou putt'st on thy mournful willow garland,
Thy enemy shall be suited, I do vow,
In the same livery! My Cesario,
Loved as my foster-child, though not my son,
Which in some countries formerly were barbarous,[6]

[6] *Which in some countries formerly were barbarous,*
Was a name held most affectionate.] It would be a poor reason for Alberto's love of Cesario as a *foster child*, because barbarous nations held adopted children in the most affectionate esteem. Neither is the fact true. The adoption of children was a thing extremely usual in ancient Rome, but I don't at least remember any instance of it recorded amongst barbarians.—*Seward.*

Seward reads—formerly *not* barbarous. "But," observes Mason, "the old reading should not have been changed. The meaning is, that, even in barbarous countries, a foster child was held dear. The poet probably alludes to Ireland, where fostering was accounted a dearer connection than that of blood. Seward talks in his note of the adoption of children by the Romans; but fosterhood and adoption are two distinct ideas that are no way connected with each other."

Not only in Ireland, but in almost every country of Europe, foster child was anciently held "a name most affectionate."

Was a name held most affectionate; thou art lost,
Unfortunate young man! not only slighted
Where thou receivedst thy breeding, but since
scorn'd,
I' th' way of marriage, by the poor Bianca,
The innkeeper's daughter.
Pros. I have heard of that, too;
But let not that afflict you! for this lady
May happily deliver, at more leisure,
A circumstance may draw a fair event,
Better than you can hope for. For this present,
We must leave you, and shall visit you again
Within these two hours.
Alb. Ever to me most welcome!—
[*Exeunt* PROSPERO *and* JULIANA.

Enter CESARIO.

Oh, my Cesario!
Ces. I am none of yours, sir,
So 'tis protested; and I humbly beg,
Since 'tis not in your power to preserve me
Any longer in a noble course of life,
Give me a worthy death!
Alb. The youth is mad.
Ces. Nay, sir, I will instruct you in a way
To kill me honourably.
Alb. That were most strange.
Ces. I am turning pirate; you may be employed
By the duke to fetch me in, and in a sea-fight
Give me a noble grave.
Alb. Questionless he's mad!
I would give any doctor a thousand crowns
To free him from this sorrow.
Ces. Here's the physician. [*Shews a poniard.*
Alb. Hold, sir; I did say
To free you from the sorrow, not from life.

Ces. Why, life and sorrow are unseparable.
Alb. Be comforted, Cesario! Mentivole
Shall not marry Clarissa.
Ces. No, sir; ere he shall,
I'll kill him.
Alb. But you forfeit your own life then.
Ces. That's worth nothing.
Alb. Cesario, be thyself; be mine, Cesario!
Make not thyself uncapable of that portion
I have full purpose to confer upon thee,
By falling into madness; bear thy wrongs
With noble patience, the afflicted's friend,[7]
Which ever in all actions crowns the end!
Ces. You [have] well awaked me,[8] nay, recover'd me
Both to sense and full life. Oh, most noble sir,
Though I have lost my fortune, and lost you
For a worthy father, yet I will not lose
My former virtue; my integrity
Shall not yet forsake me: But as the wild ivy
Spreads and thrives better in some piteous ruin
Of tower, or defaced temple, than it does
Planted by a new building, so shall I
Make my adversity my instrument
To wind me up into a full content.
Alb. 'Tis worthily resolved! Our first adventure
Is to stop the marriage: For thy other losses,
Practised by a woman's malice, but account them
Like conjurer's winds, raised to a fearful blast,
And do some mischief, but do never last!
[*Exeunt.*

[7] *The afflicted friend.*] Corrected in 1679.

[8] *You well* awake *me.*] So the first folio. The second,—You well *awaked* me. The insertion of the word in brackets seems necessary. The modern editors read silently—*You've.*

SCENE II.

Another in the same.

Enter FOROBOSCO *and Clown.*

Clown. Now, sir, will not you acknowledge that I have mightily advanced your practice?

For. 'Tis confess'd; and I will make thee a great man for it.

Clown. I take a course to do that myself, for I drink sack in abundance.

For. Oh, my rare rascal! We must remove.

Clown. Whither?

For. Any whither; Europe is too little to be cozened by us: I am ambitious to go to the East Indies, thou and I to ride on our brace of elephants.

Clown. And for my part I long to be in England again; you will never get so much as in England; we have shifted many countries, and many names, but traunce[9] the world over, you shall never purse up so much gold as when you were in England, and called yourself Doctor Lambstones.[1]

[9] *Traunce.*] The editions of 1750 and 1778 read silently, *trace.* Perhaps the word in the folios may have been a cant phrase similar to *tramp*, to tread hard and awkwardly, and therefore I have restored it.

[1] *Doctor Lambstones.*] Dr Lamb was a celebrated character of the time, and much in the favour of the Duke of Buckingham, whom, according to the conception of the vulgar, he assisted by his conjurations in misleading the king. As early as 1608, he was

For. 'Twas an attractive name, I confess; women were then my only admirers.

Clown. And all their visits were either to further their lust, or revenge injuries.

For. You should have forty in a morning beleaguer my closet, and strive who should be cozened first: 'Mongst fourscore[a] love-sick waiting-women that have come to me in a morning to learn what fortune should betide 'em in their first marriage, I have found above ninety-four to have lost their maidenheads.

Clown. By their own confession; but I was fain to be your male mid-wife, and work it out of them by circumstance.

For. Thou wast; and yet for all this frequent resort of women, and thy handling of their urinals and their cases, thou art not given to lechery. What should be the reason of it? Thou hast wholsome flesh enough about thee; and methinks the devil should tempt thee to't.

Clown. What need he do that, when he makes me his instrument to tempt others?

For. Thou canst not choose but utter thy rare good parts. Thou wast an excellent bawd, I acknowledge.

indicted at Worcester for witchcraft, and the next year for calling up devils in that town. He was afterwards tried and convicted of a rape, but found means to avoid the sentence of the law. He became at last a victim to popular fury, being stoned to death in the streets of London in 1628, at which time he was above eighty years of age.

[a] *Fourscore.*] This must either be an inadvertency of the poet, or an error of the press for fivescore, as ninety-four of these women are afterwards said to have lost their maidenheads. It is, however, possible that the text may be right, as a kind of odd humour may be brought out of it; meaning, that they were so bad, that *all* had lost their maidenheads; ay, ninety-four out of a fourscore, as we might still say, thirteen out of the dozen.

Clown. Well, and what I have done that way— I will spare to speak of all you and I have done, sir; and though we should—

For. We will for England, that's for certain.

Clown. We shall never want there.

For. Want? their Court of Wards shall want money first; for I profess myself lord paramount over fools and mad folks.[3]

Clown. Do but store yourself with lies enough against you come thither.

For. Why, that's all the familiarity I ever had with the devil, my gift of lying; they say he's the father of lies; and though I cannot conjure, yet I profess myself to be one of his poor gossips. I will now reveal to thee a rare piece of service.

Clown. What is it, my most worshipful Doctor Lambstones?

For. There is a captain come lately from sea, they call Prosper; I saw him this morning, through a chink of wainscot that divides my lodging and the Host of the house, withdraw my Host and Hostess, the fair Bianca, and an ancient gentlewoman into their bedchamber: I could not overhear their conference, but I saw such a mass of gold and jewels! And, when he had done, he locked it up into a casket. Great joy there was amongst them, and forth they are gone into the city, and my Host told me at his going forth, he thought he should not return till after supper: Now, sir, in their absence will we fall to our picklocks, enter the chamber, seize the jewels, make an escape from Florence, and we are made for ever!

[3] *Want? Their* Court of Wards *shall want money first; for I profess myself lord paramount over* fools and mad folks.] The Court of Wards (now joined to the Court of Chancery) sold or gave away the ward of lunatics, and was sometimes guilty of the most flagrant abuses.

Clown. But if they should go to a true conjurer, and fetch us back in a whirlwind?

For. Do not believe there is any such fetch in astrology! And this may be a means to make us live honest hereafter.

Clown. 'Tis but an ill road to't, that lies through the highway of thieving.

For. Indeed I am weary of this trade of fortune-telling, and mean to give all over, when I come into England; for it is a very ticklish quality.

Clown. And i' th' end will hang by a twine thread.

For. Besides, the island has too many of the profession; they hinder one another's market.

Clown No, no, the pillory hinders their market.

For. You know there the juggling captain.[4]

Clown. Ay; there's a sure card!

For. Only the foreman of their jury is dead; but he died like a Roman.[5]

Clown. Else 'tis thought he had made work for the hangman.

[4] *You know there the juggling captain.*] Who this personage was I have not been able to ascertain; perhaps the same who is mentioned above, p. 473, as the principal writer in the Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus.

[5] *Only the foreman of their jury is dead; but he died like a Roman.*] This probably alludes to the celebrated Banks, whose horse, Morocco, exhibited tricks which greatly astonished the inhabitants of London in that age. From The Art of Juggling and Legerdemaine, by S. R. 1612-4, the tricks appear to have been similar to those exhibited by the learned horses at Astley's; though Morocco certainly never affected the pathetic feelings of an audience like the quadruped tragedians now performing, in the year 1811, (mark, O attentive reader!) at the classical theatre in Covent Garden. Banks and his horse went abroad, and, according to a vulgar report, which appears very unlikely, they were both burned at Rome by order of the Pope. To this the text seems to allude, by the words "he died like a Roman." In Reed's Shakspeare, vol. VI. p. 28, a representation of Banks and his horse is given, and almost every thing which is known of him is there collected.

For. And the very Ball[6] of your false prophets, he's quashed too.

Clown He did measure the stars with a false yard, and may now travel to Rome with a mortar on's head,[7] to see if he can recover his money that way.

For. Come, come, let's fish for this casket, and to sea presently!

Clown. We shall never reach London, I fear;

[6] *And the very* Ball *of your false prophets, he's quash'd too.*] Ben Jonson alludes to the same personage in his Staple of News, 1625:—

" The saints do write, they expect a prophet, shortly,
[*Prophet Ball expected in Holland.*
The *prophet Ball*, to be sent over to them,
To calculate a time, and half a time,
And the whole time, according to Naometry."

Mr Whalley says, " by the prophet Ball is meant any factious leader like *John Baal*, a Kentish minister, and fomenter of the rebellion by Wat Tyler in Richard the Second's time." This is a most unlikely supposition. The prophet Ball, or Baal, alluded to by Fletcher and Jonson, was no doubt some fanatic Puritan, who pretended, like some of our own contemporaries, to unriddle the Revelation, as in the passage quoted from the Staple of News, which refers to Rev. xii. 14. He is undoubtedly the same who is mentioned in Osborne's Memorials of King James : " And if common fame did not outstrip truth, King James was by feare led into this extreme: Finding his son Henry not only averse to any popish match, but saluted by the Puritans as one prefigured in the Apocalypse for Rome's destruction. And to parallel this, one *Ball*, a tailor, was inspired with a like lunacy, though something more chargeable; for not only he, but Ramsay, his majesties watchmaker, put out mony and clocks, to be paid (but with small advantage, considering the improbability) when King James should be crowned in the Pope's chair."

Sympson confounds Ball with Banks, and with the juggling captain mentioned above, supposing them all one identical person.

[7] —— *with a* mortar *on's head.*] One class of presidents in the parliament of Paris were styled *presidents à mortier*, from a cap they wore resembling in shape a mortar. This cap, as a mark of dignity and gravity, was adopted by pretended conjurers; it is the cap always worn on our stage by Doctor Faustus' and the conjurer in the Wives' Metamorphoses.—*Mason.*

my mind runs so much of hanging, landing at Wapping.[8] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Alberto's *House.*

Enter MARIANA.

Mar. This well may be a day of joy long-wish'd for
To my Clarissa; she is innocent,
Nor can her youth but with an open bosom
Meet Hymen's pleasing bounties: But to me,
That am environ'd with black guilt and horror,
It does appear a funeral:[9] Though promising much

[8] *My mind runs so much of* hanging, *landing at* Wapping.] Pirates and other nautical delinquents were anciently hanged at Wapping.

[9] *It does appear a funeral; though promising much*
In the conception were hard to manage,
But sad in the event.] A whole line seems to have been lost here; the intention of the passage may be easily gathered: "Her scheme, which promised much in the conception, proved hard to manage, and sad in the event." I shall not venture my conjecture into the text, but propose it as the best that yet occurs:

> *It does appear a funeral.* My design,
> *Though promising much in the conception,*
> Was far too *hard to manage*, and doth prove
> *But sad in the event: It was not hate, &c.*—Seward.

That the words lost were disposed in this manner is a most improbable supposition. That one entire line, or two hemistichs, were omitted at the press, is, however, by no means unlikely. Mason would restore the sense by altering in this manner:

In the conception - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - were hard to manage,
But sad in the event. It was not hate,
But fond indulgence in me, to preserve
Césario's threaten'd life, in open court
That forced me to disclaim him, choosing rather
To rob him of his birth-right, and honour,
Than suffer him to run the hazard of
Enraged Baptista's fury: While he lives,
I know I have a son; and the duke's sentence
A while deluded, and this tempest over,
When he assures himself despair hath seized him,
I can relieve and raise him. [*Knocks within.*] Speak, who is it
That presses on my privacies?—

Enter BAPTISTA.

Sir, your pardon!
You cannot come unwelcome, though it were
To read my secret thoughts.
Bapt. Lady, to you
Mine shall be ever open: *Lady*, said I?
That name keeps too much distance! *sister* rather
I should have styled you; and I now may claim it,
Since our divided families are made one
By this bless'd marriage; to whose honour come,

—— Though promising much
In the conception, *it was* hard to manage,
But sad in the event.

This is very stiffly expressed, and the same objection may be made against it as against Seward's. In despair of making any sense of the passage as it stands, and as Mason's reading is certainly almost as complete nonsense as that of the old books, I have marked two hemistichs as lost, which I shall not attempt to supply.

The duke in person, waited on by all
The braveries of his court, to witness it,
And then to be our guests. Is the bride ready
To meet and entertain him?
Mar. She attends
The coming of your son.
Bapt. Pray you bring her forth.
The duke's at hand: Music, in her loud voice,
Speaks his arrival.
Mar. She's prepared to meet it. [*Exit.*

Enter MARIANA, CLARISSA *led by two Maids; at the other door,* BAPTISTA *meets with* MENTIVOLL *led by two Courtiers; the Duke, Bishop, and divers Attendants. A Song, whilst they salute.*

Duke. It were impertinent to wish you joy,
Since all joys dwell about you: Hymen's torch
Was never lighted with a luckier omen,
Nor burnt with so much splendour. To defer
With fruitless compliment the means to make
Your certain pleasures lawful to the world,
(Since in the union of your hearts they are
Confirm'd already) would but argue us
A boaster of our favours: To the temple!
And there the sacred knot once tied, all triumphs
Our dukedom can afford shall grace your nuptials.

Enter ALBERTO *and* CESARIO.

Bapt. On there!
Ment. I hope it is not in the power
Of any to cross us now.
Alb. But, in the breath
Of a wrong'd father, I forbid the bans!
Ces. What, do you stand at gaze?
Bapt. Risen from the dead?

Mar. Although the sea had vomited up the figure
In which thy better part lived long imprison'd,
True love, despising fear, runs thus to meet it.
Clar. In duty I kneel to it. [*Kneels.*
Alb. Hence, vile wretches!
To you I am a substance incorporeal,
And not to be profaned with your vile touch,
That could so soon forget me; but such things
Are neither worth my anger nor reproof.—
To you, great sir, I turn myself, and these
Immediate ministers of your government;
And if in my rude language I transgress,
Ascribe it to the cold remembrance of
My services, and not my rugged temper!
Duke. Speak freely; be thy language ne'er so bitter,
To see thee safe, Alberto, signs thy pardon.
Alb. My pardon? I can need none, if it be not
Received for an offence; I tamely bear
Wrongs, which a slave-born Muscovite would check at.
Why, if for treason I had been delivered
Up to the hangman's axe, and this dead trunk,
Unworthy of a Christian sepulchre,
Exposed a prey to feed the ravenous vulture,
The memory of the much I oft did for you,
(Had you but any touch of gratitude,
Or thought of my deservings) would have stopp'd you
From these unjust proceedings.
Duke. Hear the motives,
That did induce us.
Alb. I have heard them all;
Your highness' sentence, the whole court abused,
By the perjuries and practice of this woman;
(Weepest thou, crocodile?) my hopeful son,

Whom I dare swear mine own, degraded of
The honours that descend to him from me;
And from that, in his love scorn'd by a creature
Whose base birth, though made eminent by her
beauty,
Might well have mark'd her out Cesario's servant!
All this I could have pardon'd and forgot:
But that my daughter, with my whole estate
(So hardly purchased) is assigned a dower,
To one whose father and whose family
I so detest that I would lose my essence,
And be transformed to a basilisk
To look them dead, to me's an injury
Admits no satisfaction!

Bapt. There's none offered.

Alb. Nor would it be accepted, though upon
Thy knees 'twere tendered.

Mar. Now the storm grows high.

Bapt. But that I thought thee dead, and in thy
death
The briny ocean had entomb'd thy name,
I would have sought a wife in a bordello
For my Mentivole, and gladly hugg'd
Her spurious issue as my lawful nephews,[1]
Before his blood should e'er have mix'd with thine;
So much I scorn it.

Alb. I'll not bandy words;
But thus dissolve the contract. [*Parts them.*

Bapt. There I meet thee;
And seize on what's mine own.

Alb. For all my service,
Great sir, grant me the combat with this wretch,
That I may scourge his insolence!

[1] *My lawful* nephews.] The word nephews here means grandchildren, a literal translation of the Latin *nepotes*.—Mason.

Bapt. I kneel for it.

Ces. And to approve myself Alberto's son,
I'll be his second upon any odds,
'Gainst him that dare most of Baptista's race.

Ment. Already, upon honourable terms,
In me thou hast met thy better; for her sake
I'll add no more.

Alb. Sir, let our swords decide it!

Mar. Oh, stay, sir; and as you would hold the title
Of a just prince, ere you grant licence to
These madmens' fury, lend your private ear
To the most distress'd of women!

Duke. Speak; 'tis granted.

[*He takes* MARIANA *aside.*

Clar. In the mean time, let not Clarissa be
A patient looker-on! Though as yet doubtful [*Kneels.*
To whom to bend her knee first, yet to all
I stoop thus low in duty, and would wash
The dust of fury with my virgin tears,
From his bless'd feet,[a] and make them beautiful,
That would move to conditions of peace,
Though with a snail-like pace; they all are wing'd
To bear you to destruction! Reverend sirs,
Think on your ancient friendship, cemented
With so much blood, but shed in noble action,
Divided now in passion for a brawl
The makers blush to own! Much-loved Cesario,
Brother, or friend, (each title may prevail)
Remember with what tenderness from our childhood

[a] *From his bless'd feet, and make them beautiful, &c.*] The image of this line seems built on a passage in Scripture: "How *beautiful* are the *feet* of him that bringeth glad tidings!" The similarity of *expression*, as well as sentiment, strongly denotes imitation.—Ed. 1778.

We loved together, you preferring me
Before yourself, and I so fond of you
That it begot suspicion in ill minds,
That our affection was incestuous:
Think of that happy time, in which I know
That with your dearest blood you had prevented
This shower of tears from me! Mentivole,
My husband, register'd in that bright star-chamber,
Though now on earth made strangers, be the example!
And offer in one hand the peaceful olive
Of concord; or, if that can be denied,
By powerful intercession, in the other
Carry the Hermian rod, and force atonement!
[*Rises.*
Nay, we will not be all marble;[3] death's the worst then, [*Offers to kill herself.*
And he shall be my bridegroom.
Ment. Hold, Clarissa!
This loving violence [I] needs must offer:
In spite of honour[4]——
[*He snatches away her knife, and sets it to his own breast; she stays his hand.*
Duke. Was it to that end then?
On your religion?
Mar. And my hope in heaven, sir!
Duke. We then will leave entreaties, and make use

[3] *Now we will not be all marble.*] I should strike out the word *now* at the beginning, as injurious both to sense and metre; or perhaps we should read *nay* instead of it.—*Mason.*
Some amendment seems requisite; but I prefer the variation to the omission of the first word, as it is unlikely to have been foisted in at the press.

[4] Ment. *Hold, Clarissa, his loving violence needs must*
Offer in spite of honour.] Former editions.—*Seward.*

Of our authority.—Must I cry aim[5]
To this unheard-of insolence? in my presence
To draw your swords, and, as all reverence
That's due to majesty were forfeited,
Cherish this wildness? Sheathe them instantly,
And shew an alteration in your looks;
Or, by my power——

Alb. Cut off my head!

Bapt. And mine!
Rather than hear of peace with this bad man,
I'll not alone give up my throat, but suffer
Your rage to reach my family.

Alb. And my name
To be no more remember'd.

Enter Prospero, Juliana, *and* Bianca *in brave Apparel.*

Duke. What are these?

Ces. Bianca? 'tis Bianca, still Bianca!
But strangely alter'd.

Bapt. If that thirteen years
Of absence could raze from my memory
The figure of my friend, I might forget thee;
But if thy image be graven on my heart,
Thou art my Prospero.

Pros. Thou my Baptista.

Duke. A sudden change!

Bapt. I dare not ask, dear friend,
If Juliana live; for that's a blessing
I am unworthy of! but yet deny not
To let me know the place she hath made happy,
By having there her sepulchre.

5 *Must I cry aim.*] It has been before observed (vol. V. p. 114) that *aim* was a word of encouragement from the by-standers at the exercise of archery.

Pros. If your highness
Please to vouchsafe a patient ear,
We shall make a true relation of a story
That shall call on your wonder.
Duke. Speak; we hear you.
Pros. Baptista's fortune in the Genoa court,
His banishment, with his fair wife's restraint,
You are acquainted with; what since hath followed
I faithfully will deliver. Ere eight moons
After Baptista's absence were complete,
Fair Juliana found the pleasures, that
They had enjoyed together, were not barren,
And, blushing at the burden of her womb,
No father near to own it, it drew on
A violent sickness, which call'd down compassion
From the angry duke; then, careful of her health,
Physicians were inquired of, and their judgment
Prescribed the baths of Lucca as a means
For her recovery: To my charge it pleased her
To be committed; but as on the way
We journied, those throes, only known to women,
Came thick upon her: In a private village——
Bapt. She died?
Pros. Have patience!—she brought to the world
A hopeful daughter: For her body's sickness,
It soon decayed; but the grief of her mind
Hourly increased, and life grew tedious to her;
And, desperate e'er to see you, she enjoined me
To place her in a Greekish monastery,
And to my care gave up her pretty daughter.
Bapt. What monastery? as a pilgrim bare-foot,
I'll search it out.
Pros. Pray you interrupt me not.
Now to my fortunes! The girl well disposed of
With a faithful friend of mine, my cruel fate
Made me a prisoner to the Turkish gallies,

Where for twelve years these hands tugg'd at the oar;
But Fortune tired at length with my afflictions,
Some ships of Malta met the Ottoman fleet,
Charged them, and boarded them, and gave me freedom.
With my deliverers I served, and got
Such reputation with the Great-Master,
That he gave me command over a tall
And lusty ship, where my first happy service
Was to redeem Alberto, rumour'd dead,
But was, like me, surprised by Cortugogli.[6]
Alb. I would I had died there!
Pros. And from him learning
Baptista lived, and their dissolved friendship,
I hois'd up sails for Greece, found Juliana
A votary at her beads: Having made known
Both that you lived, and where you were, she borrowed
So much from her devotion, as to wish me
To bring her to you. If the object please you,
With joy receive her!
Bapt. Rage and fury, leave me!
[*Throws away his sword and embraces her.*
I am so full of happiness, there's no room left
To entertain you.—Oh, my long-lost jewel,
Light of mine eyes, my soul's strength!
Jul. My best lord!
Having embraced you thus, death cannot fright me.
Bapt. Live long to do so! though I should fix here,
Pardon me, Prospero,[7] though I inquire

[6] *Cortugogli.*] Probably some noted Turkish pirate of the time.

[7] *Pardon me, Prospero, though I inquire.*] Seward reads,
But *pardon me*, though of Prospero *I inquire*;
but the alteration is a most impertinent one, after the pointing in

My daughter's fortune!
Pros. That your happiness
May be at all parts perfect, here she is!
Ces. Bianca daughter to a princess?
Pros. True.
With my faithful Host I left her, and with him
Till now she hath resided, ignorant
Both of her birth and greatness.
Bapt. Oh, my blest one!
Joy upon joy o'erwhelms me!
Duke. Above wonder!
Alb. I do begin to melt too; this strange story
Works much upon me.
Duke. Since it hath pleased Heaven
To grace us with this miracle. I that am
Heaven's instrument here, determine thus: Alberto,
Be not unthankful for the blessings shewn you,
Nor you, Baptista! Discord was yet never
A welcome sacrifice; therefore, rage laid by,
Embrace as friends, and let pass'd difference
Be as a dream forgotten!
Bapt. 'Tis to me.
Alb. And me; I thus confirm it. [*They embrace.*
Duke. And to tie it
In bonds not to be broken, with the marriage
Of young Mentivole and fair Clarissa,
So you consent, great lady, your Bianca
Shall call Cesario husband.
Jul. 'Tis a motion
I gladly yield to.
Ces. One in which you make
A sad man happy. [*Offers to kneel.*

the preceding line had been spoiled. As Mason properly explains, Baptista means to say,—"Though I ought to have been satisfied with having recovered my wife, pardon me if I inquire my daughter's fortune."

Bian. Kneel not! all forgiven.

Duke. With the duke your uncle I will make atonement,
And will have no denial.

Mar. Let this day
Be still held sacred!

Enter Host, FOROBOSCO, *and Clown, bound and guarded by Officers.*

Host. Now if you can conjure,
Let the devil unbind you.

For. We are both undone!

Clown. Already we feel it.

Host. Justice, sir!

Duke. What are they?

Pros. I can resolve you; slaves freed from the gallies
By the viceroy of Sicilia.

Duke. What's their offence?

Host. The robbing me of all my plate and jewels;
I mean, the attempting of it.

Clown. Please your grace, I will now discover this varlet in earnest; this honest pestilent rogue professed the art of conjuring; but all the skill that ever he had in the black art, was in making a sea-coal fire;[8] only with wearing strange shapes he begot admiration 'mongst fools and women.

For. Wilt thou peach, thou varlet?

Duke. Why does he goggle with his eyes, and stalk so?

Clown. This is one of his magical raptures.

[8] *A* sea-coal *fire.*] It has been already observed, that sea-coal was a fuel which was reputed very unwholesome, and the use of which was confined to the lower order.

For, I do vilify[9] your censure! You demand, if I am guilty; whir—says my cloak, by a trick of legerdemain! Now I am not guilty; I am guarded with innocence,[1] pure silver lace, I assure you.

Clown. Thus have I read to you your virtues, which, notwithstanding, I would not have you proud of.

For. Out, thou concealment of tallow, and counterfeit mummy!

Duke. To the gallies with them both!

Clown. The only sea-physic for a knave, is to be basted in a galley, with the oil of a bull's pizzle.

For. And will not you make a sour face at the same sauce, sirrah? I hope to find thee so lean in one fortnight, thou mayst be drawn by the ears through the hoop of a firkin.

Duke. Divide them, and away with them to the gallies!

Clown. This will take down your pride, juggler.
[*They are taken off*.

Duke. This day,
That hath given birth to blessings beyond hope,
Admits no criminal sentence. To the temple,
And there with humbleness praise Heaven's bounties!
For blessings ne'er descend from thence, but when
A sacrifice in thanks ascends from men. [*Exeunt*.

[9] *Vilify*.] i. e. *Hold cheap*.—Ed. 1778.

[1] *I am guarded with innocence, pure silver lace, I assure you*.] This is a pun upon the old signification of guarded, *viz*. fringed.

END OF THE NINTH VOLUME.

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